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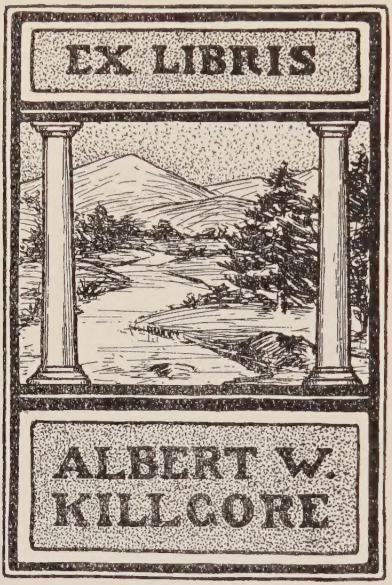
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The French Classical Romances

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GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

MADAME BOVARY

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
BY W. BLAYDES

WITH A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION
BY HENRY JAMES

A FRONTISPIECE AND NUMEROUS
OTHER PORTRAITS WITH
DESCRIPTIVE NOTES BY
OCTAVE UZANNE

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GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

THE very first thing to say here, to my sense, about Gustave Flaubert is that he has been reported on by M. Emile Faguet, in the series of *Les Grands Ecrivains Français*, with such lucidity as may almost be taken to warn off a later critic. I desire to pay at the outset my tribute to M. Faguet's exhaustive study, which is really, in its kind, a model and a monument. Never can a critic have got closer to a subject of this order; never can the results of the approach have been more copious or more interesting; never, in short, can the master of a complex art have been more mastered in his turn, nor his art more penetrated, by the application of a robust curiosity. That remark I have it at heart to make—so pre-eminently has the little volume I refer to not merely left the subject where the inquirer found it. It abounds in suggestion, in suggestion always striking; and yet I feel on reflection that it scarce wholly blocks the way. One reason of this is that, though I enter into everything M. Faguet has said, there are things—things perhaps especially of the province of the artist, the fellow-craftsman of Flaubert—that I am conscious of his not having said; another is that inevitably there are particular possibilities of reaction in our English-speaking consciousness,

possibilities that hold up a light of their own. So I venture to follow, even on a field so harrowed, only paying this toll to the latest and best work because the author has made it impossible to do less.

Flaubert's life is so almost exclusively the story of his literary application that to speak of his five or six fictions is pretty well to give the whole account of it. He died in 1880, after a career—of fifty-eight years—singularly little marked by changes of scene, of fortune, of attitude, of occupation, of character, and above all, as may be said, of mind. He would be interesting to the race of novelists if only because—quite apart from the value of his work—he so personally gives us the example and the image, presents so the intellectual case. He was born a novelist, grew up, lived, died a novelist, breathing, feeling, thinking, speaking, performing every operation of life only as one. And this though his production was, in quantity, to be small and though it constituted all his activity. It was not indeed perhaps, primarily, so much that he was born and lived a novelist as that he was born and lived literary, and that to be literary constituted for him an almost overwhelming accident. No life was long enough, no courage great enough, no fortune kind enough, to support a man under the burden of this character when once such a doom had been laid upon him. His case was a doom because he felt, of his vocation, almost nothing but the difficulty. He had many strange sides, but this was the strangest, that if we argued from his difficulty to his work—the difficulty being registered for us in his letters and elsewhere—we should expect of the result as little as possible. We

should be prepared to find in it almost a complete absence of the signs of a vocation. We should regret that the unhappy man had not addressed himself to something he might have found at least comparatively easy. We should miss completely the consecration supposed to be given to a work of art by having been conceived in joy. That is Flaubert's remarkable, his—so far as I know—unique distinction, that he has left works of an extraordinary art of which even the conception failed to gladden him. The chapter of execution—from the moment execution really gets into the shafts—is always and everywhere a troubled one, about which, moreover, too much has of late been written; but we frequently find Flaubert cursing his subjects themselves, wishing he had not chosen them, hating them in the very act of sitting down to them. He cared immensely for the medium, the task, the triumph, but he was himself the last to be able to say why. He is sustained only by the rage and the habit of effort; for the mere *love* of letters—let alone the love of life—appears at an early age to have deserted him. Certain passages in his correspondence make us even wonder if it be not hate that sustains him most. So, successively, his several supremely accomplished and distinguished compositions came into the world, and we may feel sure that none others of the kind—none that were to have an equal fortune—had sprung from such adversity.

I insist upon this because his at once excited and baffled passion gives the key of his life and determines its outline. I must speak of him, at least, as I feel him, and as, in the very last years of his life, I had the for-

tune, a little, to know him. I said just now, practically, that he is for many novelists *the* novelist, intent and typical, and so, gathered together and foreshortened, simplified and fixed, the lapse of time seems to show him. It has made him, in his prolonged posture, extraordinarily objective, made him even resemble one of his own productions, constituted him as a subject, created him as a figure. The limit of his range, and, above all, of his reach, is so, no doubt, sufficiently indicated, and yet perhaps, finally, without injury to his name. If we cultivate a certain tenderness for him on the double ground that he suffered supremely in the cause and that there is endlessly much to be learned from him, we remember at the same time that, indirectly, the world at large possesses him not less than the *confrère*. He has fed and fertilized, filtered through others, and so arrived at contact with that public from whom it was his theory that he was separated by a deep and impassable trench, the labour of his own spade. He is, none the less, more interesting, I repeat, as a failure, however qualified, than as a success, however explained, and it is as so viewed that the unity of his career attaches and admonishes. Save in some degree by a condition of health (a liability to epileptic fits, at times frequent, but never so frequent as to have been generally suspected), he was not visibly handicapped, as the tribe of men of letters goes—a haunted brotherhood at the best; yet the fewest possible things appear ever to have succeeded in happening to him. The only son of an eminent local physician, he inherited a modest ease, and no other incumbrance than an anxious, an importunate mother; but freedom spoke

to him as from behind a veil, and when I have mentioned the few apparent facts of experience that make up his landmarks over and beyond his interspaced publications, I shall have completed his biography. Tall, strong, striking, his friends admired in him the elder, the florid Norman type, and he seems himself, as a man of imagination, to have found a sort of responsibility of race in his stature and presence, his light-coloured, salient eyes and long tawny mustache.

The central event of his life was his journey to the East, in 1849, with M. Maxime Du Camp, of which the latter has left, in his *Impressions Littéraires*, a singularly interesting report, and which laid upon Flaubert a nostalgia that never died out. He had during that year, and just in sufficient quantity, his revelation; he tasted of the knowledge by which he was subsequently to measure everything, to appeal from everything, to find everything flat. Never, probably, was an impression so assimilated, so transmuted, positively, to a function; he lived on it, to the end, and we may say that, in *Salammbô* and *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*, he almost died of it. He made, afterwards, no other journey of the least importance save a disgusted excursion to the Rigi-Kaltbad shortly before his death. The Franco-German war was of course to him, for the time, as the valley of the shadow itself; but this was an ordeal shared, after all, with millions. He never married, and the friendliest incident of his later time was, we judge, that admirable, comfortable commerce with Mme. George Sand (in her own old age), which has been preserved for us in the published correspondence of each. He had in Ivan Turgenieff a friend

almost as valued; he spent, each year, a few months in Paris, where (to mention everything) he had his natural place, so far as he cared to take it, at the small literary court of the Princess Mathilde; and, lastly, he lost, towards the close of his life, by no fault of his own, a considerable part of his modest fortune. It is, however, in the long security, the almost unbroken solitude of Croisset that he mainly figures for us, gouging out his successive books in the wide old room, of many windows, that, with an intervening terrace, overlooked the broad Seine and the passing boats. This was virtually a monastic cell, closed to echoes and accidents; with its stillness scarce broken, for long periods, save by the creak, across the water, of the towing-chain of the tugs. When I have added that his published letters offer a view, and no very happy one, of his youthful entanglement with Mme. Louise Colet—whom we name because, apparently not a shrinking person, she long ago practically named herself—I shall have catalogued his personal vicissitudes. And I may add further that the connection with Mme. Colet, such as it was, rears its head for us in something like a desert of immunity from such complications.

His complications were of the spirit, of the literary vision, and though he was thoroughly profane he was yet essentially anchoretic. I perhaps miss a point, however, in not finally subjoining that he was liberally accessible to his friends during the months he regularly spent in Paris. Sensitive, passionate, perverse, not less than generous, responsive and easy, he was, in particular, superexcellently not *banal*, and he attached men perhaps more than women, inspiring a marked, a by no means

colourless, shade of respect—a respect not founded, as it is in general apt to be, on conventions, but addressed to his disparities as much as to anything else, and thereby, no doubt, not distinguishable from fondness. His friends, at all events, were a rich and eager *cénacle*, among whom he was on occasion, by his picturesque personality, a natural and overtopping centre—partly perhaps because he was so much and so familiarly at home. He wore, up to any hour of the afternoon, that long, colloquial *robe-de-chambre*, with trousers to match, which one has always associated with literature in France—the uniform, really, of freedom of talk. Freedom of talk abounded by his winter fire, for the *cénacle* was made up almost wholly of the more finely distinguished among his contemporaries—of philosophers, men of letters and men of affairs belonging to his own generation and the next. He had, at the time I have in mind, a small *pied-à-terre* at the far, the then almost suburban, end of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, where, on Sunday afternoons, at the very top of an endless flight of stairs, there were to be encountered, in a cloud of conversation and of smoke, most of the novelists of the general Balzac tradition. Others, of a different birth and complexion, were markedly not of the number, were not even conceivable as present; none of those, unless I misremember, whose fictions were at that time "serialized" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In spite of Renan and Taine and two or three others, the contributor to the *Revue* would indeed at no time, in the circle in question, have found his foot on his native heath. One could recall, if one would, two or three vivid allusions to him, not of the

most quotable, on the lips of the most famous of "naturalists"—allusions to him as represented, for instance, by M. Octave Feuillet and M. Victor Cherbuliez. There was little else but the talk, which had extreme intensity and variety; almost nothing, as I remember, but a painted and gilded idol, of considerable size, a relic and a memento, on the chimney-piece. Flaubert was immense and shy, florid and uncertain, and my main recollection is of a kindness in him, a conception of courtesy, that only wanted to be sure of its way. This recollection is simplified, moreover, by the fact of the presence, almost always, of other persons and other voices. Flaubert's own voice is clearest to me from the uneffaced sense of a winter week-day afternoon when I found him, by exception, alone, and when something led to his reading me aloud, in defence of some judgment he had thrown off, a poem of Théophile Gautier's. It must have been to justify a superlative admiration—which, as he read admirably, he did abundantly justify. The only thing is that the poem was unknown to me, and that, hunt as I will, in every volume of the poet, I have never again been able to find it. Yet that, no doubt, is better—the impression of his personal tone remains the more full. But for the rhyme, however, I should only have to wish it to believe he had been spouting me something strange and sonorous of his own.

One of the things that make him most objective, most describable, so that if we had invented him as an illustration or a character we would precisely so have arranged him—one of these things is that he was formed, intellectually, of two quite distinct compartments, a sense

of the real and a sense of the romantic, and that his production, for our present cognizance, thus neatly and vividly divides itself. The divisions are as marked as the sections on the back of a scarab, though their distinctness is, no doubt, but the final expression of much inward strife. M. Faguet indeed, who is admirable on this question of our author's duality, gives an account of the romanticism that found its way for him into the real, and of the reality that found its way for him into the romantic; but he none the less strikes us as a curious, splendid insect sustained on wings of different colour—the right a vivid red, for instance, and the left as frank a yellow. This duality, operating sharply, has placed on one side together *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education Sentimentale*, and placed together on the other side *Salammbô* and *La Tentation*. *Bouvard et Pécuchet* it can scarce be spoken of, I think, as having placed anywhere. If it was Flaubert's way to find his subjects impossible, there was none he saw so much in that light as the last-named, but also none that he appears to have held it so important, for this very reason, to pursue to the bitter end. Posterity agrees with him about the impossibility, but breaks, for itself, with the rest of the logic. We may perhaps, however, for symmetry, let *Bouvard et Pécuchet* figure as the tail—if scarabs ever have tails—of our insect. Only in that case we should also append, as the very tip, the small volume of the *Trois Contes*, preponderantly of the deepest imaginative hue.

His imagination was great and splendid; in spite of which, strangely enough, his masterpiece is not his most imaginative work. *Madame Bovary*, beyond question,

holds that first place, and *Madame Bovary* is concerned with the career of a country doctor's wife in a petty Norman town. The elements of the picture are of the fewest, the situation of the heroine almost of the meanest, the material for interest—considering the interest yielded—of the most unpromising; but these facts only throw into relief one of those incalculable phenomena that attend the proceedings of genius. *Madame Bovary* was doomed, by circumstances and causes—the freshness of comparative youth and good faith on the author's part being perhaps the chief—definitely to take its position, even though its subject were fundamentally a negation of the remote, the magnificent and the strange, the stuff of his fondest and most characteristic dreams. It would have seemed very nearly to have excluded the play of the imagination, and the way this faculty of Flaubert's nevertheless comes in is one of those accidents, manœuvres, inspirations—we hardly know what to call them—by which masterpieces are made. He, of course, knew more or less what he was doing for his book in making Emma Bovary a victim of the imaginative habit, but he must have been far from designing or measuring that total effect which renders the work so general, so complete, an expression of himself. His separate idiosyncrasies, his irritated sensibility to the life about him, with the power to catch it in the fact and hold it hard, and his hunger for style and history and poetry, for the rich and the rare, are here represented together as they are not in his later writings. There is nothing of the near, of the directly-perceived, either in *Salammbô* or in *Saint-Antoine,* and little enough of the projected and evoked in

that indefinable last word of cold and joyless execution, *L'Education*. M. Faguet has, of course, excellently noted this—that the fortune and felicity of the book were assured by the stroke that made the central figure an embodiment of helpless romanticism. Flaubert himself but narrowly escaped, after all, being such an embodiment, and he is thus able to express the romantic mind with extraordinary truth. As to the rest of the matter, he had the luck of having been, from the first, in possession; having begun so early to nurse and elaborate his plan that, familiarity and the native air, the native soil, aiding, he had finally made out, to the last lurking shade, the small, sordid, sunny, dusty village-picture, with its emptiness constituted and peopled. It is in the background and the accessories that the real—the real of his theme—abides; and the romantic—the romantic of his theme—accordingly occupies the front. Emma Bovary's poor adventures are a tragedy for the very reason that, in a world unsuspecting, unassisting, unconsoling, she has herself to distil the rich and the rare. Ignorant, unguided, undiverted, ridden by the very nature of her consciousness, she makes of the business an inordinate failure, a failure which, in its turn, makes for Flaubert the most elaborate, the most *told* of anecdotes.

There are many things to say about *Madame Bovary*, but an old admirer of the book would be but half-hearted —so far as they represent reserves or puzzlements—were he not to note, first of all, the circumstance by which it is most endeared to him. To remember it from far back is to have been present, all along, at a process of singular interest to a literary mind, a case indeed full of comfort

and cheer. The finest of Flaubert's novels is to-day, on the French shelf of fiction, one of the first of the classics; it has attained that position, slowly but steadily, before our eyes; and we seem so to follow the evolution of the fate of a classic. We see how the thing takes place; which we rarely can, for we mostly miss—and especially in the case of consecration as complete as this—either the beginning or the end. The consecrations of the past are too far behind, and those of the future too far in front. That the production before us *should* have inherited the heavenly crown—that is a fact to offer, for English and American readers, a mystifying side; but it is exactly our basis, and a part, moreover, of the total interest. The author of these remarks remembers—as with a sense of the way such things happen—that, when a very young person, in Paris, he took up from the parental table the latest number of the periodical in which Flaubert's then eminently unrecognised masterpiece was in course of publication. The moment is not historic, but it was to become, in the light of history, as may be said, so unforgettable that every small feature of it yet again lives for him; it rests there like the backward end of the span. The cover of the old *Revue de Paris* was yellow, if I mistake not, like that of the new, and *Madame Bovary: Mœurs de Province*, on the inside of it, was already, on the spot, as a title, mysteriously arresting, indefinably strange. I was ignorant of what preceded, and I was not to know till much later what followed; but present to me still is the act of standing there, before the fire, with my back against the low beplushed and beclocked French chimney-piece and taking in the tale

of the current number, taking it in with so surprised an interest, and perhaps, as well, such a stir of faint foreknowledge, that the sunny little *salon*, the autumn day, the window ajar, and the cheerful clatter, outside, of the Rue Montaigne, are all now for me more or less in the story, and the story more or less in them. The story, however, was at that moment having a difficult life; its fortune was all to make; its merit was so far from suspected that its cloth of gold had barely escaped the editorial shears. This, with much more, contributes for us to the evolution to come. The book, on its appearance as a volume, proved a shock to the high propriety of the guardians of public morals under the second Empire, and Flaubert was prosecuted as author of a work scandalous to indecency. The prosecution fell to the ground, but I should perhaps have mentioned the adventure as one of the few in his short list. It is strange enough at present—so far have we travelled since then—that, in so comparatively recent a past, *Madame Bovary* should have been to that extent a cause of reprobation; and suggestive, above all, in such connections, as to the wondrous unconsciousness of superior minds. For the superior—that is the governmental, official, legal—mind not to know what it has got hold of is a case conceivable enough; but for it to be so urged on by a blind inward spring to publish to posterity how little it has known—that is beyond imagination, beyond everything but pity.

And yet it is not, after all—and here comes in the curiosity of the matter—that the place the book has taken is so overwhelmingly explained by its inherent

dignity. Here comes in especially its fund of admonition for alien readers. The dignity of its matter is the dignity of Mme. Bovary herself as a vessel of experience —a question as to which, unmistakably, I judge, we can only depart from the consensus of French critical opinion. M. Faguet, for example, praises the character of the heroine as one of the most seized and rendered figures of women in all literature, praises it as a field for the display of the romantic spirit that leaves nothing to be desired. Subject to an observation that I shall presently make and that bears heavily, in general, I think, on Flaubert as a painter of life—subject to this restriction he is right; which is a proof that a work of art may be markedly challengeable and yet be perfect, and that when it is perfect nothing else particularly matters. *Madame Bovary* has a perfection that not only stamps it, but that makes it stand almost alone; it holds itself with such a supreme, unapproachable assurance as both excites and defies judgment. For it deals not in the least—as to unapproachability—with things exalted or refined; it only confers on its sufficiently vulgar substance a final, unsurpassable form. The form is *in itself* as interesting, as active, as much of the essence of the subject as the idea, and yet so close is its fit and so inseparable its life that we catch it at no moment on any errand of its own. That, verily, is to be genuine and whole. The work is a classic because the thing, such as it is, is ideally *done*, and because it shows that in such doing eternal beauty may dwell. A pretty young woman who lives, socially and morally speaking, in a hole, and who is ignorant, foolish, flimsy, unhappy, takes a pair of lovers by whom

she is successively deserted; in the midst of which, giving up her husband and her child, letting everything go, she sinks deeper into duplicity, debt, despair, and arrives on the spot, on the small scene itself of her poor depravities, at a pitiful, tragic end. She does these things, above all, while remaining absorbed in the romantic vision, and she remains absorbed in the romantic vision while fairly rolling in the dust. That is the triumph of the book, as the triumph stands—that Emma interests us by the nature of her consciousness and the play of her mind, thanks to the reality and the beauty with which these things are invested. It is not only that they represent *her* state; they are so true, so observed, so felt, and especially so shown, that they represent the state, actual or potential, of all persons like her—persons romantically determined. Then her setting, the medium in which she struggles, becomes in its way as important, becomes eminent with the eminence of art; the tiny world in which she revolves, the contracted cage in which she flutters, is hung out in space for us, and her companions in captivity there are as true as herself.

I have said enough to show what I mean by Flaubert's having, in this picture, expressed something of his intimate self, given his heroine something of his own imagination: a point, precisely, that brings me back to the restriction at which I just now hinted, in which M. Faguet fails to indulge and yet which is immediate for the alien reader. Emma Bovary, in spite of the nature of her consciousness and in spite of her reflecting so much of that of her creator, is really too small an affair. That, critically speaking, is, in view both of the value

and the fortune of her history, the wonderful circumstance. She associates herself with Frédéric Moreau in *L'Education* to suggest for us a question that can be answered, I hold, only to Flaubert's detriment. Emma taken alone would possibly not so directly press it; but, in her company, the hero of our author's second study of the "real" drives it home. Why did Flaubert choose, as special conduits of the life he proposed to depict, such inferior, and in the case of Frédéric such abject, human specimens? I insist only in respect to the latter—the perfection of *Madame Bovary* scarce leaving one much warrant for wishing anything different; even here, however, the general scale and size of Emma, who is small even of her sort, should be a warning to hyperbole. If I say that in the matter of Frédéric, at all events, the answer is inevitably detrimental, I mean that it weighs heavily on our author's general credit. He wished in each case to make a picture of experience—middling experience, it is true—and of the world close to him; but if he imagined nothing better for his purpose than such a heroine and such a hero, we are forced to believe it to have been by a defect of his mind. And that sign of weakness remains even if it be objected that the images in question were addressed to his purpose better than others would have been: the purpose itself then shows as inferior. *L'Education Sentimentale* is a strange, an indescribable work, about which there would be far more things to say than I have space for—and all of them of the deepest interest. It is, moreover, to speak simply, very much less satisfying a production than its specific predecessor. But take

it as we will, for a success or a failure—M. Faguet, indeed, ranks it frankly as a failure, and I deeply agree with him—the personage offered us as bearing the weight of the drama, and in whom we are invited to that extent to interest ourselves, leaves us mainly wondering what our entertainer could have been thinking of. He takes Frédéric Moreau on the threshold of life and conducts him to the extreme of maturity without apparently suspecting for a moment either our wonder or our protest—"Why, why *him*?" Frédéric is positively too poor for his part, or at any rate for ours; and we feel, with a kind of embarrassment, certainly with a kind of compassion, that he should have been too poor for Flaubert's.

We meet him first, we remain with him long, as a *moyen* young Frenchman, a provincial *bourgeois* of the mid-century, educated and with means, thereby with freedom, in whom the life of his day reflects itself. Yet the life of his day, on Flaubert's showing, hangs together with the poverty of Frédéric's own inward, or, for that matter, outward life; so that, the whole thing being, for scale, intention and extension, a sort of epic of the usual (with the Revolution of 1848 introduced indeed as an episode), it affects us as an epic without air, without wings to lift it; reminds us, in fact, more than of anything else, of a huge balloon, all of silk pieces strongly sewn together and patiently blown up, but that absolutely refuses to leave the ground. The discrimination I here make, as against our author, is, however, the only one that is inevitable in a series of remarks so brief. What it really represents is—and nothing could be more

curious—that Frédéric enjoys his position not only without the aid of a single "sympathetic" character of consequence, but even without the aid of one with whom we can directly communicate. Can we communicate with the central personage—or would we, really, if we could? A hundred times no, and if he himself can communicate with the people shown us as surrounding him, that only proves him of their kind. Flaubert on his "real" side was in truth an ironic painter, and ironic to a tune that makes his final accepted state, his present literary dignity and "classic" peace, superficially anomalous. There is an explanation—to which I shall immediately come—but I find myself feeling, for a moment longer, in presence of *L'Education*, how much more interesting a man may be by his failures than by his successes. The successes somehow disconnect and dismiss him; the failures keep him in relation. Thus it is that, as the work of a "*grand écrivain*," *L'Education*, large, laboured, immensely "written," with beautiful passages and a general emptiness, with a kind of leak in its melancholy, moreover, by which its moral dignity escapes—thus it is that Flaubert's ill-starred novel of manners is a curiosity for a literary museum. Thus it is also that it suggests a hundred reflections, and suggests perhaps most of them directly to the intending labourer in the same field. If, in short, as I have said, Flaubert be the novelists' novelist, this performance does more than any other towards making him so.

I have to add in the same connection that I had not lost sight of Mme. Arnoux, the main ornament of *L'Education*, in pronouncing just above on its deficiency in

the sympathetic. Mme. Arnoux is exactly the author's one marked attempt, here or elsewhere, to represent beauty otherwise than for the senses, beauty of character and of life; and what becomes of the attempt is a matter highly significant. M. Faguet praises with justice his conception of the figure and of the relation—the relation that never bears fruit, that keeps Frédéric adoring her, through hindrance and change, from the beginning of life to the end; that keeps her, by the same constraint, forever immaculately "good" from youth to age, though deeply moved and cruelly tempted and sorely tried. Her contacts with her adorer are not even, in proportion to the field of time, frequent; her conditions of fortune, of association, are almost sordid, and we see them, with the march of the drama, such as it is, become more and more so; besides which—I again remember that M. Faguet excellently notes it—no "parts" to speak of are attributed to her; not only is she not presented as clever, but she is scarce invested with a character at all. Almost nothing that she says is repeated, almost nothing that she does is shown. She is an image, none the less beautiful and vague, an image of passion cherished and abjured, renouncing all sustenance and yet persisting in life. Only she has, for real distinction, the extreme drawback that she is offered us quite preponderantly through Frédéric's vision of her, that we see her practically in no other light. Now Flaubert, unfortunately, has not been able not so to discredit Frédéric's vision in general, his vision of everyone and everything, and in particular of his own life, that it makes a medium good enough to convey adequately a

noble impression. Mme. Arnoux is, of course, ever so much the best thing in his life—which is saying little—but his life is made up of such queer material that we find ourselves displeased at her being "in" it at all; all the more that she seems scarcely to affect, improve, or determine it. Her creator, in short, never had a more awkward idea than this attempt to give us the benefit of such a conception in such a way; and I may as well speak of it at once as a mistake that gravely counts against him. It is but one of three, no doubt, in all his work; but I shall not, I trust, pass for fanciful if I call it the most significant. What makes it so is its being the least superficial; the two others are, so to speak, intellectual; this is, somehow, moral. It was a mistake, as I have already hinted, to propose to register in so poor a consciousness as that of such a hero so large and so mixed a quantity of life as *L'Education* clearly intends; and it was a mistake, of the tragic sort that is a theme mainly for silence, to have embarked on *Bouvard et Pécuchet* at all, not to have given it up sooner than be given up by it. But these were, at the worst, not wholly compromising blunders. What *was* compromising—and the great point is that it remains so, that nothing has an equal weight against it—is the unconsciousness of error in respect to the opportunity that would have counted as his finest. We feel not so much that Flaubert misses it—that we could bear; but that he doesn't *know* he misses it—that stamps the blunder. We do not pretend to say how he might have shown us Mme. Arnoux better—that was his own affair. What is ours is that, really, he thought he was showing her as well as

he could—at which we veil our face. For once that he had a conception quite apart—quite apart, I mean, from the array of his other conceptions, and more delicate than any—he "went," as we say, and spoiled it.

Let me add, in all tenderness, and to make up for possibly too much insistence, that it is the only stain on his shield; let me even confess that I should not wonder if, when all is said and done, no one has ever noticed it. Moreover, when I talk of tenderness I mean it not so much sentimentally as critically; mean it, that is, by reason of our general respect for his process and his history, and of the luxury of such a feeling as this respect at a vulgar literary time. The feeling is the one that has most to do with making him, for us, the novelist of the novelist, and is wholly unlike any inspired by any other member of the craft. To state the matter simply, he is our operative conscience, or, as may be said, our vicarious sacrifice; animated by a sense of literary honour, attached to an ideal of perfection, that enable us comparatively to sit at ease, to surrender to the age, to indulge in whatever lapses we may find profitable. May it not in truth be said that we practice our industry, so many of us, at comparatively little cost, because poor Flaubert, producing the most expensive novels ever written, so handsomely paid for it? It is as if this put it in our power to produce cheap and thereby sell dear; as if, in short, literary honour being so looked after, for the firm at large, we find ourselves free to give our individual attention to literary indifference. All the while we thus lavish our indifference the spirit of the author of *Madame Bovary*, in the cross-light of the old

room above the Seine, is trying for the thing itself. That production puts the matter into a nutshell: *Madame Bovary*, subject to whatever qualification, is absolutely the most literary of novels—so literary that it covers us with its mantle. It shows us, once for all, that there is no *intrinsic* need of a debasement of the type. The mantle I speak of is wrought with surpassing fineness, and we may always—under stress of whatever charge of illiteracy, frivolity, vulgarity—flaunt it as the flag of the guild. Let us therefore frankly concede that to surround Flaubert with our consideration is the least return we can make for such a privilege. The consideration, moreover, is idle unless it be real, unless it be intelligent enough to measure his effort and his success. Of the effort as mere effort I have already spoken—of the desperate difficulty involved for him in making his form square with his conception; and I by no means attach a general importance to these secrets of the workshop, which are but as the contortions of the fastidious muse, the servant of the oracle. They are really, rather, secrets of the kitchen and contortions of the priestess of *that* tripod—they are not an upstairs matter. It is of their specially distinctive importance I am now speaking, of the light shed on them by the results before us.

They all represent the pursuit of a style—of the right one, and they would still be interesting if the style had not been achieved. *Madame Bovary, Salammbô, Saint-Antoine, L'Education,* are so written and so composed—though the last-named in a minor degree—that the more we look at them the more we find in them,

in this kind, a beauty of intention and of effect; the more they form, in the too often dreary desert of fictive prose, a class by themselves, a little living oasis. So far as that desert is our own English—by which I of course also mean our own American—province, it supplies with remarkable rarity this particular source of relief. So strikingly is that the case that a critic betrayed at artless moments into advocating the claims of composition is apt to find himself as blankly met as if he were advocating the claims of trigonometry. He makes, inevitably, his reflections, which are numerous enough; one of which is that if we turn our back so squarely, so universally, to this plea, it is because the novel, among us, is so preponderantly cultivated by women—in other words, by a sex ever gracefully, comfortably, enviably unconscious of any such principle. The case is at any rate sharply enough made for us—or against us—by the circumstance that women are held to have achieved among us, in spite of this weakness and others, as great results as any. They doubtless have. Jane Austen was instinctive and charming, and the other recognitions—even over the heads of the ladies, some of them, from Fielding to Pater—are obvious; without, however, in the least touching my contention. For signal examples of what composition, distribution, arrangement can do, of how they can intensify the life of a work of art, we have to go elsewhere; and the value of Flaubert for us is that he admirably points the moral. This is the great explanation of the "classic" fortune of *Madame Bovary* in especial, as well as an aspect of that work endlessly suggestive. I spoke just now of the small field of the

picture, small capacity, as it were, of the vessel; yet the way the thing is done not only triumphs over the question of value, but, in respect to it, fairly misleads and confounds us. Where else shall we find in anything proportionately so small such an air of dignity of size? Flaubert made things big—it was his way, his ambition and his necessity; and I say this while remembering that in *L'Education* (in proportion, I mean, again) the effect has not been produced. The subject of *L'Education* is, in spite of Frédéric, large, but an indefinable shrinkage has overtaken it in the execution. The exception so marked, however, is single; *Salammbô* and *Saint-Antoine* are both very "heavy" conceptions, as may be said, and very consistently and splendidly high applications of a manner. It is in this manner of Flaubert's that the lesson sits aloft, that the spell, for the critical reader, resides. If the conviction under which he labours is more and more grossly discredited among us all, his compact mass is but the greater. He held style to be an indefeasible part of a work of art, and beauty, interest, distinction to be as dependent on it for life as a letter committed to the post-office for delivery is dependent on an addressed envelope. There are persons who consider that style comes of itself—we see and hear, at present, I think, enough of them; to whom he doubtless would have replied that it goes, of itself, still faster. The thing naturally differs, in fact, with the nature of the imagination. That of the author of *Salammbô* was all for the magnificent, for the phrase as potentially noble or ignoble in itself, contributive or destructive, special or common. The worse among such

possibilities have been multiplied by the infection of bad writing, and he denied that the better ever do anything so obliging as to come of themselves. They scarcely, indeed, for Flaubert, "came" at all; their arrival was determined only by fasting and prayer, or by patience of pursuit, the arts of the chase, long waits and watches, in the mountains or by the sea. The fatigue of these expeditions—which made the production of a book inordinately slow—drew from the author, as I have mentioned, much resounding complaint; but those voices have ceased to trouble us, and the final voice remains. No feature of the whole business is more edifying than the fact that, in the first place, he never misses style, and that, in the second, he never appears to have beaten about for it. That betrayal is, of course, the worst betrayal of all, and I think the way he has escaped it the happiest form of the peace that has finally visited him. It was a wonderful success, in truth, to be so the devotee of the phrase, and yet never to be its victim. Fine as he inveterately desired it should be, he yet never lost sight of the question, Fine for what? It is always so related and associated, so properly part of something else—a reference, a tone, a passage, a page—that the simple may enjoy it for its least bearing and the initiated for its greatest. That is surely to be a writer of the first order—to resemble, in the hand and however closely viewed, a shapely crystal box, and yet to be seen, when placed on the table and opened, to contain innumerable compartments, springs and tricks. One is an ornament either way, but one is in the second way a treasure too.

The crystal box, then, figures the style of *Salammbô* and *L'Education* in a greater degree than that of *Bovary*, because, as the two former express the writer's romantic side, he had, in them, while equally covering his tracks, still further to travel and still more to hunt. Beyond this allusion to their completing his duality I shall not attempt closely to characterize them; though I admit that in not insisting on them I press most lightly on the scale into which he had in his own view cast his greatest pressure. He lamented the doom that drove him so oddly, so ruefully, to choose his subjects, but he lamented it least when these subjects were most pompous and most exotic, feeling as he did that they had then, after all, most affinity with his special eloquence. In dealing with the near, the directly perceived, he had to keep down his tone, to make the eloquence small; though with the consequence, as we have seen, that the whole thing, in spite of such precautions, mostly insists on being ample. The familiar, that is, under his touch, took on character, importance, one scarce knows what to call it, to carry the style, or perhaps rather, as we may say, to sit with proper ease in the vehicle; there was accordingly a limit to its smallness: whereas, in the romantic books, the preferred world of Flaubert's imagination, there was practically no need of compromise. The compromise throughout gave him endless trouble, and nothing would be more to the point than to show, had I space, why in particular it distressed him. It was his strange predicament, obviously, that the only spectacle open to him by experience, by direct knowledge, was the *bourgeois*, which on that ground imposed on

him successively his three so intensely *bourgeois* themes. He was obliged to treat these themes, which he hated, because his experience left him no alternative. His only alternative was given by history, geography, philosophy, fancy, the world of erudition and of imagination, the world especially of this last. In the *bourgeois* sphere his ideal of expression laboured under protest; in the other, the imagined, the projected, his need for facts, for matter, and his pursuit of them, sat no less heavily. But as his style all the while required a certain exercise of pride, he was on the whole more at home in the exotic than in the familiar; he escaped, above all, in the former connection, the disparities that he detested. He could be frankly noble in *Salammbô* and *Saint-Antoine*; whereas in *Bovary* and *L'Education* he could be but suggestively, but insidiously so. He could in the one case cut his coat according to his cloth—if we mean by his cloth his predetermined tone—while in the other he had to take it already cut. Singular enough, in his life, the situation so constituted: the comparatively meagre human consciousness—for we must come back to that in him—struggling with the absolutely large artistic; and the large artistic half wreaking itself on the meagre human and half seeking a refuge from it, and a revenge against it, in something quite different.

Flaubert had, in fact, command of two refuges, which he worked in turn. The first of these was the attitude of irony, so constant in him that *L'Education* bristles and hardens with it and *Bouvard et Pécuchet*—strangest of "poetic" justices—is made as dry as sand and as heavy as lead; the second only was, by processes, by

journeys the most expensive, to get away altogether. And we inevitably ask ourselves whether, eschewing the policy of flight, he might not have, after all, fought his case out a little more on the spot. What makes us ask it is the beauty of the gift sacrificed—or, as he would doubtless himself have said, saved. Might he not have addressed himself to the human still otherwise than in *L'Education* and in *Bouvard*? When one thinks of the view of the life of his country, of French society and its constituent creatures, offered in these productions, one declines to believe that it could make up the *whole* vision of a man of his distinction. Or was he absolutely and exclusively, when all was said and done, condemned to irony? The second refuge I speak of—the getting away from the human, the congruously and measurably human, altogether—that, in the light of this possibility, becomes perhaps but an irony the more. Carthage and the Thebaid, Salammbô, Spendius, Matho, Hannon, St. Antony, Hilarion, the Paternians, the Marcosians and the Carpocratians—what are all these, fascinating because queer, but a confession of supreme impatience with the actual and the near, often queer enough, no doubt, but not consolingly, not transcendently so? Lastly, there remains the question whether, even if our author's immediate, as distinguished from his remote, view had had more reach, the " gift " we claim for him, the perfection of arrangement and form, would have had, in certain directions, the acquired flexibility. States of mind, states of soul of the simpler kinds, the kinds supposable in the Mme. Bovarys, the Frédérics, the Bouvards and the Pécuchets, to say nothing of the Cartha-

ginians and the Eremites—for Flaubert's eremites are eminently artless: these conditions represent, I think, his proved psychological range. And that throws us back remarkably, almost confoundingly, upon another face of the general anomaly. The " gift " was of the greatest, a value in itself, in virtue of which he is a consummate writer; and yet there are whole sides of life to which it was never addressed and which it apparently quite failed to suspect as a field of exercise. He never approached the complicated character, in man or woman, or the really furnished, the finely civilized consciousness. Was this because, surprisingly, he could not? *L'âme Française,* at all events, shows in him but ill.

This doubtless marks a limit, but limits, for the critic, are familiar country, and he may mostly well feel the prospect as wide enough when he finds something positively well enough done. By disposition or by obligation, Flaubert selected, and though his selection was in some respects narrow, he stops not too short to have left us three really " cast " works and a fourth of several perfect parts, to say nothing of the element of perfection, of the superlative for the size, in his three *nouvelles.* What he attempted he attempted in a spirit that gives an extension to the idea, in a literary thing, of the achieved; and it is by this that we contentedly measure the matter. As success goes in this world of the approximate, it may pass for success of the greatest. If I am unable to pursue the proof of my remark in *Salammbô* and *Saint-Antoine,* it is because I have also had to select and have found the questions connected with their two companions more interesting. There are

plenty of judges, I hasten to mention, who show the opposite preference, who lose themselves with rapture in the strange, bristling archæological picture—yet all amazingly vivified and co-ordinated—of the Carthaginian mercenaries in revolt and the sacred veil of the great goddess profaned and stolen; as well as in the still more peopled panorama of the ancient sects, superstitions and mythologies that swim, in the desert, before the fevered eyes of the saint. One may be able, however, at once to breathe more freely in *Bovary* than in *Salammbô* and yet to hope that there is no intention of the latter that one has missed. The great intention certainly—little as we may be sweetly beguiled—holds us fast; which is simply the author's indomitable purpose of fully occupying his field. There are countries beyond the sea in which tracts are allowed to settlers on condition that they will really—not nominally—cultivate them. Flaubert, on his romantic ground, is like one of these settlers; he makes good with all his might his title to his tract, and in a way that shows how it is not only for him a question of safety, but a question of honour. Honour demands that he shall set up his home and his faith there, so that every inch of the surface shall be planted or paved. He would have been ashamed merely to encamp and, after the fashion of most other such adventurers, knock up a log hut among charred stumps: this was not what he would have called taking artistic possession. It was not what he would have called even personal honour, let alone literary; and yet the general lapse from integrity was a thing that, wherever he looked, he saw not only condoned, but ac-

claimed and rewarded. He lived, as he felt, in an age of cheap production and cheap criticism, the practical upshot of which took on for him a name that was often on his lips. He called it the hatred of literature, a hatred in the midst of which, the most literary of men, he found himself appointed to live. I may not, however, follow him in that direction—which would take us far; and the less that he was for himself, after all, in spite of groans and imprecations, a man of resources, of remedies, and that there was always his possibility of building himself in.

This he did equally in all his books, but it leads me again to the question of what such a stiff ideal imposed on him in respect to the element of exactitude. This element, in the romantic, was his merciless law; it was perhaps even in the romantic that—if there could indeed be degrees for him in such matters—he most despised the mere more-or-less. To be intensely definite, to know so well what he meant that he could at every point strikingly, ineffaceably vivify—this was the first of his needs; and if in addition to being definite he could be strange and sad and terrible, success then had for him its highest refinement. He was really never so pleased as when he rendered the horrible with perfect precision. His own sense of all this was that beauty came with expression, that expression was itself creation, and that we move, in literature, in a world of different values and relations, a blessed world in which everything is saved by style, in which the image is superior to the thing itself. This quest and multiplication of the image—the image tested and warranted and consecrated for the occasion—

was accordingly his high *coquetterie*, to which he too much sacrificed, and to which *Salammbô* and, in parts, *Saint-Antoine* are monstrous monuments. Old cruelties and perversities, old wonders and terrors, endlessly appealed to him; they constitute the unhuman side of his work, and if one has not the bribe of curiosity, of literary interest, one treads one's way among them, especially in *Salammbô*, with too heavy a heart. For myself, the curiosity and the literary interest are equal in dealing with the non-romantic books, and the world presented, the aspects and agents, are less deterrent, more beguiling. Style itself, moreover, with all respect to Flaubert, never *totally* beguiles; since, even when we are so queerly constituted as to be ninety-nine parts literary, we are still the hundredth part something else. This hundredth part may, once we have the book—or the book has us—make us imperfect as readers; and yet without it should we want, or get, the book at all? The curiosity, at any rate, to repeat, is even greatest for me in *Madame Bovary*, say, for here I can measure, can more directly appreciate, the expression. The aspects and impressions being of an experience conceivable to me, I am more touched by the beauty; my interest gets more of the benefit of it, even though it be not intrinsically greater. Which brings back our appreciation, inevitably, at last, to the question of our author's lucidity.

I have sufficiently indicated that I speak from the point of view of his interest to a reader of his own craft, the point of view of his extraordinary technical wealth—though, indeed, when I think of the general power of *Madame Bovary* I find myself desiring not to narrow the

ground of the lesson, not to connect it, to its prejudice, with the idea of the "technical," so abhorrent, in whatever art, to the Anglo-Saxon mind. Without proposing Flaubert as the type of the newspaper novelist, or as an easy alternative to golf or the bicycle, we should do him an injustice in failing to insist that a masterpiece like *Madame Bovary* may benefit by its roundness even with the simple-minded. It has that sign of all rare works that there is something in it for every one. It may be read ever so attentively, enjoyed ever so freely, without a suspicion of how it is written, to say nothing of put together; it may equally be read under the excitement of these perceptions alone. Both readers will have been transported—which is all any reader can ask. Leaving the former, however that may be, to state the case for himself, I state it yet again for the latter, if only on this final ground. The book and its companions represent for us a practical solution—Flaubert's own troubled yet settled one—of the eternal dilemma of the painter of life. From the moment the painter deals at all with life directly, his desire is not to deal with it stintedly. It at the same time remains true that from the moment he desires to produce forms in which it shall be preserved, he desires that these forms, things of *his* creation, shall not be ignoble. He must make them complete and beautiful, intrinsically interesting, under peril of disgrace with those who know. Those who don't know, of course, don't count for him, and it neither helps nor hinders him to say that every one knows about life. Every one doesn't—it is distinctly the case of the few; and if it were in fact the case of the many, the knowledge

might, on the evidence around us, be universal, even in an age of unprecedented printing, without attesting itself by a multiplication of masterpieces. The question, for the artist, can only be of doing the artistic utmost, and thereby of *seeing* the general task. When it is seen with the intensity with which it presented itself to Flaubert, a lifetime is none too much for fairly tackling it. It must either be left alone or be dealt with, and to leave it alone is a comparatively simple matter.

To deal with it, on the other hand, is to produce a certain number of finished works—there being no other known method; and the quantity of life depicted will depend on this array. What will this array, however, depend on, and what will condition the number of pieces of which it is composed? The "finish," evidently, that the formula so glibly postulates, and for which the novelist is thus so handsomely responsible. He has on the one side to feel his subject and on the other side to render it, and there are two ways, doubtless, in which his situation—particularly perhaps by himself—may be expressed. The more he feels his subject the more he *can* render it—that is the first way. The more he renders it the more he *can* feel it—that is the second way. This second way, unmistakably, was Flaubert's, and if the result of it, for him, was a bar to abundant production, he could only accept such an incident as part of the game. He probably, for that matter, would have challenged any easy definition of "abundance," contested the application of it to the repetition, however frequent, of the thing not "done." What but the "doing"

makes it, he would have asked, and how can wealth proceed from the simple addition of so many instances of poverty? We should here, in closer communication with him, have got into his highly characteristic, his suggestive view of the fertilization of subject by form, penetration of the sense, ever, by the expression—the latter reacting, creatively, on the former; a conviction in the light of which he appears in very truth to have wrought and which borrows from him thus its measure of credit. It would sadly have suffered, certainly, if his books had been things of a loose logic; whereas, being things of a logic so close, we refer to it without shame. Let the phrase be beautiful and related, and the rest will take care of itself—that is the rough indication of Flaubert's faith—which has the importance that it was a faith sincere, active and productive. I hasten to add, indeed, that we must most of all remember how in these matters everything hangs on definitions. The " beautiful," with our author, covered for the phrase a great deal of ground, and when every sort of propriety had been gathered in under it, and every relation, in a complexity of such, protected, the idea itself, the presiding thought, ended surely by being pretty well provided for.

These, however, are subordinate notes, and the plain question, in the connection I have touched upon, is the question of whether we would really wish him to have written more books—say either of the type of *Bovary* or of the type of *Salammbô*—and not have written them so well. When the production of a great artist (who has lived a length of years) has been small, there is always

the regret; but there is seldom, any more than here, the conceivable remedy. For the case is predetermined, no doubt, by the particular kind of great artist a writer happens to be; though, indeed, even thus, when we come to the concrete, the historic, deliberation may not all be imposed by temperament. The admirable George Sand, Flaubert's beneficent friend and correspondent, is exactly the happiest example we could find of the genius constitutionally incapable of worry, the genius for whom style "came," for whom the thing was quickly and easily done, the book freely and swiftly written, and who consequently is represented for us by upwards of ninety volumes. Flaubert is represented by six, so that he may by that estimate figure as poor, while Mme. Sand figures as rich; and yet the fact remains that I feel I can refer the congenial mind to him with confidence, and can do nothing of the sort for it in respect to Mme. Sand. She is loose and liquid and iridescent, as iridescent as we please; but I can imagine compositions quite without virtue—the virtue, I mean, of sticking together—begotten by the desire to emulate her. She had herself, undoubtedly, the benefit of her facility, but are we not left wondering to what extent *we* have it? There is nothing, so to speak, for the critical mind, weary of much wandering, to rest on. Flaubert himself wandered, wandered far, went much roundabout and sometimes lost himself by the way, but he provided exquisitely for our present repose. He found the French language inconceivably difficult to write with elegance, and was confronted with the fact that elegance is the last thing that languages, even as they most mature, con-

cern themselves with. He adored a hard surface and detested a soft one—much more a muddled; a style without rhythm and harmony was, in a work of pretended beauty, no style at all, and the absence of style simply made of a work of pretended beauty a work of achieved barbarity. Rhythm and harmony were, in his scheme, most menaced by repetition—when repetition had not a positive grace; and were above all most at the mercy of the bristling particles of which our modern tongues are mainly composed and which make of the desired "surface" a texture pricked through, from beneath, even to destruction, as by many thorns.

On these lines production was, of course, slow work for him—especially as he met the difficulty, met it with an inveteracy that shows how it *can* be met; and full of interest for readers of English speech is the reflection he causes us to make as to the possibility of any such success among ourselves. I have spoken of his groans and imprecations, his despairs and his long delays; but what would these things have been, what would have become of him and what of his solid bequest, had he been condemned to deal with an idiom delightfully consisting, like ours, as to one part, of "that" and "which"; as to a second part, of the blessed "it," which an English sentence may repeat in three or four different references and yet remain good—or at any rate never be noticed, much less denounced, as bad; as to a third part, of all the "to's" of the infinitive and the preposition; as to a fourth, of our precious auxiliaries "be" and "do"; and as to a fifth, of whatever survives, for elegance, of the

language? Whether or no the fact that the "painter of life," among us, has to contend with a medium intrinsically irreducible, on certain sides, like our own—whether this drawback accounts for his having failed, in our time, to treat us, arrested and charmed, to a single case of crowned classicism, there is at any rate no doubt that we in some degree owe Flaubert's counterweight for that deficiency to *his* having, on his own ground, more happily triumphed. By which I do not mean that *Madame Bovary* is a classic because the "thats," the "its" and the "to's" are made to march as Orpheus, with his lute, made the beasts, but because the element of order and harmony is a kind of symbol of everything else that is consecrated for us by the history of the book. The history of the book remains the lesson and the important thing, the delightful thing—the slow drama above all. It is what we come back to. So we see—from the present to the past, indeed, and never, alas! from the present to the future—how a classic almost inveterately grows. Unimportant, unnoticed, or, so far as noticed, contested, personal, queer, it has a cradle round which the fairies but scantly flock, and is waited on, in general, by none of the signs of significance. The significance comes by a very slow process, by the fact only that one perceptive private reader after another discovers the book to be rare. And the addition of the perceptive private readers is a very slow business, and would doubtless be a vain one did they not—while plenty of other much more remarkable books come and go—accumulate and count. So they have gathered for *Madame Bovary*, and so they are held. That is really, once more,

the great circumstance. It is always in order for us to feel yet again what it is we are held *by*. It is for this reason, finally, that I call Flaubert the novelist's novelist. Are we not, moreover—and let it pass this time as a happy hope!—pretty well all novelists now?

Henry James.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, *the son of a veterinary surgeon at Nogent-sur-Seine, was born at Rouen on the 12th of December,* 1821. *His mother, who came from Pont-l'Evêque in the Calvados, was of the good Norman family of Fleuriot. It was often remarked that the novelist betrayed his extraction in his typical Norman appearance. He was tall, full-blooded, and large-limbed; in later life he wore a huge, drooping mustache. His education was carried on very quietly at Rouen, and he did not leave that city until 1840, when he came up to Paris to study law. It is said, however, that as early as at the age of eleven he began to show a predilection for books and a desire to write. A lady who met him in Paris soon after his arrival has said that "Gustave Flaubert was at that time like a young Greek. . . . His usual dress consisted of a red flannel shirt, a pair of trousers of rough blue cloth, a scarf of the same colour wound tightly round the loins, and a hat put on anyhow." It can easily be believed that such a youth was terribly wearied with Paris, but he made a few valuable acquaintances in the literary world, such as Maxime du Camp, and occasionally he escaped for a few weeks to Spain or Corsica. His father and his favourite sister, Caroline, died, and Flaubert determined to return to his mother, with whom, in 1846, he settled on a small estate at Croisset,*

close to Rouen and the Seine. This continued to be his residence for thirty-four years, until his death. Up to 1846 Flaubert had composed nothing which he preserved, but at this date he began to prepare for a life of literature. From this year to 1854 he carried on a sentimental correspondence with the poetess, Louise Colet, and this was the solitary serious love adventure of his life. In the winter of 1849 he went with Maxime du Camp to Egypt and Palestine, and this is positively the latest event in a career which was henceforward strictly devoted to literature. From 1850 to 1856 he was engaged in the composition of "Madame Bovary," which appeared as a book at the close of the latter year. From 1857 to 1862 he was busy on his Carthaginian romance of "Salâmmbo." From 1862 to 1869, in his customary laborious fashion, he was writing a novel of contemporary life in Paris, "L'Education Sentimentale." These books cost Flaubert an infinitude of labour, and the success which they enjoyed was extremely meagre at first. He was overstrained and disappointed, and in 1870 he began to suffer from a very painful and distressing nervous disorder. He continued, however, to work with the same intensity, and without intermission. The "Tentation de Saint Antoine," which had been on the stocks since 1846, was put forth at last in 1874. This is the year of Flaubert's failure on the stage, his unlucky comedy of "Le Candidat." In 1877 he published "Trois Contes," consisting of "Julien l'Hospitalier," "Herodias," and "Un Cœur Simple"; although his art is nowhere displayed in more glorious perfection, this volume was coldly received by the public. Flaubert was chagrined, and in his annoyance he set to work on a satire upon the mediocrity of middle-class taste, which

occupied him for the rest of his life, and which he left unfinished, the extraordinary fragment called "Bouvard et Pécuchet." He was plodding on with this strange task, and doubtless greatly exhausted by it, when, on the morning of May the 8th, 1880, he was struck down by apoplexy and died in a few minutes. He was buried in his own parish church of Canteleu, and then transferred to the family tomb at Rouen. The life of Flaubert was laborious and solitary. His friendships were few, and they were rarely intimate. At several epochs of his career he was invaded by a sort of misanthropy, which made him, almost like Swift, delight in considering mankind as pitiful, mean, and disgusting. He was called "le moine de la littérature," and in his timid repulsion, his ironic hatred of his fellows, there was an element of the celibate and intractable ecclesiastic. No one, it may safely be said, has ever toiled so patiently, and with so little need of human sympathy, at the attainment of literary perfection. In his silent, old house, with its terrace above the Seine, its little ancient pavilion, which he turned into a study, he was accustomed to bury himself all day long, and far into the night, in the impassioned search after faultless phrases. Sometimes he would abruptly depart for Paris, where he had a lodging in the Boulevard du Temple, and there he would gather around him, towards the end of his life, the young men who shared his views with regard to style, the Goncourts, Alphonse Daudet, and M. Zola. Still more rarely he would visit George Sand in her country-house. Then he would return, for months at a time, to the solitude of Croisset, and to the incessant pursuit of an impossible and impeccable excellence of colour and rhythm.

E. G.

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MADAME BOVARY

MADAME BOVARY

FIRST PART

I

We were at Preparation in the schoolroom when the head master entered, followed by a new boy dressed not in the school uniform but in ordinary plain clothes, and by a school servant bearing a large desk. Those who were asleep woke up, and every one rose as though he had been surprised at his work.

The head master motioned to us to sit down again; then, turning to the usher:

"M. Roger," said he to him half in an undertone, "here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he enters the fifth form. If his work and his conduct are deserving, he shall pass into the upper school, where at his age he ought to be."

Lingering in the corner, behind the door, so that he could scarcely be seen was the new boy, a country lad about fifteen years of age, and taller than any among us all. He wore his hair cut straight over the forehead, like a village choir-boy, and his manner was at once sensible and very shy. Although he was not broad across the shoulders, his round jacket of green cloth with black buttons seemed to pinch him uncomfortably under the arms, and through the slit of the cuffs it exhibited red wrists accustomed to be bare. His legs, blue stockinged,

protruded from a yellowish pair of trousers braced up very high. He was shod with strong shoes, ill polished, and studded with nails.

The repetition of lessons was commenced. He listened to them with all his ears, attentive as though to a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs nor to lean on his elbow, and at two o'clock, when the bell rung, the usher was obliged to address him individually before he placed himself along with us in the ranks.

We were accustomed, as we went in to school, to throw our caps on the ground, so as to have afterwards greater freedom for our hands; from the threshold of the door the practice was to fling them under the bench in such a way as to strike against the wall and raise a lot of dust. This was considered "good form."

But, whether it were that he had not noticed this proceeding or that he did not dare conform to it, when prayers were over the new boy still held his cap on his two knees. It was one of those head coverings of composite order, in which are to be observed the elements of the woollen cap, of the chapska, of the round hat, of the otter-skin toque and of the cotton cap, one of those poor things, in fine, the mute ugliness of which has certain depths of expressiveness like the face of an idiot. Shaped like an egg and kept extended by means of whalebones, it commenced with three circular pudding-like bulges; then, divided by a strip of red, there alternated lozenges of velvet and rabbit-skin; after these came a kind of sack which ended in a cardboard polygon, covered with an embroidery of braid worked in a complicated design and having attached to it at the end of a long and too slender cord a little cross-bar made of gold thread by way of tassel. It was new; the peak glittered.

"Stand up," said the professor.

He rose; his cap fell. The whole class tittered. He

stooped to recover it. A neighbour with a nudge of his elbow made it fall again; once more he picked it up.

"Put down your cap," said the professor, who was a wit.

There was a roar of laughter from the boys which put the poor fellow quite out of countenance, so that he knew not whether he was expected to keep his cap in his hand, leave it on the ground or put it on his head. He sat down again and placed it on his knees.

"Stand up," said the professor again, "and tell me your name."

The new boy articulated, with stuttering voice, an unintelligible name.

"Say it again!"

The same stuttering of syllables was heard, drowned by the shouts of the class.

"Louder!" cried the master, "louder!"

The new boy, summoning up a desperate resolution, opened a huge mouth and flung forth with the full strength of his lungs, as though to hail some one, this word: "*Charbovari.*"

It was greeted by a tumult which broke out unrestrained, rose in *crescendo* with shouts of shrill voices (boys howled, yelled, stamped, repeating: "*Charbovari! Charbovari!*"), then was continued by one here, one there, and sometimes, as very gradually it died away, was suddenly taken up again along the line of a bench where now and then, like an ill-extinguished bomb, there burst forth some stifled laugh.

However, under the rain of *pensums*, order little by little was re-established in the class, and the professor, having succeeded in catching the name of Charles Bovary, after causing it to be dictated, spelt, and read over to him, immediately ordered the poor wretch to go sit on the "idler's bench" at the foot of the master's desk.

He began to move; but, before taking a step, hesitated.

"What are you looking for?" asked the professor.

"My c—," timidly replied the new boy, casting uneasy glances about him.

"Five hundred lines to the whole class!" cried out in a furious voice, quelled, as though it had been the *Quos ego*, a new tempest. "Be quiet, then," continued the professor, adding, as he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief which he had just taken out of his flat cap: "As for you, the new boy, you will copy out for me twenty times the verb *ridiculus sum*."

Then, in a kinder voice:

"Eh? you will find it again, that cap of yours; no one has stolen it from you."

Everything resumed its calm. Heads were bent over the portfolios and for the next two hours the new boy behaved in an exemplary manner, though indeed from time to time some little paper bullet shot from a pen-nib would reach and splash his face. But each time he wiped the spot with his hand and remained motionless, with eyes bent down.

In the evening, at Preparation, he took out his half-sleeves from his desk, put his little affairs in order, and carefully ruled his paper. We saw him at work conscientiously, looking out all the words in the dictionary and taking great pains. It was thanks, doubtless, to this good-will, of which he gave proof, that he escaped being sent down into the lower form; for though he had a tolerable acquaintance with his rules, he showed but little elegance in the turn of his phrases. It was the priest of his village who had given him his first lessons in Latin, his parents, from reasons of economy, having deferred sending him to school till as late as possible.

His father, M. Charles Denis Bartholomew Bovary, formerly assistant surgeon-major, compromised towards

1812 in some affair connected with the conscription, and obliged, about that time, to quit the service, had then taken advantage of his fine personal appearance to seize, as it passed him, a dowry of sixty thousand francs which presented itself in the person of a hosier's daughter, who had fallen in love with his good looks. Handsome, a braggart, making his spurs jingle noisily as he walked, wearing whiskers that joined on to his moustache, his fingers always adorned with rings, and dressed in loud colours, he had the presence of a gallant fellow coupled with the poor spirit of a commercial traveller. Once he was married he lived for two or three years on his wife's fortune, dining well, rising late, smoking great porcelain pipes, going home in the evening only after the theatre, and frequenting the cafés. The father-in-law died and left little; he was indignant over this, launched out into building speculations, lost some money in them, then retired into the country with the object of prosecuting some land improvement scheme. But, as he knew little more about agriculture than about calico, as he rode his horses instead of sending them to the plough, drank his cider in bottles instead of selling it in barrels, ate the finest fowls from his farm-yard and greased his shooting-boots with his pigs' lard, it did not take him long to perceive that it would be better to abandon speculation altogether.

He discovered, therefore, to be let for two hundred francs a year, in a village on the borders of the district of Caux and of Picardy, a sort of dwelling, half farm, half country-house; and there, morose, a prey to regret, accusing Heaven, jealous of everybody, he shut himself up from the time he was forty-five, disgusted with mankind, he used to say, and resolved to live in peace.

Formerly his wife had been passionately devoted to him; she had loved him with a thousand servilities which had detached him from her still further. In the old days

blithe, open-hearted and full of affection, she was become with advancing years (after the manner of wine that has grown flat and turns to vinegar) peevish in disposition, shrewish, nervous. She had suffered so greatly, without complaining, at first, when she used to see him run after all the village hussies, and when twenty evil resorts would send him home to her of an evening, wearied out and stinking of liquor! Finally, her pride had risen in revolt. Then she had quelled herself to silence, swallowing her fury in a mute stoicism, which she preserved till her death. She was ever running errands, attending to business. She would visit the lawyers, the local magistrates, bear in mind the falling due of bills, obtain delays; and, indoors, used to iron, sew, do the washing, overlook the workmen, settle the accounts, while, without troubling himself about anything, my lord, continually plunged in a sulky drowsiness from which he only roused himself to say unkind things to her, remained in the chimney corner smoking and spitting in the fire.

When she bore a child it had to be put out to nurse. After he came back home the young monkey was spoiled like a prince. His mother fed him on sweetmeats; his father allowed him to run about shoeless, and, in order to pose as a philosopher, even said that he might go about naked if he chose, like the children of the brutes. In counter to the tendencies of the boy's mother, he had in his mind a certain virile ideal of childhood, in accordance with which he endeavoured to train his son, wishing him to be reared hardily, after the Spartan mode, in order to build up for him a strong constitution. He sent him to bed without a fire, taught him to drink long draughts of rum, and to insult the religious street processions. But, quiet by nature, the little fellow responded ill to his efforts. His mother always had him at her heels; she cut out pasteboard figures for him, told him stories,

talked to him in endless monologues full of melancholy gaiety and babbling caresses. In the isolation of her life she brought together and centred on that young head all her scattered, broken vanities. She dreamed of exalted positions for him. She beheld him already grown-up, handsome, clever, established, surveyor of bridges and roads, or in the magistrature. She taught him to read and, on an old piano she had, even to sing two or three little ballads. But, as for all that, M. Bovary, caring little about book-learning, said that it was not worth the trouble!

Would they ever have the means to maintain him in the Government schools, to buy him a post or start him with a stock in trade? Besides, "provided he have plenty of cheek, a man always gets on in the world." Mme. Bovary used to bite her lips, and the child wandered about the village.

He followed the ploughmen and pursued the crows with clods of earth thrown after them as they flew away. He ate blackberries along the ditch-sides, tended the turkeys with a switch, made hay in the cutting season, ran in the wood, played hopscotch under the church porch on wet days, and, at the great festivals, implored the beadle to let him peal the bells, in order that he might hang with all his weight on the great rope and feel himself swung off the ground by it as it rose.

Moreover, he grew like an oak. He acquired strong hands, a fine colour. At twelve years old his mother secured that he should begin his studies. The parish priest was intrusted with their direction. But the lessons were so short and so ill-connected that they could be of little service. It was at odd moments that they were given, in the sacristy, standing up, hurriedly, between a baptism and a funeral; or perhaps the curé would send for his pupil after the angelus, when he had not to go out. Then they went together upstairs and

installed themselves in his bed-chamber; the gnats and the moths buzzed round and round the candle. It was hot, the child went to sleep; and it was not long before the old fellow, growing drowsy, was snoring, with his hands on his belly and his mouth open. At other times, if M. le Curé, returning from bearing the viaticum to some sick person in the neighbourhood, perceived Charles after some youthful blackguardism or other in the fields, he would summon him, lecture him for a quarter of an hour, and profit by the occasion to make him conjugate his verb at the foot of a tree.

Rain would come to interrupt them, or some passing acquaintance. Moreover, he always expressed himself pleased with the boy, said even that the "young man" had a good memory.

Charles could not continue thus. Madame was energetic. Ashamed, or weary rather, Monsieur yielded without resistance, and there was a delay of one year more till the urchin should have made his first communion.

Six months further passed; and, the following year, Charles was definitely sent to the school at Rouen, whither his father himself conducted him, towards the end of October, at the time of the Fair of St. Romain.

It would be now impossible for any one of us to recall the least thing about him. He was a lad of even temperament, who took his share in the school games during play-hours, worked during preparation, paying attention in class, sleeping well in the dormitory, eating well in the refectory. He had as his "correspondent" —or local guardian—a wholesale ironmonger of the Rue Ganterie, who used to take him out once a month, on Sunday, after his shop was closed, send him for a walk round the wharves to look at the shipping, then bring him back to the school by seven o'clock, before supper.

Every Thursday evening he wrote a long letter to his

mother, in red ink and with three wafer-seals; then he would look over his history notes or perhaps read an old volume of *Anacharsis*, which used to lie about in the preparation room. During the school walks he talked with the servant, who was from the country like himself.

By dint of application he always maintained a position about the middle of the class; once even he gained a *proxime accessit* in natural history. But at the end of his third year his parents withdrew him from the school in order to put him to study medicine, convinced that he would be able to push himself on and win his degree without assistance.

His mother selected a room for him, on the fourth floor, overlooking the Eau-de-Robec, in the house of a dyer of her acquaintance. She settled the arrangements for his board and lodging, procured some furniture, a table and two chairs, caused to be sent from her own house an old cherry-wood bedstead, and bought in addition a little cast-iron stove with the store of wood necessary to keep her poor boy warm. Then she departed at the end of the week, after a thousand injunctions that he should behave himself well now that he was about to be left his own master.

The programme of the lectures which he read on the notice-board produced in him an effect of bewilderment; courses in anatomy, courses in pathology, courses in physiology, courses in pharmacy, courses in chemistry and in botany and in clinic and in therapeutics, without counting hygiene and materia medica—names, all of them, of which he ignored the very meaning and which were like so many doors to sanctuaries full of august darkness.

He could make nothing of it all; he might listen as he would, he did not understand. He worked, however, he possessed bound note-books, he followed all the courses, he was not once absent. He accomplished his

little daily task after the manner of a horse in the riding-school, which turns round and round on the same spot with blindfolded eyes, ignorant of the business he is about.

To spare him expense his mother sent him every week, by the carrier, a piece of baked veal, on which he lunched in the morning after his return from the hospital, with feet up against the wall. Then he had to run off to the lessons, to the amphitheatre, to the hospital, and return home through all the streets. In the evening, after the scanty dinner provided by his landlord, he would go upstairs again to his room and once more set to work in his damp clothes that steamed on his body before the glowing stove.

In the fine summer evenings, at the hour when the warm streets are deserted, when the servants play battledore and shuttlecock on the thresholds of the doors, he would open his window and lean out. The river, which makes of this quarter of Rouen, as it were, an ignoble little Venice, flowed below, under him—yellow, violet, or blue—between its bridges and its gratings. Workmen, stooping at its margin, washed their arms in the water. On poles sticking out from the tops of the garrets skeins of cotton were drying in the air. Opposite, beyond the roofs, the great, pure sky stretched out, with the red sun setting. How pleasant it must be away down there! What cool beneath the beech-trees! And he would open his nostrils to inhale the good smells of the country, which travelled not so far as to him there.

He grew thinner, taller also, and his face acquired a sort of woeful expression, which made it almost interesting.

Naturally, through carelessness, he came to be no longer bound by all the resolutions he had formed. One day he missed the clinical round, the next his lecture,

and, relishing idleness, gradually he ceased all his attendances.

He contracted the habit of the tavern, with a passion for dominoes. To coop himself up every evening in a dirty public room, in order to rattle about on marble tables little pieces of mutton bone marked with black dots, this seemed to him a precious demonstration of his liberty which heightened him in his own self-esteem. It was in some sort an initiation to the world, the access to forbidden pleasures; and, as he entered, he placed his hand on the door-knob with a delight that was almost sensual. Thenceforward, many things that had been restrained in him expanded; he learned by heart couplets, which he sung to the women, who were welcome visitors; developed an enthusiasm for Béranger, knew how to brew punch, and finally made his first acquaintance with love.

Thanks to these preparatory exercises, he failed utterly in the examination which was to qualify him for the post of medical officer of health. They were expecting him at home the same evening in order to celebrate his success.

He set out on foot and stopped in the outskirts of the village, where he sent for his mother to join him and told her all. She excused him, throwing the blame of the failure on the injustice of the examiners, and encouraged him a little, taking it upon herself to arrange things. Only five years later did M. Bovary know the truth; it was ancient history; he accepted it, being unable, moreover, to suppose that a man sprung from his own loins could be a fool.

Charles set himself to work again, therefore, and prepared without interruption the subjects of his examination, for which he learned in advance all the questions by heart. He was accepted, taking a fairly good place. What a proud day for his mother! A grand dinner was

given. Where should he go to exercise his skill? To Tostes. There was but one old doctor in the place. For long past Mme. Bovary had been on the lookout for his death, and now, even before the old fellow had packed himself off, Charles was installed opposite, as his successor. But to have brought up her son, to have enabled him to study medicine, and to have discovered Tostes for its practice—this was not all; he needed a wife. She found him one; the widow of a Dieppe bailiff, aged forty-five, and possessing an income of twelve hundred francs.

Although she was ugly, thin as a lath, and with as many pimples as the Spring has buds, certainly Mme. Dubuc found no lack of suitors for her choice. In order to attain her object, *la mère* Bovary had first to contrive to oust all of them, and she even defeated very cleverly the schemes of a pork butcher who was supported by the priest.

In marriage Charles had anticipated the advent of a better state of things, imagining that he would be less shackled and able to order himself and his expenses as he should judge fit. But his wife was the master; in public he had to say this, not say that; he had to fast every Friday, dress as she pleased, harry by her order the clients who were behindhand with their payments. She opened his letters, spied upon his actions, and, when women were present, listened to him, through the partition, while he gave consultations in his private room.

She required her chocolate every morning, deference and consideration unlimited. She complained without ceasing of her nerves, of her chest, of her general ailments. The noise of footsteps caused her pain; were she left alone, solitude became at once detestable to her; did any one go back to her, doubtless it was to see her die. In the evening, when Charles came home, she

would draw out her long, lean arms from beneath the sheets, clasp them about his neck, and, having made him sit down on the side of the bed, begin to talk to him of her troubles; he was forgetting her, he loved somebody else! People had warned her, indeed, that she would be unhappy; and she used to end by asking him for some sirup for her health and a little more love.

II

One night, towards eleven o'clock, they were awakened by the noise of a horse stopping just at the door. The servant opened the garret window and parleyed some time with a man who was below, in the street. He came in search of the doctor; he brought a letter. Nastasie went downstairs shivering, and proceeded to unlock the door and draw the bolts one after another. The man left his horse, and, following the servant, entered suddenly behind her. He drew from within his woollen cap with gray tassels a letter wrapped in a rag and presented it carefully to Charles, who raised himself on his elbow on the pillow to read it. Nastasie held the light near the bed. Madame, for reasons of modesty, remained turned towards the wall side of the bed and presented her back.

This letter, sealed with a little wafer of blue wax, implored M. Bovary to repair immediately to the farm known as Les Bertaux to set a broken leg. Now, from Tostes to Les Bertaux the distance is six good leagues, taking the route through Longueville and Saint Victor. The night was dark. Mme. Bovary the younger feared some accident to her husband. It was decided, therefore, that the groom should go in advance. Charles should start three hours later, at moonrise. A boy should be sent to meet him, to show him the road to the farm and to open the gates for him.

Towards four o'clock in the morning Charles, well wrapped in his cloak, started out for Les Bertaux. Still

drowsy from the warmth of sleep, he allowed himself to be lulled by the peaceful trot of his beast. When the animal stopped, of its own accord, before those holes fenced round with thorns that are dug by the wayside, Charles, waking up with a start, quickly remembered the broken leg, and he tried to recall to recollection all the fractures with which he had any acquaintance. The rain had ceased to fall; day was beginning to break, and on the branches of the leafless apple-trees birds were perched motionless, ruffling up their little feathers in the cold morning wind. The flat country stretched away out of sight, and the clumps of trees around certain farms made, at long intervals, patches of dark violet on this great gray expanse, which lost itself at the horizon in the dull tone of the sky. Charles, from time to time, opened his eyes; then, his mind growing weary and sleep returning of itself, soon he fell into a kind of doze, in which, his recent sensations becoming confounded with memories, he perceived himself double, as it were, at once a student and a married man, lying in his bed as but now, going round a ward of surgical patients as formerly. The warm smell of poultices mingled in his brain with the fresh odour of the dew; he heard the iron curtain-rings of the hospital beds rattle along their rods, and his wife sleeping. . . . As he passed through Vassonville, he saw on the bank of a ditch a young lad sitting on the grass.

"Are you the doctor?" asked the boy. And, upon Charles's reply, he took his wooden shoes in his hands and commenced to run before him.

The medical officer, as he journeyed on, gathered from the conversation of his guide that M. Rouault must be a farmer of the most well-to-do class. He had broken his leg the previous evening on his way home from celebrating Twelfth Night at a neighbour's house. His wife had been dead two years. With him he had only his

"young lady daughter," who assisted him in housekeeping. The ruts became deeper. They were nearing Les Bertaux. The little lad, slipping through a gap in the hedge, first disappeared, then came round to the end of a yard to open the gate. The horse sped over the damp grass; Charles stooped to pass under the branches. The watch-dogs barked from their kennels and tugged at their chains. When he entered Les Bertaux, his horse took fright and shied violently.

It was a farm of prosperous aspect. In the stables you could see, through the open upper part of the doors, big cart-horses eating peacefully out of new racks. A large dung-hill extended the length of the buildings; steam reeked from it and, among the fowls and the turkeys, there stalked upon it, hunting for food, five or six peacocks, the luxury of Caux farm-yards. The sheepfold was long, the barn high, with walls smooth as your hand. Under the shed were two large carts and four ploughs, with their whips, their collars, their complete equipment, among which the fleeces of blue-dyed wool were becoming soiled by the fine dust which fell from the granaries. The inclosure was on rising ground, planted with trees symmetrically distanced, and the gay clamour of a herd of geese filled the air near the pond.

A young woman, clad in a dress of blue merino trimmed with three flounces, came to the threshold of the house to receive M. Bovary, whom she introduced into the kitchen where there blazed a big fire. The breakfast of the household was ready prepared and boiling hot, in little pots of unequal size, distributed about. Damp clothes were drying within the chimney-place. The shovel, the tongs, and the nozzle of the bellows, all of huge proportions, shone like polished steel, while along the walls there hung an abundant supply of kitchen utensils, on which danced the flickering reflection of the clear flame of the hearth mingled with the

first beams of the sun striking through the window-panes.

Charles went up to the first floor to see the sick man. He found him in bed, perspiring under his coverings, and with his cotton night-cap thrown off. He was a fat little man of fifty, with a fair skin and blue eyes, bald over the forehead and who wore ear-rings. At his side, on a chair, he had a large decanter of brandy, from which, from time to time, he poured some out for himself in order to put courage in his stomach; but, as soon as he saw the doctor, his excitement disappeared, and instead of swearing as he had been doing for the last twelve hours, he began to groan feebly.

The fracture was simple, without any kind of complications. Charles could not have dared hope for an easier one. So, bearing in mind the habits of his teachers at the bedside of injured persons, he comforted the patient with all sorts of pleasantries, surgical caresses resembling the oil with which a bistoury is greased. To provide splints, some one went to fetch a bundle of laths from under the carts. Charles selected one of them, cut it in pieces and polished it with a splinter of glass, while the servant tore up sheets to make bandages and Mlle. Emma tried to sew the necessary bolsters. As she was a long time finding her needle-case, her father grew impatient; she made no reply to him; but, as she sewed, she pricked her fingers, which she then raised to her mouth and sucked.

Charles was surprised by the whiteness of her nails. They were bright, fine at the tips, more polished than the ivories of Dieppe, and cut almond-shape. Her hand, however, was not beautiful; hardly, perhaps, pale enough, and rather lean about the finger joints; it was too long, also, and without soft inflections of line in its contours. A feature really beautiful in her was her eyes; although they were brown they seemed black by

reason of their lashes, and her glance came to you frankly with a candid assurance.

The dressing finished, the doctor was invited by M. Rouault himself to "take a morsel of something" before his departure.

Charles went downstairs into the principal room on the ground-floor. Two covers, with silver mugs, were there laid on a small table, at the foot of a big canopied bed draped with a calico stamped with a printed design of personages representing Turks. You could detect an odour of iris and of damp sheets, which escaped from the lofty oaken press facing the window. On the floor, in the corners, were ranged sacks of wheat standing on their ends. These were the overflow from the adjoining granary, which was reached by ascending three stone steps. To decorate the apartment there was, hung on a nail in the middle of the wall, of which the green paint was peeling off in scales through the presence of saltpetre, a head of Minerva done in black chalk, framed in gilt, and bearing the inscription in Gothic letters, "To my dear papa."

The conversation at first turned on the sick man, then on the weather, the extreme cold, the wolves that scoured the fields by night. Mlle. Rouault did not find a country life very amusing, now especially that the care of the farm devolved almost upon herself alone. As the room was chilly she shivered as she ate, and the shivering caused her full lips, which in her moments of silence she had a habit of biting, to part slightly.

Her neck issued from a white turned-down collar. Her hair, so smooth and glossy that each of the two black fillets in which it was arranged seemed a single solid mass, was divided by a fine parting in the middle, which rose or sank slightly as it followed the curve of the skull; and, covering all but the lobe of the ears, it was gathered behind into a large chignon, with a waved spring towards

the temples, which the country doctor now observed for the first time in his life. Her cheeks were pink over the bones. She carried, passed in masculine style between two buttons of her bodice, eye-glasses of tortoise-shell.

When Charles, after having gone up to take leave of old Rouault, re-entered the room before starting, he found her standing with forehead against the window-panes, looking out into the garden where the props of the French beans had been thrown down by the wind. She faced about.

"Are you looking for something?" she asked.

"My riding-whip, if you please," was his answer. And he began to search about on the bed, behind the doors, under the chairs; it had fallen on the floor between the sacks and the wall. Mlle. Emma perceived it, and leaned across over the sacks of corn. Charles rushed forward gallantly, and as he also stretched out his arm in the same direction, he felt his chest touch the girl's back lightly, as she stooped beneath him. Becoming quite red she stood up straight again and glanced at him over her shoulder as she held out his whip.

Instead of returning to Les Bertaux three days later, as he had promised, the very next day saw him there; then he called twice a week regularly, without counting the unexpected visits he paid from time to time as though by inadvertence. For the rest, all went well: the cure progressed in accordance with rule, and when, at the end of forty-six days, old Rouault was seen trying to walk unaided, M. Bovary began to be considered a man of great capacity. Old Rouault said that he could not have been cured in better fashion by the best doctors of Yvetot or even of Rouen.

As for Charles, he made no attempt to ask himself why he found pleasure in coming to Les Bertaux. Had the point occurred to him, he would doubtless have attributed his zeal to the gravity of the case, or perhaps to

the profit which he hoped to make out of it. Was it for that reason, however, that his visits to the farm constituted, among the poor occupations of his life, a charming exception? On these days he would rise early, set out at a gallop, urge his horse forward, then dismount to wipe his feet on the grass and put on his black gloves before entering. He liked to see himself arriving in the yard; he liked to feel the gate against his shoulder as it turned on its hinges; he liked the cock that stood crowing on the wall, and the lads who came out to meet him. He liked the barn and the stables; he liked old Rouault, who would strike his palm as he shook hands, calling him his saviour; he liked the little wooden shoes of Mlle. Emma on the clean-washed flag-stones of the kitchen; their high heels increased her stature somewhat, and when she walked before him, the wooden soles, rising quickly at each step, clacked with a sharp knock against the leather of the boot.

In showing him out she always accompanied him to the top of the steps outside the door. When his horse had not yet been brought round she remained there. Farewell had been taken and no more was said; the fresh air surrounded her, raising in disorder the little downy tresses that grew at the nape of her neck, or blowing this way and that over her hips the strings of her apron which twisted themselves about in the breeze like streamers. Once, during a thaw in the weather, the bark of the trees oozed moisture, the snow on the roofs of the buildings was melting. She was standing at the threshold; she went to fetch her sunshade and opened it. The parasol of shot silk, which the sun passed through, lighted up the white skin of her face with shifting reflections. She smiled in its shadow at the moist warmth, and the sound of the drops of water could be heard as one by one they fell on the taut-stretched silk.

During the first weeks after the commencement of

Charles's visits to Les Bertaux, Mme. Bovary the younger did not fail to inquire after the patient, and had even chosen for M. Rouault a fine blank page in the fee-book, which she kept by double entry. But when she heard that he had a daughter, she set about procuring further information, and learned that Mlle. Rouault, brought up in an Ursuline convent, had received, as one says, a good education: that she had been taught, consequently, dancing, geography, drawing, to do tapestry work, and to play the piano. This was the climax!

"That is why, then," said she to herself, "he has so radiant a face when he is going to see her, and puts on his new waistcoat at the risk of having it ruined by the rain. Ah! that woman! that woman! . . ."

And, instinctively, she detested her. At first, she relieved herself by allusions; Charles did not understand them; then by incidental reflections, which he allowed to pass for fear of a storm; finally, by point-blank reproaches, to which he knew not what to reply. How did it happen that he was continually returning to Les Bertaux, since M. Rouault was cured and those folk had not yet paid? Ah! the explanation lay in the presence there of a *certain person*, some one who could carry on a conversation, who did embroidery, who was a wit. That was what he liked; he required town young ladies! And she would continue: Old Rouault's daughter a town young lady! Come, come! their grandfather was a shepherd, and they have a cousin who only just escaped the assizes for a foul blow in a quarrel. It is really not worth while for her to make such pretensions, nor to show herself off on Sundays at church in a silk dress like a countess. Poor old man, besides, who, had it not been for last year's cabbage crop, would have had difficulty enough to pay his arrears!

Through weariness of this, Charles ceased his visits to Les Bertaux. Héloïse had made him swear that he

would go no more, with his hand on the book of the Mass, after many sobs and kisses in the course of a great explosion of love. He obeyed therefore; but the boldness of his desire protested against the servility of his conduct, and with a sort of naïve hypocrisy, he deemed that this forbiddal to see her bestowed upon him, as it were, a right to love her. Then, too, the widow was lean; she had long teeth; she wore in all seasons a little black shawl, the point of which fell between her shoulder-blades; her uncouth figure was sheathed in gowns like scabbards, which were too short, and exposed her ankles, with the laces of her large shoes crossing over gray stockings.

Charles's mother came to see them from time to time; but at the end of a few days the daughter-in-law seemed to succeed in giving her an edge as cutting as her own; and then, like two knives, they would set to scarifying him by their reflections and remarks. He was wrong to eat so much! Why always be offering refreshment to the first comer? What obstinacy not to be willing to wear flannel!

It happened early in the spring that a solicitor of Ingouville, the holder of funds belonging to the Widow Dubuc, sailed off on a favourable tide, carrying with him all the money that had been intrusted to his hands. Héloïse, it is true, in addition to a share in a vessel valued at six thousand francs, still possessed her house in the Rue St. François; and yet, of all that fortune of which so much had been made, nothing, unless it were a little furniture and a certain amount of linen, had made its appearance in the household. It was necessary that the matter should be thoroughly examined. The house at Dieppe was found to be eaten up by mortgages to the very piles it stood on; how much she had deposited with the solicitor God alone knew, and the share in the bark did not exceed the value of five thousand francs. She

had lied, therefore, the good lady! In his exasperation, M. Bovary the elder, breaking a chair against the floor, accused his wife of having compassed their son's ruin in harnessing him to such an old jade, whose property was worth as little as herself. They came to Tostes. Explanations ensued. There were scenes. Héloïse, in tears, throwing herself into her husband's arms, conjured him to defend her against his parents. Charles wished to speak in her favour. His parents flew into a rage and left.

But the stroke had gone home. A week later, as she was hanging out some linen in the yard, she was seized by an attack of blood-spitting, and on the morrow, while Charles's back was turned, as he drew the window-curtain, she said, "Ah! my God!" heaved a sigh, and lost consciousness. She was dead! What a surprise!

When all was ended at the cemetery, Charles returned to his house. He found no one down-stairs; he went up to the first-floor bed-room, and saw her dress still hanging at the foot of the alcove; then, leaning against the writing-table, he remained till evening lost in a sorrowful reverie. After all, she had loved him.

III

One morning old Rouault called to make the payment to Charles for the setting of his leg: seventy-five francs in two-franc pieces, and a turkey. He had heard of his bereavement and offered the best consolation he could.

"I know what it is!" said he, slapping him on the shoulder. "I, too, have been in your case! After I lost my poor dead wife I used to go into the fields to be alone; I used to fall at the foot of a tree, weep, call on the good God, abuse him; I would have wished to be like the moles I saw hanging on the branches with maggots crawling in their bellies—dead, in a word. And when I thought how other men at that very moment were with their nice little wives, holding them in their arms, I used to beat the ground with great blows of my stick; I was pretty well mad; I hardly ate; the mere idea of going to the café disgusted me, you would not believe. Ah, well, very gradually, one day following another, spring on winter and autumn on summer, all that passed away bit by bit, little by little. It is gone, it has left me, sunk, I should rather say, for there is still something deep down as who should say . . . a weight, there, about the chest. But, since it is the lot of us all, neither ought we to allow ourselves to repine, and because others are dead, wish to die ourselves. . . . You must shake yourself up, M. Bovary; all that will pass! Come to see us; my daughter thinks of you now and then, remember, and she says that you are forgetting her. We shall

have spring here directly; we will have you shoot a rabbit at the warren by way of a little distraction."

Charles followed his advice. He returned to Les Bertaux; he found everything as it had been the day before, five months earlier that is to say. The pear-trees were already in blossom, and good old Rouault, on his feet and about now, went and came, and so made the farm more lively.

Believing it his duty to lavish on the doctor the utmost possible degree of politeness, on account of his painful situation, he begged him not to take his hat off, spoke to him in a lowered voice, as though he had been ill, and even affected to be angry that there had not been prepared specially for him something lighter than all the rest, some little pots of cream, for instance, or some baked pears. He told stories. Charles surprised himself laughing; but the remembrance of his wife, returning suddenly, made him gloomy. The coffee was brought in; he no longer thought of his wife.

As he grew more accustomed to living alone, he thought of her less. The new comfort of independence soon made solitude seem to him more supportable. He could change now the hours of his meals, come in or go out without giving reasons, and, when he was very tired, lie down, stretching out his four limbs at ease in bed. So, he took care of himself, coddled himself up, and accepted the consolations that were offered him. On the other hand, the death of his wife had not been useless to him in his business, for during a month people had repeated: "That poor young man! what a misfortune!" His name had become known, the circle of his clients wider; then, too, he could go to Les Bertaux whenever he pleased. He had a hope without definite object, a vague happiness; he judged his face to be grown more pleasing as he brushed his whiskers before his mirror.

He arrived one day about three o'clock; every one was out in the fields; he entered the kitchen, but at first did not see Emma; the shutters were closed. Through the chinks of the wood the sun shot in, over the flagstones, long narrow streaks, that were broken by the angles of the furniture and trembled on the ceiling. On the table, flies crawled over the glasses that had been used, and buzzed as they drowned in the cider remaining at the bottom. The light that came down the chimney, plating the soot with a silvery velvet, gave a bluish tinge to the cold cinders. Between the window and the hearth Emma sat sewing; she was wearing no fichu, and little drops of perspiration could be seen standing on her bare shoulders.

According to the country custom, she suggested that he should take a drink of something. He refused; she insisted, and finally, laughing, begged him to take a glass of liqueur with her. So she brought out a bottle of curaçoa from the closet, reached down two small glasses, filled one of them to the brim, poured hardly any into the other, and, after having touched glasses, raised it to her mouth. As it was nearly empty she threw herself back to drink; and with head back, lips advanced, neck stretched, she laughed to find that she still tasted nothing, while the tip of her tongue, passing between her small teeth, licked with little strokes the bottom of the glass.

She sat down and took up her work again, which was the mending of a white cotton stocking; she went on working with her head bent down and did not speak. Nor did Charles.

The air passing beneath the door raised a little dust on the stones; he watched it as it rose and fell, heard only the internal throbbing of his head with, in the distance, the cackling of a hen, that was about laying an egg somewhere in the yard. Emma from time to

time cooled her cheeks by pressing to them the palms of her hands, which, after that, she would make cold again on the iron knob of the big fire-dogs.

She complained of suffering, since the beginning of the season, from attacks of dizziness, and inquired whether sea bathing would be good for her; she began to talk of her convent, Charles of his school; speech came to them. They went up to her room. She showed him her old portfolios of music, the little books she had been given for prizes and the wreaths of oak-leaves, strewn neglected at the bottom of a cupboard. She spoke to him too of her mother, of the cemetery, and even showed him in the garden the bed whence she gathered the flowers on the first Friday of every month in order to go and place them on her grave. But the gardener they kept did not understand his business; he was such an unsatisfactory servant! She would have liked very much to live in the town, were it only during the winter at any rate, although the length of the fine days perhaps made the country still more boring during the summer; and, suiting herself to what she said, her voice was clear, piercing, or, suddenly becoming penetrated with languor, drew out modulations that ended almost in murmurs when she spoke to herself, anon joyous, opening naïve eyes, then again with eye-lids half closed, gaze lost in *ennui*, thoughts wandering.

In the evening, as he journeyed homeward, Charles caught again one by one the sentences she had spoken, trying to recall them to his mind, to complete their significance, in order to gain for his imagination some knowledge of the period of her existence which had passed before he knew her. But never could he see her in his thought otherwise than as he had beheld her the first time, or as he had but just left her. Then he asked himself what her future would be, whether she would marry, and whom? alas! old Rouault was very rich, and

she! . . . so lovely! But Emma's face would constantly return and set itself before his eyes, and something monotonous, like the humming of a top, kept buzzing in his ears: "After all, why should you not marry? Why should you not marry?" At night he did not sleep, his throat was contracted, he was thirsty; he got up to drink from his water-jug, and he opened the window; the sky was covered with stars, a warm wind breathed, in the distance dogs barked. He turned his head in the direction of Les Bertaux. Reflecting that after all nothing would be risked, Charles determined to prefer his request when the opportunity should occur; but each time that it did present itself, the fear of not finding the right words was as glue to his lips.

Old Rouault would not have been sorry that some one should relieve him of his daughter, who was of little use to him in the house. In his own mind he excused her, considering that she was too clever for farming—a trade cursed by Heaven, since nobody ever saw a millionaire farmer. Far from making his own fortune at it, the good man was a loser every year; for while he was an excellent dealer in the markets, where, at the tricks of the trade, he was in his element, to the work, on the other hand, of farming, properly so called, together with the internal management of the farm, no one could be less suited. He took his hands out of his pockets unwillingly, and spared no expense in matters affecting his personal well-being, desiring to be well fed, well warmed, comfortably bedded. He was fond of heavy cider, underdone legs of mutton, coffee well beaten up with brandy.

His meals he took in the kitchen, alone, before the fire, on a little table which was brought to him ready served, as at the theatre.

When he perceived, therefore, that Charles had red cheeks when he was in his daughter's company, a fact in-

dicating that one of these days she would be asked in marriage, he pondered the whole matter in advance. He thought him, indeed, rather a sorry person physically, and decidedly he was not the son-in-law he would have desired; but he was reported to be well-conducted, economical, very learned, and doubtless he would not be for haggling over-much about the dowry. Now, as old Rouault was going to be obliged to sell twenty-two acres of his land, as he owed a great deal of money to the bricklayer, a great deal to the harness-maker, and as the beam of the wine-press required repairs:

"If he asks for her," said he to himself, "I give her to him."

At the season of the Feast of St. Michel, Charles had come on a three days' visit to Les Bertaux. The last day had passed like those that had preceded it, the important business being deferred from one quarter of an hour to the next. Old Rouault came out to see him off; they were walking in a hollow of the road, and were about to separate; the moment was come. Charles gave himself to the corner of the hedge, and finally, when they had passed it:

"Master Rouault," he murmured, "I should like very much to tell you something."

They stopped. Charles was silent.

"Well, let me hear this story of yours then! Do you think I don't know all?" said old Rouault, laughing softly.

"*Père* Rouault . . . *Père* Rouault . . ." stammered Charles.

"For my own part, I ask nothing better," continued the farmer. "Doubtless the little one will be of my way of thinking, still she must be consulted. Do you go on, therefore, while I return to the house. If the answer is 'Yes,' understand me clearly, you will not need to come back, on account of the folk about, and

besides, it might be too great an excitement for her. But, that you may not be eating your vitals with suspense, I will push the window-shutter wide open against the wall; you will be able to see it from behind if you lean over the hedge."

And he made off.

Charles tethered his horse to a tree and ran to take up his post in the path. There he waited. Half an hour passed—then he counted nineteen minutes by his watch. Suddenly there came a sound from the wall; the shutter had been lowered, the snapper was still trembling.

On the morrow, by nine o'clock, he was at the farm. Emma blushed when he entered, though at the same time she made an effort to laugh a little for form's sake. *Père* Rouault embraced his future son-in-law. The discussion of financial arrangements was postponed; there was time enough for that, moreover, since the marriage could not decently take place before the end of Charles's mourning—that is to say, towards the spring of the following year.

The winter slipped away in this waiting. Mlle. Rouault busied herself over her trousseau. A portion was ordered at Rouen, and she made for herself night-dresses and night-caps after the fashion plates which she borrowed. In the course of Charles's visits to the farm the wedding preparations were discussed: there was a question in what room the dinner should be given; they wondered how many courses there would have to be and what should be the *entrées*.

Emma, on the contrary, would have liked the marriage to take place at midnight by torchlight; but *père* Rouault could see nothing attractive in this idea. So there was a wedding to which forty-three persons came, at which the company remained at table for sixteen hours, and of which the festivities recommenced on the morrow and, in some degree, on the following days.

IV

The invited guests arrived early in carriages, covered conveyances with one horse, two-wheeled cars, old cabs minus their hoods, tilted carts with leather curtains, and the young folk of the most closely neighbouring villages in light carts, in which they stood in a row, holding on with their hands to the sides to keep themselves from falling as they came along at a trot with great jolting. People came from ten miles off—from Goderville, from Normanville, and from Cany. All the relatives of the two families had been invited, reconciliations had taken place with estranged friends, letters had been sent to acquaintances of whom sight had long been lost. From time to time the crack of a whip was heard behind the hedge; soon the gate opened; it was a covered vehicle driving in.

Advancing at a gallop to the first step of the flight before the house, there it brought up sharply and discharged its passengers, who got out anywhere, rubbing their knees and stretching their arms. The ladies, bonneted, wore dresses of town cut, gold watch-chains, capes with their ends crossed in the sash, or little coloured neckerchiefs, fastened down with a pin at the back, so as to leave the neck bare behind. The boys, dressed in the same manner as their papas, seemed uneasy in their new coats (many even handselled that day the first pair of boots they had possessed in their lives), and you saw by their side, not speaking a word, in the white frock of her first communion, lengthened for the occasion, some

big girl of fourteen or sixteen, their cousin or their elder sister, no doubt, ruddy-faced, confused, her hair greased with rose-scented pomade and very fearful of soiling her gloves. As there were not enough stablemen to unharness all the vehicles, the gentlemen turned up their sleeves and set to do it themselves. According to their different social positions, they wore dress-coats, frock-coats, round jackets, cut-away jackets; good dress-coats, surrounded by all the respectability of a family, and such as only came out of the wardrobe on great occasions; frock-coats with long skirts floating in the wind, cylindrical collar, pockets large as sacks; round jackets of coarse cloth, usually accompanying some cap with a rim of copper round its peak; cut-away jackets, very short, with two buttons close together at the back like a pair of eyes, and with tails that seemed to have been cut from a single log by the hatchet of the carpenter. Some even (but these very certainly would have to dine at the low end of the table) wore holiday-blouses—that is to say, blouses having the collar turned down on the shoulders, the back gathered in little pleats, and the waist drawn in very low down by a girdle sewn in.

And their shirts bulged out over their chests like breastplates! Everybody had had his hair freshly cut, ears stuck out from heads. Each man had had a close shave; some, indeed, who had risen before dawn, not having been able to see to shave themselves properly, had diagonal scars under the nose, or, along the jaws, pieces of skin taken off as large as three-franc crowns, and the places inflamed by the open air during their journey, thus marbling a little with red patches all these heavy, good-humoured faces. The office of the mayor being only half a league distant from the farm, the journey thither was made on foot, and back again, as soon as the ceremony was over at the church, in the same fashion.

The procession, at first keeping together like a sin-

gle party-coloured scarf, moving serpent-fashion through the country as the narrow path wound between the fields of green wheat, soon opened its order and became severed into distinct groups, which lingered as they talked. The fiddler marched at the head with his fiddle adorned by rosettes of ribbon with streamers; the newly married pair came next, then the relatives, the friends in no particular order, and the children brought up the rear, amusing themselves by plucking the convolvulus flowers from the oat-blades, or by playing among themselves without being seen. Emma's dress, being too long, trailed a little; from time to time she stopped to draw it up, and then, delicately, with her gloved fingers, she removed the bits of coarse grass with little thistle spikes, while Charles, empty-handed, stood waiting till she should have finished. *Père* Rouault, a new silk hat on his head and the cuffs of his black dress-coat coming over his hands to the nails, walked with Mme. Bovary *mère* on his arm. As for M. Bovary *père*, who, at bottom despising all the crew of them, had come wearing simply a frock-coat with one row of buttons, of military cut, he was retailing tavern gallantries to a fair young peasant girl. She bowed, blushed, knew not what to answer. The other guests were talking of their own business affairs, or nudging each other in the ribs by way of encouragement in advance to gaiety; and, if you listened, you could hear all the time the wretched fiddle of the musician, who continued to play as they walked through the fields. When he perceived that he had left the others behind, he stopped to take breath, rubbed his bow for a long time with resin, in order to make the strings grate better, and then began to walk on again, alternately lowering and raising the neck of his fiddle, so as to mark the time well for himself. The noise of the instrument put to flight the little birds while it was still in the distance.

The table was set out under the wagon-shed. On it were four sirloins, six fricassees of chicken, stewed veal, three legs of mutton, and, in the middle, a fine roast sucking-pig, flanked by four chitterlings cooked with sorrel. At the corners stood the brandy in decanters. The sweet cider in bottles forced out its thick froth round the corks, and all the glasses had been filled to the brim with wine in advance. Large yellow creams, which floated about of themselves in the dish at the least shaking of the table, presented to the eye, designed on their smooth surface, the monograms of the newly married couple in such arabesques as never were seen before. A pastry cook had been imported from Yvetot for the tarts and almond cakes. As he was but commencing business in the district, he had taken great pains; and he brought in himself, at dessert, an artistically built-up confection which raised cries of wonder. At the base, to begin with, it had a square of blue cardboard, representing a temple with porticoes, colonnades, and statuettes of stucco, all round in niches constellated with stars in gilt paper; then, on the second story, stood a castle made of Savoy cake, surrounded by slender fortifications in angelica, almonds, dried grapes, quarters of oranges; and, finally, on the higher level, which was a green meadow, where there were rocks with lakes of sweetmeats and boats made of nut-shells, you beheld a little Cupid, balancing himself on a chocolate swing, the two uprights of which were terminated by two natural rosebuds, by way of balls, at the top.

Till evening the eating continued. When any one was too tired of sitting he went for a stroll in the yards or to play a game of *bouchon* in the barn; then he would return to the table. Some, towards the end, went to sleep there and snored. But, at the coffee, everything brightened up again: one struck up a song, another performed feats of strength, they lifted weights, they ran

under each other's arms, tried to raise carts on their shoulders, cracked broad jokes, kissed the ladies. In the evening, when the gathering broke up, the horses, gorged with oats to the nostrils, had difficulty in getting into the shafts; they kicked, reared, the harnesses broke, their masters swore or laughed, and all the night through, in the moonlight, along the roads of the district, there were runaway carriages going at a fast gallop, balancing into the dikes, springing over heaps of stones yards high, running into the banks, with women leaning out from the doors to seize the reins.

Those who remained at Les Bertaux passed the night drinking in the kitchen. The children had fallen asleep under the benches.

The bride had implored her father that she should be spared the customary pleasantries. A practical joker among their cousins, however (who had even brought a pair of boot soles for a wedding-present), was about to blow water with his mouth through the key-hole when *père* Rouault arrived, just in time to prevent him, and explained that the dignity of his son-in-law's position did not permit such improprieties. The cousin, nevertheless, yielded unwillingly to these arguments. In his own mind he accused *père* Rouault of being proud, and went to join in a corner four or five others among the guests who, having received by chance several times in succession at table the worse cuts of the joints, were also of opinion that they had been ill-entertained, whispering things to the detriment of their host, and in ambiguous words wishing his ruin.

Mme. Bovary *mère* had not opened her lips all day. She had been consulted neither upon the costume of her daughter-in-law, nor upon the arrangement of the festivities. She withdrew early. Her husband, instead of following her, sent for cigars from Saint-Victor, and smoked till morning, the while he drank *grogs au kirsch*,

a mixture unknown to the company, and that was for him, as it were, the source of a yet greater esteem.

Charles was not of a facetious turn. He had not shone during the celebration of his wedding. He replied but tolerably to the witticisms, puns, remarks with double meanings, compliments and Gaulish jests which it was considered to be a duty to level at him from the soup onward.

The next day, on the other hand, he seemed another man. He dissembled nothing. He called her "my wife," used "thou" in addressing her, consulted every one about her, looked for her everywhere, and often drew her away into the grounds where he could be seen in the distance to pass his arm about her waist and continue walking half bent over her.

Two days after the wedding the newly married couple took their departure. Charles, on account of his patients, could not remain longer absent. *Père* Rouault directed that they should be driven home in his covered vehicle, and himself accompanied them as far as Vassonville. There he took leave of his daughter in a final embrace, got out and commenced his journey back on foot.

When he had taken about a hundred strides he stopped, and, as he watched the conveyance pass into the distance, with its wheels throwing up the dust, he heaved a deep sigh. Then he called to mind his own wedding, and the old days. He also had been very happy the day that he had led her from her father's house to his own, when he carried her on the crupper of his saddle as they trotted over the snow; for it was about Christmas time, and the country was all white. She had held him by one arm, having her basket slung on the other; the wind blew hither and thither the long pieces of lace employed in the dressing of her hair after the fashion of Caux. Sometimes they would

fly across and touch his mouth, and when he turned his head, he saw close to him, on his shoulder, her little rosy face, smiling silently beneath the golden badge on her bonnet. To warm her fingers she would thrust them from time to time into his bosom. How old and far away it was, all that! Their son would have been thirty now! Then he looked behind him; he could see nothing on the road. He felt sad as a house stripped of its furniture; and, tender remembrances mingling with dark thoughts in his brain muddled by the fumes of the junketing, for a moment he was conscious of a lively desire to go take a stroll by the church. As he feared, however, that the sight of it might make him still sadder, he went straight back home. M. and Mme. Charles arrived at Tostes about six o'clock. The neighbours flocked to the windows to see their doctor's new wife.

The old housekeeper appeared, offered her greetings, apologized for the dinner not being ready, and invited Madame in the meantime to make herself acquainted with her house.

V

The brick front rose exactly from the line of the street, or road rather. Behind the door were hung a cloak with a little cape, a bridle, a black leather cap, and, in a corner, on the floor, there lay a pair of leggings still covered with dried mud. To the right was the parlour—that is to say, the apartment which served both as dining and sitting-room. A canary-yellow wall-paper, relieved at its upper margin by a garland of pale flowers, trembled from floor to ceiling on the ill-stretched canvas beneath it; white calico curtains, bordered with a red stripe, overlapped each other down the length of the windows, and on the narrow mantel-piece there shone resplendent an ornamental clock in the form of a head of Hippocrates, between two plated silver candlesticks under glass shades of an oval form. On the other side of the passage was Charles's consulting-room, a small apartment measuring some six paces either way, with a table, three chairs, and an office arm-chair. The volumes of the *Dictionary of the Medical Sciences*, uncut, but with bindings that had suffered in all the successive sales through which they had passed, sufficed to fill almost alone the six shelves of a pine bookcase. During consultations the odour peculiar to red-haired persons would find its way through the wall, just as, too, you could hear in the kitchen the patients as they coughed in the consulting-room and related the story of their troubles. Next there came, opening immediately on the yard, where the stable was, a big dilapidated apartment, formerly a bakehouse, and

which served now as wood-house, cellar, store-room, full of old iron, empty casks, worn-out garden tools, with a quantity of other dusty things of which it was impossible to guess the use.

The garden, longer than it was broad, extended, between two mortar-coated walls covered with trellised apricot trees, to a thorn-hedge which separated it from the fields. In the middle was a sun-dial, made of slate, on a pedestal of masonry; four flower-beds, stocked with ill-growing eglantine, surrounded symmetrically the more useful square plot of serious vegetables. Quite at the bottom, under the little fir trees, a priest moulded in plaster read his breviary.

Emma went upstairs to the bed-rooms. The first was not furnished, but the second, which was the conjugal chamber, had a mahogany bedstead in an alcove with red draperies. A box covered with shells adorned the chest of drawers; and in a flagon on the writing-table, near the window, there was a bouquet of orange blossoms, tied round with white satin ribbons. It was a bridal bouquet, the bouquet of the other woman! She gazed at it. Charles, noticing it, took it and went to deposit it in the attic, while, sitting in an arm-chair (they were ranging her various belongings around her), Emma thought of her own bridal bouquet, which was packed in a bandbox, and wondered dreamily what its fate would be if by chance she should happen to die. She occupied herself during the first days in meditating changes in her house. She removed the glass shades from the candlesticks, had new wall-papers hung, the staircase repainted, seats made in the garden all round the sun-dial. She even inquired how it might be contrived for her to have a little pond with a jet of water and fish in it. And, finally, her husband, knowing that she liked driving, picked up, second-hand, a phaeton which, once it had been provided with new lamps and

splash-boards of grain leather, almost resembled a tilbury.

So he was happy and without a care in the world. A meal taken alone with her, a walk in the evening along the high-road, a gesture of her hand passed over the fillets of her hair, the sight of her straw hat hanging on the fastener of a window, and many other things besides, in which Charles had never suspected pleasure to lie, these made up now the continuance of his happiness. In bed of a morning, as they lay with heads side by side on the pillow, he would watch the sunlight as it quivered through the down of her fair cheeks, half covered by the scalloped flaps of her night-cap. Observed at such close quarters, her eyes seemed to him grown larger, especially when, as she awoke, she opened her eye-lids several times in succession; black in the shade and deep blue in a strong light, they possessed, as it were, layers of different colours that succeeded one another, and, from being duller deep down, grew brighter and brighter towards the surface of the enamel. His own eye would lose itself in those depths, and he saw there a reduced image of himself as far as the shoulders, with the silk kerchief he wore about his head and the half-opened upper part of his shirt. He rose. She used to go to the window to see him off, and remain with elbows resting on the sill, between two pots of geraniums, clad in her dressing-gown falling loosely about her. Charles, in the street, used to buckle on his spurs at the post; and she would continue to talk to him from above, breaking off with her lips and blowing towards him some sprig of flower or leaf which, after fluttering hither and thither, poising itself momentarily, describing half-circles in the air like a bird, ere it fell, would cling to the ill-combed mane of his old white mare standing motionless at the door. Charles, after mounting, used to throw her a kiss; she answered always with some gesture,

closed the window, and he rode off. And then along the highway that stretched out endlessly its long ribbon of dust, by the hollow lanes where the trees bent over and made arbours, through the paths where the corn came up to his knees, with the sun on his shoulders, and the air of the morning in his nostrils, his heart full of his joys, and his mind tranquil, flesh satisfied, he went musing upon his happiness like men who, after dinner, lick their lips again at the remembered taste of the truffles they are digesting.

Till now what had he had in existence that was good? Was it his school days, when he was there shut up within those high walls, alone in the midst of his school-fellows richer than himself or more clever in their class-work, boys whom he made laugh by his accent, who made fun of his clothes, and whose mothers came to the visitors' room bringing pastry in their muffs? Was it later, when he was studying medicine and never had a purse well-lined enough to pay the price of a quadrille for any little work-girl who had become his mistress? After that he had lived for fourteen months with the widow, whose feet in bed were cold as pieces of ice. But now he was the possessor for life of this pretty woman, whom he adored. For him the universe extended not beyond the silken circuit of her petticoat; and he used to reproach himself for not loving her as she deserved, used to want to gaze upon her again, and he would make his way back quickly, and mount the staircase with beating heart. Emma, in her room, would be dressing, and with silent steps he would approach and kiss her on the back, at which she would utter a cry.

He could not keep himself from continually touching her comb, her rings, her neckerchief; sometimes he gave her loud smacking kisses on the cheeks; at other times gentle little kisses in rows all the length of her bare arm, from the tips of her fingers to the shoulder;

and she used to push him away, half smiling and bored, as one does a child who is forever dangling after one.

Before her marriage she had believed herself to be in love; but the bliss that should have resulted from that love not having come, she must have been mistaken, was her reflection. And Emma sought to learn what precisely one was to understand in life by those words "felicity," "passion," "intoxication of delight," that had seemed to her so fine in books.

VI

She had read *Paul and Virginia*, and had dreamed of the little house made of bamboo, the negro Domingo, the dog Faithful, but above all of the sweet friendship of some kind little brother who goes to fetch you down red fruits that grow on tall trees higher than steeples, or runs with bare feet over the sand, bringing you a bird's nest.

When she was thirteen years old, her father had brought her himself to the town to place her in the convent school. They alighted at an inn of the St. Gervais quarter, where at supper they had plates painted with designs portraying the history of Mlle de la Vallière. The explanatory legends around, interrupted here and there by the scratchings of knives, all glorified religion, a refined tenderness of heart, and the pomps of the Court.

Far from feeling dull at the convent at first, she liked the society of the good sisters, who, to amuse her, used to take her into the chapel, which was reached from the refectory by a long corridor. She played very little during the hours of recreation, understood well the catechism, and it was she who always replied to any difficult question put by the visiting priest. Living thus, without ever quitting the warm atmosphere of classrooms, and among these white-complexioned women, wearing their chaplets with cross of copper, she was lulled gently into apathy by the mystical languor that exhales from the perfumes of the altar, from the cool-

ness of the fountain, from the radiance of candles. Instead of following the mass, she would examine in her book the pious, azure-bordered vignettes; and she loved the sick sheep, the holy heart pierced with sharp arrows, or the little Jesus who falls down after stumbling over his cross. By way of mortification she tried to remain a whole day without food. She tried to think of some vow to perform.

When she went to confession she used to invent little sins that she might stay there longer, on her knees, in the obscurity, her hands clasped, her face against the grating as she listened to the whispers of the priest. The metaphors of betrothed, husband, heavenly lover, and eternal marriage, which are of constant occurrence in sermons, used to excite in the depths of her soul unlooked-for joys.

In the evening, before prayers, there was a reading from some religious work. During the week it was from some epitome of sacred history or the *Lectures* of Abbé Frayssinous, and on Sundays, by way of recreation, passages from the *Génie du Christianisme*. How she listened, those first evenings, to the sonorous lamentation of romantic melancholies repeated in every echo of earth and of eternity! Had her childhood been passed in some back-shop of a business quarter, she would perhaps have opened then to those lyrical invasions of Nature which ordinarily only reach us through the translations of writers. But she knew the country too well; she was familiar with the bleating of flocks, dairy work, ploughs. Accustomed to the calm aspects of things, she turned, contrariwise, towards the tempestuous. She loved the sea but for its storms, and the green grass only when it came up sparsely amid ruins. She required to be able to extract from things a kind of profit personal to herself, and she rejected as useless everything which did not contribute to the immediate satisfaction of her

heart, being of a temperament rather sentimental than artistic, seeking emotions and not landscapes.

There was at the convent an old dame who used to come every month for a week to repair the linen. Patronized by the Archbishop's household as belonging to an ancient family of gentlefolk ruined during the Revolution, she ate in the refectory at the table of the good sisters, and, after meals, would usually have a bit of gossip with them before going upstairs again to her work. Often the boarders used to escape from the school-room to pay her a visit. She knew by heart gallant songs of the last century, which she would sing under her breath as she plied her needle. She had stories to narrate, told you any pieces of news there might be, did your errands in the town, and, secretly, to the older girls, would lend some novel which she always had in the pockets of her apron, and long chapters of which the excellent dame herself used to devour in the intervals of her work. In them there was question but of love, lovers, mistresses, persecuted ladies fainting in lonely pavilions, postillions whom you kill after each relay, horses ridden to death on every page, gloomy forests, troubles of the heart, oaths, sobs, tears and kisses, wherry-boats in the moonlight, nightingales in the woods, gentlemen brave as lions, mild as lambs, virtuous as you never knew one, always well-dressed and ready to weep like urns.

Thus, during six months of her sixteenth year, Emma soiled her hands with this refuse of old reading-rooms. In the company of Walter Scott, later, she became enamoured of things historical, dreamed of great oak chests, guard-rooms, and minstrels. She would have liked to live in some old manor-house, even as those dames, who, in their long bodices, beneath the trefoils of pointed arches, passed their days with elbow on the stone, and chin resting on hand, watching as he drew nigh from out the remote distance

of the country landscape, a cavalier with white plume galloping on a black horse. She had at that same epoch the cult of Mary Stuart, and enthusiastic venerations for illustrious or ill-fortuned women. Joan of Arc, Héloïse, Agnes Sorel, la belle Ferronnière, and Clémence Isaure, for her, were distinguished like comets on the obscure immensity of history, in which again stood out here and there, but plunged deeper in the gloom and without any connection among themselves, Saint Louis with his oak, Bayard dying, certain ferocities of Louis XI, a dim memory of the St. Bartholomew, the plume of the Béarnais, and ever the recollection of painted plates extolling Louis XIV.

At the music-class, in the songs that she used to sing, there was only question of little angels with wings of gold, of madonnas, of lagoons, of gondoliers, harmless compositions which let her half perceive, beyond the foolishness of the style and the defects of the melody, the alluring phantasmagoria of sentimental realities. Some of her comrades used to bring to the convent the keepsakes which they had received as presents at the New Year. They had to be hidden; it was quite a business; they were read in the dormitory.

Handling delicately their handsome satin bindings, Emma used to fix her dazzled eyes on the names of the unknown authors, generally counts or viscounts, who had signed their names below their compositions.

She would quiver with excitement as she blew beneath the soft tissue paper covering the engravings, which rose half-folded and fell back gently on the page. 'Twould be, behind the balustrade of a balcony, a young man in a short cloak pressing in his arms a white-robed girl carrying an alms-purse at her waist; or, it might be, the anonymous portraits of those English ladies with long fair curls who, from under their round straw hats, look at you with their great limpid eyes. Some of them

were represented lolling in carriages, gliding through the midst of parks, where a greyhound gambolled in advance of the equipage driven at a trot by two little postillions in white breeches. Others, losing themselves in reverie on sofas near an opened letter, were contemplating the moon through the partly open window, half draped with a black curtain. The ingenuous ones, with tear on cheek, billed and cooed to a turtle-dove through the bars of a Gothic cage, or, smiling, with head bent towards one shoulder, stripped the petals from a marguerite with their pointed fingers, bent back like the toes of shoes carved on the model of a ship's figure-head. And you also were there, sultans with your long pipes, reclining in ecstasy beneath green arbours in the arms of dancing girls, giaours, Turkish swords, Greek head-gear; and you, above all, wan landscapes of dithyrambic countries, that show us often at the same time palm-trees, pines, tigers on the right, a lion to the left, Tartar minarets on the horizon, in the foreground Roman ruins, and, next to them, squatting camels, the whole encircled by a virgin forest scrupulously cleaned and with a great perpendicular sunbeam trembling in the water, where there stand out at intervals like white excoriations on a ground of steely gray, swans that are swimming about.

And the shade of the lamp fixed to the wall above Emma's head threw down the light on all these pictures of the world which passed before her one after the other in the silence of the dormitory, and to the distant sound of some late cab that wandered still on the boulevards.

When her mother died at first she wept much. She caused a funeral picture to be made for herself with the hair of the dead woman, and, in a letter which she sent to Les Bertaux, abounding in sad reflections on life, she begged that later she might be buried in the same tomb. The good man thought she must be ill, and came to see her. Emma was satisfied within herself to feel

that she had attained from the very first that rare ideal of pale existences to which mediocre hearts never penetrate. She allowed herself, therefore, to slip into Lamartinian meanderings, listened to the harps on the lakes, all the songs of dying swans, all the falling of leaves, the pure virgins who go up to heaven, and the voice of the Eternal discoursing in the valleys. She grew bored by it, was unwilling to recognise the fact, continued through habit, then through vanity, and was surprised one day to feel herself calmed and with no more sadness in her heart than she had wrinkles on her brow.

The good nuns, who had felt so sure about her vocation, perceived with great astonishment that Mlle. Rouault seemed to be escaping from their fold. They had, indeed, lavished upon her to such an extent services, retreats, *neuvaines*, and sermons, preached so constantly the respect due to the saints and martyrs, and given so much good advice for the modest governance of the body and the salvation of her soul, that she did as horses do when they are dragged by the bridle—she stopped short suddenly, and the bit dropped from her mouth. That spirit of hers, positive in the midst of its enthusiasms, which had loved the church for its flowers, music for the words of the songs, and literature for its passional excitation, was ready to revolt in presence of the mysteries of the faith, just as she became gradually more irritated by the discipline, which was something antipathetic to her constitution. When her father took her away from school, her departure caused no sorrow. The superior was even of opinion that latterly she had grown hardly respectful towards the community.

Emma, once more at home, was pleased at first by her power to order the servants about, then was seized by a disgust of the country and regretted her convent. When Charles visited Les Bertaux for the first time, she had come to consider herself an extremely disillusioned

person, with nothing more to learn, and destined never to feel anything again.

But the anxiety of a new position, or perhaps the stimulated nervous activity caused by the man's presence, had sufficed to persuade her that she possessed at last that marvellous passion which till then had remained, like a great bird with rosy plumage, high hovering, in the splendour of poetic heavens, and she could not believe now that this calm wherein she lived was the happiness that she had dreamed.

VII

She reflected sometimes that those were, however, the most glorious days of her life, the honeymoon, as folk said. To enjoy their sweetness, 'twould have been necessary, doubtless, to journey to those regions with sonorous names where the morrows of marriage pass in a more delicate indolence! In post-chaises, behind blinds of blue silk, you ascend at foot's pace the precipitous roads, listening to the song of the postillion which the mountain echo sends back with the bells of the goats and the sullen noise of the waterfall. When the sun is setting, on the shores of gulfs you breathe the perfume of lemon-trees; then, in the evening, on villa terraces, alone and with fingers intertwined, you look up at the stars while you lay schemes for the future. It seemed to her as if certain places on the earth must produce happiness, like a plant indigenous to their soil and growing with difficulty in any other spot. Why was it not for her to lean her elbow on the balcony of Swiss chalets, or to imprison her grief in some Scottish cottage with a husband clad in a long-skirted coat of black velvet and wearing high soft boots, a sugar-loaf hat, and ruffles!

Perhaps she might have desired to unburden her heart of all these things in confidence to some one. But how express an unseizable disquietude that changes its aspect like the clouds, that whirls hither and thither like the wind? Words failed her accordingly, and the opportunity, and the courage.

If Charles had willed it so, however, if he had divined anything of it, if his look but once only had come to meet her thoughts, it seemed to her that a sudden and abundant outpouring would have burst from her heart, even as the wall-fruit falls from its tree when the hand is laid on it. But, as the intimacy of their life grew closer, even so an interior detachment proceeded which unbound her from him.

Charles's conversation was as dull as a street pavement, and everybody's ideas defiled through it in their ordinary dress, without exciting emotion, laughter, or reverie. He had never had the curiosity, he said, while he lived in Rouen, to go to the theatre to see the actors from Paris. He knew neither how to swim, nor to fence, nor to shoot with the pistol, and he could not explain to her one day a term of horsemanship with which she had met in a novel.

A man, on the contrary, should he not know everything, excel in multiple activities, initiate you into the forces of passion, the refinements of life, all the mysteries? But he taught nothing, that man, knew nothing, desired nothing. He believed her happy; and she bore him ill-will for that calm so secure, for that serene heaviness, for the very happiness which she gave to him.

She used to draw sometimes, and it was for Charles a great amusement to stand watching her bent over her portfolio, blinking her eyes in order the better to judge her work, or rolling under her thumb little balls of bread-crumbs. As for the piano, the more quickly her fingers ran over it, the greater was his amazement. She struck the keys with assurance and could run over the key-board from top to bottom without an interruption. Thus shaken up by her, the old instrument, the chords of which were all out of order, could be heard to the end of the village if the window was open, and often the bailiff's clerk, passing along the highway

bareheaded and in canvas shoes, would stop to listen to it, his sheet of paper in his hand.

Emma, on the other hand, knew how to manage her household. She used to send the notes of their fees for attendances to the patients in well-turned letters which had about them nothing suggestive of a bill. When, of a Sunday, they had some neighbours to dinner, she would always have some dainty little dish to offer, was skilled in arranging on vine leaves the pyramids of green-gage plums, served the pots of preserve turned out on a plate, and she even talked of buying finger-bowls for dessert. From all this there was reflected much consideration on Bovary.

Charles came to esteem himself the more by reason of his possession of such a wife. He showed with pride in the dining-room two little sketches in black lead-pencil, done by her, which he had caused to be mounted in very large frames and hung against the wall-paper by long green strings. As the people came out from the church after mass he was to be seen on his door-step in handsome carpet slippers.

He used to come home late, at ten o'clock, midnight sometimes. Then he would ask for something to eat, and as the servant would be gone to bed, it was Emma who waited upon him. He used to take off his frock-coat in order to dine more at his ease. One after the other, he told of all the people whom he had met, the villages where he had been, the prescriptions which he had written out, and, satisfied with himself, he would eat the remainder of the meat, finish up his cheese, munch an apple, empty his carafe of wine, then go to bed, lie on his back and snore.

As he had always been accustomed to wear a night-cap, his silk kerchief was apt not to keep its position; so his hair in the morning was rumpled pell-mell over his face and whitened by the down of his pillow, the strings

of which would become untied during the night. He always wore heavy boots, which had at the instep two thick folds slanting out towards the ankles, while the rest of the vamp was continued in a straight line, drawn taut as by a foot of wood. He said that *they were quite good enough for the country.*

His mother approved of this economy; for she came to see him as formerly, when there had been in her own house some rather violent tempest; and yet Mme. Bovary *mère* seem prepossessed against her daughter-in-law. She found in her "a style of life too exalted for their pecuniary position"; wood, sugar, and candles "were consumed as they might be in a large establishment," and the quantity of coal burning in the kitchen would have sufficed to cook five-and-twenty dishes! She arranged her linen in the presses, and taught her to have an eye upon the butcher when he brought the meat. Emma accepted these lessons. Mme. Bovary was lavish of them; and the words "my daughter" and "mother" were exchanged all day long, accompanied by a little quivering of the lips, each uttering kindly words in a voice trembling with anger.

In the time of Mme. Dubuc, the old woman used to feel herself still the preferred one; but, now, Charles's love for Emma seemed to her a desertion of her tenderness, an encroachment upon what belonged to herself; and she observed the happiness of her son with a sad silence, like some ruined man who watches through the window-panes people sitting at table in his own old house. She would recall to him, in guise of old memories, her pains and sacrifices, and comparing them with Emma's neglects, concluded that it was not reasonable of him to adore her in so exclusive a fashion.

Charles was at a loss what to reply; he respected his mother, and his wife he loved infinitely; he considered the judgment of the one infallible, and yet he found the

other irreproachable. When Mme. Bovary was gone, he used to try to hazard timidly, and in the identical terms, one or two of the most neutral observations which he had heard made by his mamma; Emma, after proving to him by a single word that he was mistaken, used to send him back to his patients.

However, in pursuance of theories which she believed to be sound, she wished to give herself an experience of love. By moonlight, in the garden, she would recite all the passionate verses that she knew by heart, and, with sighs, sing to him melancholy *adagios*; but she found herself as calm after as before, and Charles seemed neither more amorous for it, nor more stirred.

When she had thus for a while kept striking the steel upon her heart without causing a spark to fly out from it; incapable, besides, of understanding that which she did not herself experience, as of believing in that which did not manifest itself under received forms; she persuaded herself, without difficulty, that Charles's passion had no longer anything excessive about it. His moments of expansion occurred at regular intervals; he kissed her at certain fixed times. 'Twas a habit among the rest, and as it were a dessert foreseen in advance, following the monotony of dinner.

A gamekeeper, cured of inflammation of the lungs by Monsieur, had presented Madame with a small Italian greyhound; she took it for a walk, for she went out occasionally, in order to enjoy a moment's solitude and to have no longer before her eyes the eternal garden with the dusty road.

She went as far as the beechwood of Banneville, near the deserted summer-house that makes the corner of the wall on the field side. In the ditch among the grass there are long reeds with cutting edges.

She began by looking round everywhere, to see if anything had changed since her last visit. She rediscov-

ered, still in the same places, the foxgloves and the wall-flowers, the clumps of nettles growing round the big stones, and the patches of lichen extending along over the three windows, of which the shutters, constantly closed, were peeling with decay on their rusty iron bars. Her thoughts, aimless at first, wandered at hazard, while her little greyhound, circling round, barked after the yellow butterflies, chased the field-mice, or bit at the wild poppies on the margin of a piece of wheat. Then her ideas, little by little, defined themselves, and, sitting on the turf, which she kept digging into with little pushes of the end of her sunshade, Emma repeated to herself:

"Good God! why did I ever marry?"

She questioned whether, indeed, there might not have been some means, through other combinations of chance, of encountering some other man; and she sought to fancy what might have been those events that had never happened, that different life, that husband whom she did not know. All men, in truth, did not resemble the one she had married. He might have been handsome, witty, distinguished, attractive, as the men doubtless were whom her old convent school-fellows had married.

What were they doing now? In town, amid the noise of the streets, the hum of theatres, and the splendours of the ball-room, they led existences in which the heart dilates, the senses expand. But she, her life was chill as an attic with a northern sky-light, and *ennui*, the silent spider, spun its web in the shadow in every corner of her heart. She remembered the days of the prize-distributions, when she used to go up to the daïs to receive her little wreaths. With her hair plaited, her white frock and her woollen shoes showing beneath it, she looked very nice, and the gentlemen, when she came back to her place, used to lean forward to pay her compliments; the

court-yard was full of carriages, people bade her good-bye through the coach-doors, the music-master saluted her as he passed with his violin case. How far away it was, all that! how far away it was! She called Djali, took him between her knees, passed her fingers over his long delicate head and said to him:

"Come, kiss your mistress, you who have no cares."

Then, contemplating the melancholy mien of the slender animal as he slowly yawned, she was moved to compassion, and comparing him with herself, spoke to him aloud as to some afflicted person whom one should try to console.

There came sometimes squalls of wind, sea-breezes, which, rushing at a bound over all the plateau of the Caux country, brought even to the distant fields a salt freshness. The rushes whistled close to the ground and the beech-leaves rustled with a quick shivering, while the tree-tops, swaying always to a balanced measure, continued their deep murmur. Emma drew her shawl more closely about her shoulders and rose.

In the avenue, a green light, filtering down through the foliage, lay over the close moss which cracked softly under her feet. The sun was setting; the sky was red between the branches, and the trunks of the trees planted in a straight line, all alike, appeared like a brown colonnade standing out against a background of gold; a fear took hold on her—she called Djali, quickly went back to Tostes by the main road, sank into an easy chair, and for the whole evening did not speak.

But, towards the end of September, something extraordinary dropped into her life; she was invited to La Vaubyessard, the residence of the Marquis d'Andervilliers.

Secretary of State under the Restoration, the Marquis, seeking to re-enter political life, had been long preparing his candidature for the Chamber of Deputies.

He made frequent distributions of fire-wood during the winter, and at the General Council was in the habit of always demanding with enthusiasm new roads for his district. He had had during the hot weather an abscess in his mouth, from which Charles had relieved him as by a miracle, by piercing it with the stroke of a lancet. The steward, having been despatched to Tostes to pay the fee for the operation, related, in the evening, that he had seen, in the doctor's little garden, some superb cherries. Now, the cherry-trees were not prospering at La Vaubyessard; M. le Marquis asked Bovary for a few cuttings, made it his business to thank him for them personally, noticed Emma, decided that she had a pretty figure and did not bow like a peasant; so that, consequently, it was not thought at the château that the bounds of condescension were passed or an indiscretion committed in inviting the young couple.

One Wednesday, at three o'clock, M. and Mme. Bovary, having mounted into their little phaeton, started for La Vaubyessard, with a large trunk fastened behind and a hat-box which was placed in front on the apron. Charles had, in addition, a bandbox between his legs.

They arrived at dusk, just as the lamps were being lighted in the park for the guidance of carriages.

VIII

The château, of modern construction, in the Italian style, with two advancing wings and three flights of steps, was seated at the lower end of an immense piece of greensward that gave grazing to a few cows, between clumps of tall trees arranged at intervals, while clusters of shrubs, rhododendrons, seringas, and snow-ball trees jutted out their unequal masses of foliage on the curved line of the sanded drive. A river flowed under a bridge; through the haze could be distinguished buildings with thatched roofs, scattered in the meadow, which was flanked by the gentle slopes of two little wooded hills, and behind, in the copses, arranged in two parallel lines, were the coach-houses and stables, relics preserved from the destruction of the ancient château.

Charles's phaeton drew up before the central flight of steps. Servants appeared. The Marquis came forward, and, offering his arm to the doctor's wife, conducted her into the entrance hall.

It was paved with flag-stones of marble, very lofty, and the noise of footsteps, like the sound of the voice, resounded through it as in a church. In front a straight stairway ascended, and on the left a gallery, looking on the garden, led to the billiard-room, the cannoning of the ivory balls in which you could hear almost before you had crossed the threshold. As she passed through it on her way to the drawing-room, Emma saw gathered round the table men with grave faces, their chins rest-

ing on high neckties, all of them wearing decorations, and smiling silently as they made their strokes.

On the dark wainscotting of the panelled walls great gilt frames bore, at their lower margins, names written in black letters. She read: "Jean-Antoine d'Andervilliers d'Yverbonville, Comte de la Vaubyessard and Baron de la Fresnaye, killed at the battle of Coutras, October 20, 1587." And on another: "Jean-Antoine-Henry-Guy d'Andervilliers de la Vaubyessard, Admiral of France, and Knight of the Order of St. Michael, wounded in the action of the Hougue-Saint-Vaast, May 29, 1692, died at La Vaubyessard, January 23, 1693." Those that followed could not be clearly seen, for the light of the lamps, thrown down upon the green cloth of the billiard-table, allowed most of the room to remain in shadow. Darkening the horizontal canvases, it broke upon them in a fine network that followed the cracks in the varnish; and from all those great black squares, bordered with gold, there stood out, here or there, some lighter portion of the painting, a pale brow, two eyes that looked at you, periwigs flowing down over the powdery shoulders of red coats, or perhaps the buckle of a garter above a plump calf.

The Marquis opened the door of the drawing-room; one of the ladies rose (the Marquise herself), came forward to meet Emma, gave her a seat near her on a small sofa, where she commenced to talk to her in friendly fashion, as if she had been an old acquaintance. She was a woman of about forty, with handsome shoulders, an arched nose, a drawling voice, and wearing, that evening, over her auburn hair, a simple fichu of guipure lace which fell behind in a triangular fold. A fair young girl sat by her side, in a chair with a long back; and gentlemen who had a small flower in the buttonhole of their coats talked with the ladies round the fireside.

At seven o'clock dinner was served. The men, who

were in a majority, sat at the first table in the hall, and the ladies at the second, in the dining-room with the Marquis and the Marquise.

Emma felt herself, as she entered, enveloped by a warm atmosphere, a mingling of the perfume of flowers and of fine linen, of the smoke of the meats and the odour of truffles. The candles of the chandeliers jutted up their flames over the silver bells; the cut crystal, with a dull steam on its surface, reflected rays of pale light hither and thither; bouquets of flowers stood in a line extending the whole length of the table, and, in the wide-rimmed plates, the serviettes, arranged after the fashion of a bishop's mitre, held each in the gap between its two folds, a small oval-shaped roll of bread. The red claws of lobsters lay over the edge of the dishes; fine fruits in open baskets were piled up on the moss; the quails retained their feathers, the smoke rose from the dishes; and, in silk stockings, short breeches, white tie, and frills, grave as a judge, the butler, passing between the shoulders of the guests each dish ready carved, with a quick movement of his spoon served you with the portion you chose. On the great stove of porcelain with its baguet of copper, the statue of a woman draped to the chin surveyed, motionless, the room full of people.

Mme. Bovary noticed that several ladies had not put their gloves in their glass.

In the meantime, at the high end of the table, alone among all these women, bending forward over his filled plate and with a serviette fastened at his back like a child, an old man ate, allowing drops of sauce to fall from his mouth. He had bloodshot eyes, and wore a small tail to his wig, with a black ribbon twisted round it. He was the father-in-law of the Marquis, the old Duc de Laverdière, formerly the favourite of the Comte d'Artois in the times of the hunting-parties at Vaudreuil

on the estates of the Marquis de Conflans; he was reputed to have been the lover of Queen Marie Antoinette between MM. de Coigny and de Lauzun. He had led a life noisy with debauch, full of duels, of wagers, of abducted women, had consumed his fortune and terrified all his family. A servant behind his chair spoke aloud in his ear the names of the dishes which he pointed out with his finger, lisping as he did so; and continually Emma's eyes kept returning of their own accord to this old man with hanging lips as to something having a quality of the extraordinary and of the august. He had lived at Court and lain in the bed of queens!

Iced champagne was served. Emma shuddered all over her skin as she felt its chill in her mouth. She had never seen pomegranates nor eaten pineapples. Even the powdered sugar appeared to her whiter and finer than elsewhere.

The ladies subsequently went upstairs to their rooms to prepare for the ball.

Emma performed her toilette with the fastidious carefulness of an actress at her *début*. She arranged her hair in accordance with the hairdresser's recommendations, and she put on the gown of barege that lay carefully spread out on the bed. Charles's trousers were too tight round the waist.

"The straps are going to be in my way for dancing," said he.

"Dancing?" replied Emma.

"Yes."

"But you must have taken leave of your senses! They would only make fun of you; do keep your seat. Besides, it is more seemly for a doctor," she added.

Charles made no answer. He walked backward and forward, waiting until Emma had finished dressing. He could see her from behind in the mirror between two

tapers. Her black eyes seemed blacker. Her hair, puffed lightly over the ears, shone with a blue lustre; a rose in her chignon quivered on a flexible stem with artificial drops of water at the end of its leaves. She wore a gown of pale saffron relieved by three bunches of artificial roses mixed with green.

Charles came to kiss her on the shoulder.

"Leave me alone!" said she. "You are crushing my dress."

The flourish of a violin and the notes of a horn were heard. She descended the stairs, stifling an impulse to run.

The quadrilles had commenced. People were arriving. The room was crowded. She stationed herself near the door on a settee.

When the opening quadrille was over, the floor was left free for the groups of men standing about and the liveried servants, who carried huge trays. Along the line of seated women, painted fans moved to and fro, bouquets half hid the smiles of the faces, and gold-topped scent-bottles twirled in loosely closed hands, the white gloves of which showed the shape of the nails and compressed the flesh at the wrist. Lace trimmings, diamond brooches, medallion bracelets, trembled on the bodices, glittered on the bosoms, tinkled on the bare arms. The hair of the ladies, pressed well down over the brow and coiled on the neck, was crowned by clusters or branches of forget-me-not, jasmine, pomegranate-flowers, wheat or corn-flowers. Peacefully reposing in their places, sour-faced mothers wore red turbans.

Emma's heart beat a little when, her partner holding her finger-tips, she advanced to place herself in line and awaited the stroke of the violin bow, before commencing the dance. But soon her agitation disappeared; and balancing herself to the rhythm of the orchestra, she glided forward with light swaying movements of her

neck. A smile rose to her lips at certain tender tones of the violin, which played alone sometimes, when the other instruments were silent; you could hear the light chink of the golden louis as they were placed on the tables in the next room; then all would begin again at once, the cornet-à-piston launched forth a sonorous crash, feet moved again in time, skirts floated out and touched each other lightly in passing, hands were given and released; the same eyes, after being lowered before you, returned to fix themselves on yours.

A few men (about fifteen), ranging in age from twenty-five to forty, scattered among the dancers or talking near the doorways, were distinguishable among the crowd by an air of breeding, whatever the differences between them in point of age, dress, or appearance.

Their clothes, better cut, seemed of a softer cloth; and their hair, combed down in ringlets towards the temples, seemed made glossy by finer pomades. They had the complexion of wealth, that white skin which is enhanced by the paleness of porcelain, the moire of satin, the polish of handsome furniture, and which is maintained in health by a carefully chosen diet of delicate food. Their necks moved within low cravats; their long whiskers fell over turned-down collars; they wiped their lips on handkerchiefs embroidered with a large monogram, from which there was diffused a pleasant perfume. Those who were beginning to grow old had an air of youth, while some suggestion of maturity was visible in the countenance of the younger men. In their indifferent glances floated the tranquility of passion daily satisfied; and, through their suave manners, there pierced that particular brutality which is communicated by the domination of half-yielding things, in which force is exercised and vanity amused, by the management of thoroughbred horses and the society of degraded women.

At three paces from Emma a cavalier in a blue coat was talking of Italy with a pale young woman wearing an ornament of pearls. They vaunted the size of the pillars of St. Peter's, Tivoli, Vesuvius, Castellamare and the Cascine, the roses of Genoa, the Coliseum by moonlight. Emma listened with her other ear to a conversation full of words which she did not understand. In the centre of the group was a young man who, the week before, had beaten Miss Arabelle and Romulus, and won two thousand louis by leaping a ditch in England. One complained of his racers, which were growing fat; another of the printer's errors, which had perverted the name of his horse.

The air of the ball-room was heavy; the lamps grew pale. People collected in the billiard-room. A servant mounted a chair and broke two window-panes. At the noise of the shivering glass Mme. Bovary turned her head and saw in the garden, against the panes, faces of peasants who were watching. Then the remembrance of Les Bertaux rose before her. She saw again the farm, the muddy pond, her father in his blouse under the apple-trees; and she saw again herself, too, as formerly, creaming with her finger the pans of milk in the dairy. But, amid the splendours of the present hour, her past life, so clear till then, seemed to vanish wholly, and she almost doubted whether she had lived it. She was there; around and beyond the ball-room there lay only shadow, spread out over all the rest. She ate a maraschino ice, holding it in her left hand in a silver-plated shell, and half closing her eyes, with the spoon between her teeth.

A lady near her let fall her fan. A dancer was passing.

"How good it would be of you, monsieur," said the lady, "if you would be kind enough to pick up my fan, which is behind this sofa."

The gentleman stooped, and, while he was stretching

out his arm, Emma saw the hand of the young lady throw into his hat a white something, folded in a triangle. The gentleman, raising the fan, respectfully presented it to the lady. She thanked him by an inclination of her head, and bent to inhale the perfume of her bouquet. After supper, at which there were many Spanish wines and Rhine wines, soups *à la bisque* and *au lait d'amandes*, Trafalgar puddings, and all kinds of cold meats with jellies around, which trembled in the dishes, the carriages, one after another, commenced to depart. By raising the corner of the muslin curtain the light of their lanterns might be seen gliding through the darkness. The benches began to look empty; a few gamblers still lingered; the musicians moistened the ends of their fingers with their tongue. Charles was half asleep, leaning his back against a door.

At three o'clock in the morning the cotillon began. Emma did not know how to waltz. Everybody was waltzing—Mlle. d'Andervilliers herself and the Marquise; there only remained the guests of the house, about a dozen persons in all.

One of the waltzers, however, who was called familiarly Vicomte, and whose waistcoat, cut very open, seemed moulded on his body, came a second time to invite Mme. Bovary, assuring her that he would guide her and that she would manage quite well.

They began slowly, then went more quickly. They turned: everything turned round them, the lamps, the furniture, the panelled walls, and the floor, like a disk on a pivot. As they passed near the doors the lower part of Emma's gown became entangled in the trouser of her partner; their legs collided; he looked down at her, she up at him; a torpor seized her, she stopped. They started again and, with a more rapid movement, the Vicomte, sweeping her along, disappeared with her to the far end of the gallery, where, breathless, she

almost fell, and, for a moment, rested her head upon his breast. Then, still turning, but more gently, he led her again to her place; she threw herself back against the wall and held her hand before her eyes.

When she reopened them, a lady seated on a foot-stool, in the centre of the room, had before her three waltzers on their knees. She chose the Vicomte, and the violin once more struck up.

The rest watched them. They went and came, she holding her body motionless and with her chin lowered, and he keeping always the same posture, shoulders squared back, elbows rounded, mouth advanced. She knew how to waltz, that woman! They continued for a long time and tired out all the others.

For still a few minutes people chatted, and, after bidding each other good-night, or rather, good-morning, the guests of the house retired to bed. Charles dragged himself wearily upstairs by the aid of the baluster; his knees would hardly support the weight of his body. He had passed five consecutive hours, standing by the tables, watching the playing of whist without understanding anything of the game. So he heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction when he had taken off his boots.

Emma threw a shawl over her shoulders, opened the window and leaned her elbows on the sill.

The night was dark. A few drops of rain were falling. She inhaled the moist wind which cooled her eyelids. The music of the ball was still buzzing in her ears, and she exerted herself to keep awake, in order to prolong the illusion of that sumptuous life which, directly, she would have to abandon.

The dawn appeared. She gazed long at the windows of the château, attempting to guess which were the chambers of all the people whom she had noticed during the evening. She would have wished to know their lives, penetrate them, become blended with them.

But she was shivering with the cold. She undressed, and cowered between the sheets, against Charles, who was asleep.

At breakfast many of the guests appeared. The meal lasted ten minutes; to the astonishment of the doctor, no liqueur was served. Afterward Mlle. d'Andervilliers collected some broken pieces of cake in a basket, to take to the swans on the lake, and people went to walk through the hot-house, where strange plants, bristling with hairs, were staged in pyramids beneath hanging vessels, which, like nests full of serpents, allowed long green tendrils to fall intertwined over their sides. The orangery, which was at the end, led under cover towards the servants' quarters. The Marquis, to amuse the young woman, took her to see the stables. Above the hay-racks, shaped like baskets, plates of porcelain bore the names of the horses in black letters. Each beast moved restlessly in its stall, when any one passing near gave a click with the tongue. The boards of the saddle-room shone to the eye like the floor of a drawing-room. The carriage harness was arranged in the middle on two revolving stands, and bits, whips, spurs, curb-chains in a line extending the length of the wall.

Charles, in the meantime, went to ask a servant to put the horse in his phaeton. It was brought to the steps, and, all their luggage having been put in, the Bovarys made their compliments to the Marquis and to the Marquise, and started on their way back to Tostes.

Emma, silent, watched the wheels revolve. Charles, perched on the extreme edge of the seat, drove, with both arms stretched forward, and the little horse ambled along in the shafts, which were too large for him. The loose reins jerked up and down on his crupper and grew moist with lather, while the box, fixed with cord behind,

knocked with heavy regular stroke against the body of the conveyance.

They were on the rising ground of Thibourville, when suddenly some riders met them and passed, laughing, with cigars in their mouths. Emma thought she recognised the Vicomte; she turned her head, but perceived on the horizon only the movement of heads falling and rising, according to the unequal cadence of the trot or the gallop.

Quarter of a league farther on they had to stop to mend, with string, the back-strap which had broken.

But Charles, as he took a last look over the harness, saw something on the ground, between the legs of his horse, and picked up a cigar-case bound with green silk and blazoned in the middle like the door of a carriage.

"There are even two cigars inside," said he; "they will do for this evening, after dinner."

"You smoke, then?" she asked.

"Sometimes, when the opportunity occurs."

He put his prize into his pocket and whipped up the pony.

When they arrived home, the dinner was not ready. Madame flew into a passion.

Nastasie answered insolently.

"Leave the room!" said Emma. "This is ridiculous! I discharge you."

For dinner there was onion soup, and a piece of veal cooked with sorrel. Charles, seated opposite Emma, said, as he rubbed his hands together with a happy air:

"How nice it is to be at home again!"

The sound of Nastasie's weeping could be heard. He was rather fond of the poor woman. Formerly, in the time when he was a widower, she had kept him company during many evenings, when he had nothing to do. She was his first patient, his oldest acquaintance in the district.

" Have you sent her away quite for good? " said he at length.

" Yes. What should prevent me? " she replied.

After that they warmed themselves in the kitchen, while their room was being prepared. Charles began to smoke. He did so pushing out his lips, spitting every minute, drawing himself back at every puff.

" You will make yourself ill," said she, disdainfully.

He put down his cigar, and ran to drink a glass of cold water at the pump. Emma, snatching up the cigar-case, threw it quickly into the back of the cupboard.

It was long, that next day! She walked in her little garden, going and coming by the same paths, stopping before the flower beds, before the fruit-trellis, before the plaster curé, contemplating with amazement all these things of her old life which she knew so well. How far away already seemed the ball! What was it that removed, by so great a distance, the morning of the day before yesterday from the evening of to-day? Her journey to La Vaubyessard had made a gulf in her life, after the manner of those great crevasses which a storm, in a single night, sometimes scoops in the mountains. She resigned herself, however; she locked up piously in a chest of drawers her pretty toilette, even to her satin shoes, the soles of which were stained yellow by the slippery wax of the floor. Her heart was even as they: at the contact of wealth, it had received a mark which would never be effaced.

The remembrance of this ball became, therefore, for Emma, an occupation. Every time that a Wednesday returned, she would say to herself as she woke: " Ah! a week . . . a fortnight . . . three weeks . . . ago, I was there! " And little by little the faces became confused in her memory, she forgot the air of the quadrilles, she saw no longer so clearly the liveries and the rooms; some details left her, but the regret remained.

IX

Often, when Charles was out, she would go take from among the linen in the cupboard where she had left it, the cigar-case of green silk.

She used to gaze at it, open it, and even sniff the odour of its lining, a mixture of vervain and tobacco. To whom did it belong? . . . To the Vicomte. It was perhaps a present from his mistress. Perhaps it had been embroidered on some loom of violet ebony, a favourite and useful little thing hidden from all eyes, that had been the occupations of many hours and over which had bent the soft ringlets of the pensive worker. A loving breath had stirred among the stitches of the canvas; each thrust of the needle had fixed there a hope or a memory, and all these interwoven silken threads were but the continuity of the same silent passion. And then the Vicomte, one morning, had taken it away with him. To what conversation had it been a listener when it lay on chimney-pieces with large mantel-shelves, between flower vases and Pompadour time-pieces! She was at Tostes. He was in Paris, now; away over there! What kind of place could this Paris be? How huge its very name! She would repeat it to herself half aloud for the pleasure of hearing it; it resounded in her ears like the great bell of a cathedral, it flamed before her eyes even on the very labels of her pomade pots.

At night, when the carriers, in their carts, passed under her windows singing the *Marjolaine,* she would

wake up; and listening to the noise of the iron-bound wheels, as it quickly died away in the distance:

"To-morrow they will be there!" she used to say.

And she would follow them in her mind, going up the hills and down, through the villages, journeying over the highway by the light of the stars. At the end of an indeterminate distance, she came always to a vague place where her dream faded away.

She bought a map of Paris, and, with the tip of her finger on the plan, she made excursions in the capital. She mounted the boulevards, stopping at each corner between the lines of streets, before the white squares that represent the houses. When, finally, her eyes were weary, she used to close her eye-lids, and then she would see in the darkness gas-jets flaming in the wind, with coach steps, as they were let down with great pomp before the peristyle of theatres.

She became a subscriber to *La Corbeille*, a ladies' paper, and to the *Sylphe des Salons*. Omitting nothing, she devoured all the reports of first-nights, of races, and of evening parties, took an interest in the *début* of a singer, in the opening of a shop. She knew the latest fashions, the addresses of the good tailors, the day for the Bois or the Opéra. She studied, in Eugène Sue, descriptions of furniture and interiors; she read Balzac and George Sand, seeking in them imaginary satisfactions for her personal longings. To table, even, she would bring her book, and turn over the leaves while Charles ate as he talked to her. The remembrance of the Vicomte always kept coming up in her readings. She established relations between him and the invented personages. But the circle of which he was the centre gradually extended its circumference, and that aureole which he wore, increasing its distance from his head, stretched its beams more afar, for the illumination of other dreams.

Paris, more vague than the ocean, glittered then before Emma's eyes in a rosy atmosphere. The multitudinous life which struggled in that tumult was, however, divided into sections, classed in distinct pictures. Of these, Emma only perceived two or three, which hid all the rest from her, and by themselves alone represented the whole of humanity. The world of ambassadors moved over floors of polished wood, in salons panelled with mirrors, around oval tables covered by cloths of gold-fringed velvet. In it there were gowns with trains, great mysteries, anguishes dissimulated under smiles. Next came the society of duchesses; in it people were pale; they got up at four o'clock in the afternoon; the women, poor angels! wore *point d'Angleterre* round the hems of their skirts, and the men, of abilities that lay unrecognised beneath frivolous exteriors, rode their horses to death for sport, went to Baden for the summer season, and finally, towards their fortieth year, married heiresses. In the private rooms of restaurants where people sup after midnight, there laughed over the candle-lit tables the motley crowd of literary people and actresses. In this class, men were prodigal like kings, full of ideal ambitions and of fantastic frenzies. Theirs was an existence above the others, between heaven and earth, amid the tempests, something sublime. As for the rest of the world, it was lost, without precise situation and as if it did not exist. Moreover, the nearer things were to her, the more her thoughts turned aside from them. Everything that immediately surrounded her, tiresome country, imbecile folk of the lower middle class, mediocrity of existence, seemed to her an exception in the world, a particular hazard from which she happened to suffer, while beyond stretched away out of sight the immense region of felicities and of passions. She confounded, in her desire, the sensualities of luxury with the joys of the heart, the elegance of customs and

the delicacies of sentiment. Did not love require, like Indian plants, soils specially prepared, a particular temperature? The sighings by moonlight, the long embraces, the tears that flow over surrendered hands, all the fevers of the flesh and the languors of tenderness were therefore not to be dissociated from the balconies of great castles, full of leisure, from a boudoir with blinds of silk and a thick carpet, from bowls filled with flowers, a bed raised on a platform, nor from the glittering of precious stones and the shoulder-knots of liveried servants.

The lad from the post-house, who every morning came to groom the mare, used to pass through the corridor in his heavy clogs; his blouse had holes in it, his feet were bare in their tattered shoes. That was the groom in knee-breeches with whom she had to be content! When his work was finished, he did not return again during the day; for Charles, when he came home, himself put his horse in the stable, took off the saddle and slipped on the halter, while the maid brought a bundle of straw and threw it, as best she could, in the manger.

To replace Nastasie (who at length left Tostes, shedding streams of tears), Emma took into her service a young girl fourteen years of age, an orphan and pleasant in appearance. She forbade her to wear cotton caps, taught her that she ought to speak to you in the third person, bring a glass of water on a plate, knock at doors before opening them, to iron, to starch, to dress her, wished, in fact, to make of her a lady's maid for herself. The new servant obeyed without murmur, lest she should be dismissed; and, as Madame had a habit of leaving the key in the sideboard, Félicité each evening took a small provision of sugar which she would eat, alone in her bed, after having said her prayers.

In the afternoon, sometimes, she would go over the way to talk with the postillions. Madame remained upstairs in her room.

She wore a quite loose dressing-gown which showed between the revers of the bodice, crossed like a shawl, a plaited chemisette with three gold buttons. Her belt was a nun's girdle with large tassels, her little garnet-coloured slippers had bunches of wide ribbon which reached up to the instep. She had bought herself a blotting-pad, stationery, a penholder and envelopes, although she had no one to write to; she would dust her shelves, look at herself in the glass, take up a book, then, dreaming between the lines, let it fall on her knees. She wished to travel or to return to live in her convent. She desired to die and to live in Paris at the same time.

Charles, through snow and rain, journeyed on horseback along the cross-country roads. He ate omelettes on farm-house tables, thrust his arm into damp beds, received in his face the warm spurt of blood from opened veins, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned up much dirty linen; but he used to find, awaiting him every evening, a blazing fire, the table spread, comfortable furniture, and a woman prettily dressed, charming, and fragrant, though he knew not even whence the odour came, or if it was not she herself that gave the perfume.

She charmed him by a multitude of dainty ways: sometimes it was a new manner of arranging paper sockets for the candles, a flounce that she changed in her frock, or the extraordinary name of some dish, quite simple, and that the servant had bungled, but which Charles would eat up with pleasure. She saw at Rouen ladies who wore on their watches a little bunch of trinkets; she bought trinkets. She wished to have on her chimney-piece two large vases of blue glass, and, some time afterward, an ivory work-box, with a silver thimble. The less Charles understood of these elegancies, the more they affected him. They added some-

thing to the pleasure of his senses and to the comfort of his fireside. They were like a dust of gold, that strewed through all its length the little pathway of his life.

He enjoyed good health, he looked well; his reputation was quite established. The country folk were devoted to him because he was not proud. He fondled the children, never entered the tavern, and besides, inspired confidence by his morality. He was particularly successful in catarrhs and affections of the lungs. Very fearful of killing his patients, Charles rarely prescribed indeed other than soothing draughts, from time to time an emetic, a foot-bath or leeches. Not that he was afraid of surgery; he would bleed freely people, like horses, and for the extraction of teeth he had a famous wrench. Finally, to keep himself abreast of the times, as he said, he subscribed to *La Ruche Médicale*, a new journal of which he had received the prospectus. He used to read a little in it after dinner; but the warmth of the room, together with the process of digestion, would send him to sleep at the end of five minutes; and he remained there with his chin on his two hands and his hair spread out like a mane reaching to the foot of the lamp. Emma used to watch him and shrug her shoulders. Why had she not at least for husband one of those men of taciturn enthusiasms, who worked by night at books, and, at sixty, when the age of rheumatism is come, wear at length a cross of honour, pinned on their ill-cut dress-coats? She would have willed that this name of Bovary, since it was her own, should be illustrious; she would have desired to see it displayed at the booksellers', repeated in the newspapers, known throughout the whole of France. But Charles had no ambition! A doctor from Yvetot, with whom lately he had found himself in consultation, had humiliated him somewhat, at the very bedside of the patient, in the presence of the assembled

relatives. When Charles related to her this incident in the evening, Emma inveighed very loudly against his colleague. Charles was touched by it. He kissed her on the forehead with a tear. But she was exasperated with shame, she wanted to beat him, she went into the passage to open the window and breathed in the fresh air to calm herself.

"What a sorry man! What a poor creature!" she ejaculated under her breath, biting her lips. She was conscious, besides, of being more irritable with him. As he grew older he was acquiring gross habits; he cut up the corks of the empty bottles; he thrust his tongue all round his gums after eating; he gurgled as he swallowed each mouthful of his soup, and, as he commenced to grow fat, his eyes, small to begin with, seemed pushed up towards the temples by the puffiness of the flesh over his cheek-bones.

Emma, sometimes, would tuck under his waistcoat for him the red border of his knitted vest, readjust his necktie, or throw aside the shabby gloves which he was about to put on; and these things were not done, as he believed, for him; they were done on her own account, through development of egotism, nervous irritation. Sometimes, also, she spoke to him of things which she had read, of a passage in a novel, for instance, of a new play, or of the story of the "great world" that was running in the *feuilleton*; for, after all, Charles was someone, an ear always open, an approval always ready. She made many confidences to her Italian greyhound! She was capable of doing the same to the logs on the hearth and to the pendulum of the clock.

In the depth of her soul, however, she was waiting for something to happen. Like mariners in distress, she gazed over the loneliness of her life with despairing eyes, seeking afar some white sail in the mists of the horizon. She knew not what that accident might be, the wind

that should bear it to her, towards what shore it should carry her, whether it was an open boat or a three-decker, laden with griefs, or filled to the port-holes with happiness. But, each morning, at her waking, she hoped it might come that day, and she would listen to every sound, start up suddenly, and be astonished that it came not; then, at sunset, feeling always sadder, she would desire the morrow.

Spring returned. At the first summer heats, when the pear-trees were in blossom, she had moments of half-suffocation.

From the beginning of July, she counted on her fingers how many weeks she had to pass before reaching the month of October, thinking that the Marquis d'Andervilliers perhaps would give a ball again at La Vaubyessard. But all September slipped away without bringing either a letter or visit.

After the weariness of this deception her heart was left empty anew, and then the series of the same days recommenced.

They were destined, then, now to follow each other thus in succession, always alike, numberless, and bringing nothing! The existences of others, however insipid they might be, had at least the chance of something happening. A single adventure brought about sometimes the most wonderful changes of fortune, and the scene changed. But, for her, nothing happened, so God had willed it! The future was an all-dark gallery with its door at the end securely closed.

She gave up music. Why should she play! who would hear her! Since, in a gown of velvet with short sleeves, running over the ivory keys with her light fingers on an Erard piano at a concert, it might never be hers to feel in the air about her a murmur of ecstasy, like a breeze, it was not worth while to take the trouble to learn. She left in the cupboard her drawing port-

folios and tapestry. What was the use! what was the use! Sewing irritated her.

"I have read everything," said she to herself.

And she would find nothing better to do than to heat the tongs red-hot, or watch the rain as it fell.

How dull she felt on Sundays, when they were ringing for vespers! She used to listen, with an automatic, half-stupid attention, to the cracked peals of the bells as they rang out one by one. Some cat on the roof, walking slowly, might be arching its back in the pale sunbeams. The wind raised clouds of dust along the highway. In the distance, sometimes, a dog might be howling: and the bell, keeping time, continued its monotonous ringing, which was lost over the fields.

In the meantime the people came out from church. The women in blacked boots, the peasants in new blouses, the little children skipping bareheaded before them, all returned to their homes. And until night, five or six men, always the same, stayed playing *bouchon* before the big door of the inn.

The winter was cold. Every morning the window-panes were covered with rime, and the light, whitish when seen through them as through unpolished glass, sometimes did not change all day. After four o'clock in the afternoon it became necessary to light the lamps.

On the days when it was fine she would go down into the garden. The dew had left on the cabbages a network of silvery lace with long bright threads stretched from one to another. No birds were to be heard, everything seemed to sleep, the straw-covered espalier and the vine like a great sick serpent under the coping of the wall, on which, by looking closely, you could see woodlice crawling about on their many legs. Among the little pines, near the hedge, the curé in the three-cornered hat, reading his breviary, had lost his

right foot, and the plaster, peeling off in the frost, had even raised white scabs on his face.

Then she used to go up again, close the door, stir the fire, and overpowered by the heat of the fireside, feel a heavier *ennui* descending upon her. She would have gone downstairs to gossip with the maid if she had not been restrained by a certain feeling of propriety.

Every day, at the same hour, the school-master, in his black silk cap, used to open the shutters of his house, and the rural guardian of the peace went by, wearing his sword over his blouse. Morning and evening, the horses from the post-house, three by three, used to cross the street to water at the pond. From time to time there would be heard the tinkle of the bell on a tavern door, and, when it was windy, you could hear, grating on their two rods, the little copper basins of the barber, which served as a sign for his shop. By way of decoration, this latter possessed an old fashion-plate stuck on a window-pane, and a woman's bust in wax, with yellow hair. He, also, the barber, lamented his limited vocation, his blighted future, and dreaming of some shop in a large town, as at Rouen, for example, on the wharf near the theatre, he would pass the entire day walking backward and forward between the office of the mayor and the church, gloomy and waiting for customers. When Mme. Bovary raised her eyes she used always to see him there, like a sentry on duty, with his Grecian cap over his ear and his round jacket of lasting.

In the afternoon, sometimes, a man's head would appear outside the dining-room window, a sun-burnt head, with black whiskers, slowly smiling a broad pleasant smile that showed the white teeth. A waltz immediately began, and on the organ, in a miniature drawing-room, dancers tall as your finger, women in pink turbans, Tyrolese in their jackets, monkeys in black coats, gentlemen in knee-breeches, would turn and turn among the easy

chairs, the sofas, the pier-tables, multiplying themselves in pieces of mirror united at the edges by a strip of gilt paper. The man turned away at his handle, looking to right and left and up at the windows. From time to time, as he expelled a long jet of brown saliva against the milepost, he would give his instrument a lift with his knee, its hard strap fatiguing his shoulder; and, now mournful and dragging, or joyous and quick, the music of the box escaped with a buzzing sound through a curtain of pink taffeta, under a copper claw in arabesque. It consisted of airs that in other regions were played in the theatres, that were sung in drawing-rooms, that were danced in the evening under brilliant chandeliers, echoes of the world which thus penetrated even to Emma. Sarabands without end unrolled themselves in her brain, and, like an Indian dancer on the flowers of a carpet, her thoughts leapt with the notes, swayed from dream to dream, from sadness to sadness. When the man had received an alms in his cap, he would draw down an old cover of blue wool, swing his organ on his back, and depart with a heavy tread. She used to watch him go.

But it was especially at meal-times that she felt most utterly weary, in that little dining-room on the ground floor, with the stove that smoked, the door that creaked, the walls that oozed, and the damp flag-stones; all the bitterness of existence seemed to her to be served up on her plate, and with the steam of the boiled beef there rose from the depth of her soul, as it were, other clouds of insipidity. Charles was a long time over his food; she used to nibble a few nuts, or perhaps, leaning on her elbow, would amuse herself by making lines on the oil-cloth with the point of her knife.

She let everything now look after itself in her household, and Mme. Bovary *mère,* when she came to Tostes for a while in Lent, was greatly astonished by this change. In effect, she, who was formerly so careful

and fastidious, now passed whole days without dressing, wore gray cotton stockings, and used tallow candles. She would repeat that it was necessary for them to economize, since they were not rich, adding that she was perfectly contented, very happy, that she liked Tostes very much, and other novel speeches which closed her mother-in-law's mouth. For the rest, Emma seemed no longer disposed to follow her counsels; once even, upon the occasion of Mme. Bovary's taking it into her head to lay down that masters and mistresses ought to have an eye to the religion of their servants, she had replied with so angry a look and so cold a smile, that the good dame left off meddling.

Emma was becoming difficult to please, capricious. She would order special dishes for herself and then not touch them; one day would drink nothing but milk, and the next, cups of tea by the dozen. Often she would persist in not going out, then she would discover that she could not breathe, open the windows, dress herself in a thin frock.

After speaking very harshly to her servant she would make presents to her or send her to amuse herself at some neighbour's, just as sometimes she would throw to beggars all the silver in her purse, though not herself especially tender-hearted nor accessible to the woe of another, like in that to most people born of peasant stock, who keep always in their soul something of the callosity of their fathers' hands.

Towards the end of February, *père* Rouault, in remembrance of his recovery, himself brought for his son-in-law a splendid turkey, and remained three days at Tostes. Charles being occupied with his patients, Emma kept him company. He smoked in his bed-room, spat on the fire-irons, talked of farming, calves, cows, poultry and the Municipal Council; so that she closed the door behind him when he left, with a feeling of satis-

faction which surprised even herself. But, as far as that goes, she no longer concealed her contempt for anything or anybody; and she concerned herself sometimes to express singular opinions, condemning things generally approved and approving others usually deemed perverse or immoral—a proceeding which used to make her husband open his eyes wide.

Would this wretched state of things endure forever? Might she never escape from it? Yet she was quite as good as any of the women whose lives were happy! At La Vaubyessard she had seen duchesses who had more ungainly figures and manners less refined, and she execrated the injustice of God; she would lean her head against the walls to weep; she envied the riotous existences, the masked nights, the insolent pleasures, with all the wild delights she did not know and that they must needs give. She grew pale and had palpitations of the heart. Charles gave her doses of valerian and camphor baths. Everything that was tried only seemed to irritate her the more.

On certain days she would prattle with feverish fluency; to these exaltations used to succeed immediately torpors in which she remained plunged without speaking or moving. What restored her at these times was a bottle of *eau de Cologne* poured over her arms.

As she complained constantly of Tostes, Charles imagined that the cause of her illness was to be found without doubt in some local influence, and, dwelling on this idea, he thought seriously of leaving the district to establish himself elsewhere.

Upon that, she drank vinegar in order to grow thin, contracted a little dry cough, and completely lost appetite.

It was painful to Charles to quit Tostes after four years of residence and at the moment when he was beginning to assume a leading position there. Still, if it

was necessary! He took her to Rouen to consult his old master. It was a nervous malady. She required change of air.

After having looked round in one direction and another, Charles learned that there was in the district of Neufchâtel a prosperous market-town named Yonville-l'Abbaye, whose doctor, a Polish refugee, had just decamped the previous week. So he wrote to the chemist of the place to inquire the number of the population, the distance at which resided the nearest other doctor, how much per annum had been earned by his predecessor, etc.; and, the replies proving to be satisfactory, he decided to remove in the spring, if Emma's health had not improved.

One day, when in anticipation of her departure, she was putting the contents of a drawer in order, she pricked her fingers with something. It was an iron wire out of her wedding bouquet. The orange buds were yellow with dust, and the satin ribbons with their silver borders were become frayed at the edges. She threw it in the fire. It blazed more quickly than a dry straw. Then it looked like a red bush on the cinders slowly consuming away. She watched it burn. The little pasteboard berries crackled, the iron wires became twisted, the silver lace melted; and the paper corollas shrivelled up and, floating over the hearthstone like black butterflies, flew away at last up the chimney.

When they left Tostes, in the month of March, Mme. Bovary was expecting to become a mother.

SECOND PART

I

Yonville-l'Abbaye (so called after an ancient abbey of Capuchins, not even the ruins of which now exist) is a small market-town situated about eight leagues from Rouen, between the Abbeville road and that of Beauvais, in the hollow of a valley watered by the Rieule, a small river which flows into the Andelle, after turning three mills near its mouth, and holds a few trout, which the lads, on Sundays, amuse themselves by fishing for with rod and line.

You leave the main road at La Boissière and continue straight ahead as far as the top of the hill of Leux, at which point the valley comes into view. The river which flows through it divides it into two regions, as it were, distinct from each other in physiognomy: everything on the left is pasture ground, everything on the right is in cultivation.

The meadow country extends itself beneath a crown of low hills to join, behind, the grazing lands of the district of Bray, while eastward, the plain, rising gently, widens, and stretches its fair expanses of wheat away out of sight into the distance. The water, running along the margin of the grass, separates by a white line the colour of the meadows from that of the arable land, and the district bears thus a resemblance to a great unfolded mantle, having a collar of green velvet trimmed with silver lace.

On the far horizon, as you arrive, you have be-

fore you the oaks of the forest of Argueil, with the escarpments of the cliff of Saint-Jean, streaked from top to bottom by long, red, irregular tracks; they mark the courses made by rain-water, and those tones of brick-red, showing in bright slender threads upon the gray colour of the mountain, are due to the number of ferruginous springs contained in the surrounding region.

You are here on the confines of Normandy, of Picardy, and of the Isle of France, a nondescript country whose speech is without accentuation, as its landscape is without character. Here are made the worst Neufchâtel cheeses in the whole district, while agriculture, again, is costly, because a large quantity of manure is required to fatten its friable soil full of sand and pebbles.

Up to the year 1835 there was no passable road by which you could reach Yonville; but at about that date there was constructed a road of a very parochial description which unites the Abbeville road with that of Amiens, and serves too, sometimes, persons travelling by road from Rouen into Flanders. Nevertheless Yonville-l'Abbaye has remained at a stand-still, despite its new outlets. Instead of devoting themselves to an improvement of the conditions of agriculture, its inhabitants still obstinately cling to pasturing, however depreciated that method of farming may be, and the idle town, swerving from the plain, has naturally continued to develop towards the river. You perceive it from a distance, laid all its length along the bank like a cow-herd taking his siesta by the water-side.

At the bottom of the hill, past the bridge, begins a causeway planted with young aspens which takes you in a straight line to the first houses of the neighbourhood. They are inclosed by hedges, in the midst of yards full of scattered buildings, wine-presses, cart-sheds and outhouses, dotted here and there under bushy trees, with ladders, poles, or scythes hung up among their branches.

The thatched roofs, like caps of fur drawn down over the eyes, descend so far as to hide nearly a third of the low windows, the thick bulging panes of which are adorned with a knob in the middle, somewhat like the bottoms of bottles. Against the plaster wall traversed diagonally by black joists there grows occasionally some poor pear-tree, and the rooms on the ground floor have at their doors a little movable barrier to keep out the chickens, which come to pick up on the threshold crumbs of black bread soaked in cider. As you proceed, the yards become smaller, the houses nearer to each other, the hedges disappear; a bushy bundle of bracken swings under a window at the end of a broomstick; there is the forge of a blacksmith, and then a wheelwright's shed with two or three new carts outside, encroaching on the road. Next, through an opening in the wall, a white house comes into sight on the farther side of a round plot of turf decorated with a Cupid, his finger on his lips; two cast vases are at either end of the steps; scutcheons glitter on the door; it is the house of the notary, and the finest in the district.

The church is on the other side of the street, twenty paces farther on, at the entrance to the market-place. The little grave-yard that surrounds it, shut in by a wall just high enough to lean upon, is so crowded with graves that the old tombstones, on a level with the ground, make a continuous pavement, on which the grass, left to itself, has drawn regular green squares. The church was newly built in the last years of the reign of Charles X. The wooden vault of the roof begins to decay in its upper part, and occasionally shows dark holes through its blue colour-wash. Above the door, where the organ might be, is a rood-loft for men, with a winding staircase which resounds under their wooden clogs.

The daylight, passing through the simple windows,

throws its rays obliquely over the benches arranged at right angles to the wall, which may be decked here and there by some piece of straw matting nailed up, and having beneath it these words in big letters: "Mr. So-and-so's Pew." Farther on, at the spot where the building narrows, stands the confessional, close by the statue of the Virgin, clad in a robe of satin, crowned with a tulle veil bedecked with silver stars, and with cheeks painted red like an idol of the Sandwich Islands; finally, a copy of the *Holy Family, the gift of the Minister of the Interior*, dominating the high altar between four candelabra, closes in the perspective at the end. The choir stalls of pine wood have been left unpainted.

The market, that is to say a tiled roof upheld by a score of posts, occupies alone about half the Square of Yonville. The town-hall, constructed "after the designs of a Paris architect," is a kind of Greek temple, on the corner, next the chemist's house. It has, on the ground-floor, three Ionic columns, and on the first-floor a semicircular gallery, while the tympanum that terminates it is occupied by a Gallic cock, with one foot resting on the charter and holding in the other the scales of justice.

But that which attracts the eye the most, is, opposite the inn of the Golden Lion, the pharmacy of M. Homais. In the evening, most noticeably, when its lamp is lighted and the great red and green phials that adorn its front reflect far on the ground their two-coloured splendours: at this time, through them, as though plunged in Bengal fire, you may see the chemist's shadow, as he leans on his desk. His house, from top to bottom, is placarded with inscriptions written in English, in round-hand, in printed letters: "Eaux-de-Vichy, de Seltz et de Barèges, depuratory robs, Raspail's medicines, Arabian racahout, Darcet pastilles, Regnault's paste, bandages, baths, hygienic chocolates, etc." And

the sign-board, which extends across the whole breadth of the shop, proclaims in gilt letters: "*Homais, Chemist.*" Then, at the far end of the shop, behind the large scales fastened to the counter, the word *Laboratory* is displayed over a glass door which, half-way up, repeats yet again *Homais*, in gilt letters on a black ground.

After this there is nothing more to see in Yonville. The street (the only one), a gunshot in length and lined by a few shops, stops short at the bend of the road. If you leave it on the right and follow the base of Saint John's Hill you arrive speedily at the cemetery.

In the days of the cholera, in order to enlarge it, a large piece of the wall had been pulled down and three acres of the adjoining land purchased; but all this new portion is nearly uninhabited, the graves, as formerly, continuing to accumulate near the gate. The caretaker, who is at the same time grave-digger and beadle at the church (extracting thus a double profit from the corpses of the parish), has taken advantage of the vacant ground to plant potatoes in it. From year to year, however, his little field grows narrower, and, whenever there occurs an epidemic, he knows not whether to rejoice over the deaths or to lament the interments. "You make your living out of the dead, Lestiboudois!" at last, one day, M. le Curé said to him. This melancholy speech caused him to reflect; for some time it stopped him; but, to this day, he continues the cultivation of his tubers, and even maintains with assurance that they sprout of their own accord.

Since the events that we are about to relate, nothing in sooth has changed at Yonville. The tri-coloured flag of tin still gyrates on the top of the church-steeple; the shop of the dealer in fancy goods still waves in the wind its two calico streamers; the fœtuses of the chemist, like bundles of white touchwood, grow more and more rotten in their muddy alcohol; and over the great door of the

inn, the old golden lion, faded by the rains, displays still to the passers-by his poodle's curls.

On the evening when the Bovarys were to arrive at Yonville, the Widow Lefrançois, the mistress of this inn, was so busy, that she perspired great drops as she shifted her pans. The morrow was market-day in the town. Meat had to be carved in advance, chickens drawn, soup made and coffee. She had in addition the meal of her boarders to prepare, and that of the doctor, his wife and their maid. The billiard-room rang with bursts of laughter; three millers, in the small room, were calling for brandy; the wood blazed, the coal crackled, and on the long kitchen table among the quarters of raw mutton there were piled heaps of plates which clattered with the shaking of the block on which spinach was being chopped. In the yard there could be heard the screaming of fowls which the servant was chasing in order to cut their throats.

A man in green leather slippers, who was somewhat marked by small-pox and wore a velvet cap with a gold tassel, was warming his back at the fire; his face expressed nothing but satisfaction with himself, and the air with which he took life was as calm as that of the goldfinch suspended above his head in a wicker cage; it was the chemist.

"Artémise!" cried the landlady, "break up some fire-wood, fill the decanters, take in some brandy, and make haste! If at least I only knew what dessert to offer the company you are expecting! Good heavens! those men from the furniture remover's are beginning their noise again in the billiard-room! And their cart, which is left in the big doorway! The Swallow may stave it in as easily as not when it arrives. Call Polyte and tell him to back it out of the way. . . . Just to fancy that since this morning, M. Homais, they have played some fifteen games and drunk eight tankards of

cider! . . . But they are going to ruin my cloth," she continued, looking at them, in the distance, skimmer in hand.

" The harm would not be great," replied M. Homais; " you could buy another."

" Another billiard-table! " exclaimed the widow.

" Since that one is worn out, Mme. Lefrançois; I repeat it, you are doing yourself harm. You are doing yourself great harm. And then, players nowadays want narrow pockets and heavy cues. They no longer play the game as it used to be; everything is changed. One must advance with one's age. Now look, look at Tellier. . . ."

The landlady became red with vexation. The chemist added:

" His billiard-table, it is useless to deny it, is a more handsome one than yours; and if it should be proposed, for example, to organize a patriotic game of pool for the benefit of Poland, or the sufferers at Lyons . . ."

" It is not of knaves like him that we are afraid! " interrupted the landlady, shrugging her fat shoulders. " Fie! fie! M. Homais, so long as the Golden Lion exists, people will come here. We do not make our trusses without hay, here! While one of these fine mornings you will see the Café Français closed, and with a nice placard on the shutter! . . . Change my billiard-table," she went on, speaking to herself, " so convenient as it is for me to lay out my washing, and on which, in the shooting season, I have slept as many as six travellers! . . . But that dawdling Hivert not come yet! "

" Are you expecting him here in time for your gentlemen's dinner? " asked the chemist.

" Expecting him? And M. Binet! On the stroke of six you will see him come in, for there is not his like on the earth for punctuality. He must always have his place in the small dining-room! He would be killed

rather than be obliged to dine elsewhere; and fastidious as he is! and so particular about his cider! He is not like M. Léon; now he, he comes sometimes at seven, half past seven even; he does not so much as look at what he eats. What an excellent young man! Never one word louder than another."

"There is much difference, you see, between a man who has had an education and a retired carabineer turned tax-collector."

Six o'clock struck. Binet entered.

He was dressed in a blue frock-coat, falling straight of itself all round his lean body; and his leather cap, with flaps fastened by strings on the crown of his head, allowed to be seen, under the raised peak, a bald forehead which the habit of wearing a cap had flattened. He wore a waistcoat of black cloth, a cravat of horse-hair, gray trousers, and, in all seasons, well-blacked boots with two parallel enlargements caused by the prominence of his great toes. Not a hair came over the edge of his white collar, which, following the line of the jaw, encircled like the border of a flower-bed his long, spiritless face, of which the eyes were small and the nose arched. Skilful at all card games, a good sportsman, and the possessor of a beautiful handwriting, he had at his house a lathe, with which he amused himself in turning serviette rings, encumbering his house with them, with the jealousy of an artist and the egotism of a *bourgeois*.

He made for the small room; but the three millers had first to be turned out; and during the whole of the time occupied by the laying of his cover, Binet remained silent in his place near the stove; then he shut the door and took off his cap, as was his custom.

"It is not civility that will wear away his tongue," said the chemist, as soon as he was alone with the landlady.

"He never has anything more to say than that," replied she. "There came here last week two commercial travellers in the linen trade, young men full of wit who, in the evening, told a lot of funny stories, till I cried with laughing at them; well, he sat there, like a shad, without saying a single word."

"Yes," remarked the chemist, "no imagination, no flashes of wit, nothing of what goes to make up the society man!"

"They say, however, that he has parts," objected the landlady.

"Parts!" retorted M. Homais; "he! parts! In his own line, it is possible," he added, in a calmer tone.

And he resumed:

"Ah! that a business man with considerable connections, that a lawyer, a doctor, a chemist, should be so absorbed that he become whimsical, morose even, I understand; there are instances of it cited in the history books! But, at least, in their case it is because their mind is occupied with something. I myself, for example, how many times has it happened to me to look for my pen on my desk to write a label, and to discover, in a word, that I had put it behind my ear!"

In the meantime Mme. Lefrançois went to the door to see if The Swallow was not coming. She gave a start. A man dressed in black suddenly entered the kitchen. It could be seen, by the late twilight, that he possessed a rubicund countenance and an athletic figure.

"What can I do for you, M. le Curé?" asked the landlady, at the same time reaching down from the chimney-piece one of the copper candlesticks, which were there arranged in a row with their candles; "will you take anything? a drop of cassis, a glass of wine?"

The priest refused very civilly. He was come to call for his umbrella, which he had forgotten the other day at the convent of Ernemont, and, after having begged

Mme. Lefrançois to have it sent to him at the vicarage in the evening, he went out to go to the church where the Angelus was being rung. When the chemist could no longer hear the sound of his shoes in the square, he discovered his behaviour just before to have been exceedingly unbecoming. That refusal to accept any refreshment seemed to him one of the most odious hypocrisies; priests all tippled in secret, and sought to bring back the epoch of tithes. The landlady spoke in defence of her pastor.

"For that matter, he would bend four like you across his knee. Last year he helped our folk to get in the straw; he carried as many as six bundles at a time, he is so strong!"

"Bravo!" said the chemist. "I advise you to send your girls to confess to fellows of such a lively temperament as that!"

"Do, pray, be silent, M. Homais! You are a reprobate! you have no religion!"

The chemist answered:

"I have a religion, my own religion; and indeed I have more than all of them, with their mummeries and their juggleries. On the contrary, I worship God! I believe in the Supreme Being, in a Creator—what He may be is no affair of mine—who has placed us here below to fulfil our duties as citizens and as fathers of families; but I have no need to go kissing silver dishes in a church, and fattening out of my pocket a crowd of rogues who live better than we do. For one may adore Him just as well in a wood, in a field, or even, like the ancients, while gazing up into the ethereal canopy of heaven. My God is the God of Socrates, of Franklin, of Voltaire, and of Béranger. I am for the *Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar* and the immortal principles of '89. Also, I do not admit the hypothesis of a simple old fellow of a God who strolls in his garden with his

walking-stick in his hand, houses his friends in the belly of whales, dies uttering a cry and comes to life again at the end of three days: things absurd in themselves and completely opposed, moreover, to all physical laws; a fact which shows us, in passing, that the priests have always wallowed in a dense ignorance, in which they strive to engulf the peoples with themselves."

He paused, casting his eyes about him in search of an audience, for, in his enthusiasm, the chemist for a moment had fancied himself on his feet before the Municipal Council. But the landlady was no longer listening to him; she was straining her ear to catch a distant rumble. The noise of a conveyance mingled with a clattering of loose irons dragging on the ground was heard, and The Swallow at last drew up before the door.

It was a yellow box borne on two huge wheels, which reaching quite up to the tilt, prevented the travellers from seeing the road and splashed their shoulders. The little panes of its narrow windows shook in their frames when the conveyance was closed, and showed spots of mud, in places, upon the old coating of dust lying over them, which not even the rain-storms ever quite washed off. It was drawn by three horses, of which the leader wore an arched yoke, and when any one got out at the side its bottom touched the ground with a jolt.

A few citizens of Yonville collected in the square; they spoke all at once, asking for news, for explanations, and for game baskets. Hivert knew not whom to answer. He it was who did the commissions of the district in the town. He went round the shops, brought back bales of leather to the shoemaker, iron to the blacksmith's, a barrel of herrings for his mistress, hats from the milliner's, fringes from the hairdresser's; and on his way, as he returned, he distributed his parcels, which he threw over the fences of the yards, standing up on his seat and shouting with all the might of his lungs, while

his horses went on without any guidance. An accident had delayed him. Mme. Bovary's Italian greyhound had run away in the fields; they had whistled for a long quarter of an hour. Hivert had even gone back half a league, every moment thinking he could see it; but the journey had had to be continued without it. Emma had wept and flown into a passion; she had blamed Charles for this misfortune. M. Lheureux, a cloth merchant, who happened to be with her in the conveyance, had endeavoured to console her by citing a number of instances of lost dogs that had recognised their master after long years. It was told of one, said he, that it had found its way back from Constantinople to Paris. Another had travelled fifty leagues in a straight line and swum four rivers; and his own father had possessed a poodle which, after twelve years' absence, had suddenly sprung up to greet him, one evening in the street, as he was going out to dinner.

II

Emma alighted first, then Félicité, M. Lheureux, a nurse; and Charles had to be awakened in his corner, where he had gone off to sleep as soon as night had fallen.

Homais presented himself; he offered his respects to Madame, his compliments to Monsieur, said that he was charmed to have been able to be of any service to them, and added in a cordial manner that he had ventured to invite himself to receive them, his wife being away from home.

Mme. Bovary, having gone into the kitchen, went up to the fire-place. With the ends of her two fingers she took hold of her frock at the knee, and having thus raised it above her ankles, she held to the fire, over the shoulder of mutton turning on the spit, her foot shod in a black boot. The fire threw its light all over her, penetrating with its crude rays the texture of her frock, the regular pores of white skin and even the lids of her eyes, which she blinked from time to time. A great wave of red passed over her, as the wind blew on the fire through the half-open door. From the other side of the fire-place a young man with fair hair watched her silently.

As he found life very tedious at Yonville, where he was a clerk in the office of Master Guillaumin, M. Léon Dupuis (the second of the Golden Lion's frequenters was he) would often defer taking his meal till late, hoping that there might drop in at the inn some traveller with whom to chat during the evening. On the days

when his work was finished, in default of anything better to do, he was obliged to put in his appearance precisely at the hour, and from the soup even to the cheese submit to a *tête-à-tête* with Binet. It was, therefore, with pleasure that he accepted the landlady's proposal to dine in the company of the newcomers, and they passed into the large room, where Mme. Lefrançois, for the appearance of the thing, had ordered the four covers to be laid. Homais begged leave to keep on his skull-cap, for fear of a cold in the head. Then, turning to his neighbour:

"Madame is no doubt a little tired? one is jolted so frightfully in our Swallow."

"It is true," replied Emma; "but roughing it always amuses me; I like changes of place."

"It is so dull an affair," sighed the clerk, "to live tied down to the same spots."

"If you were like me," said Charles, "constantly obliged to be on horseback——"

"But," resumed Léon, addressing himself to Mme. Bovary, "nothing could be more pleasant, I should think;" "when one is able to secure them," he added.

"For the rest," said the apothecary, "the practice of medicine is not very laborious in our part of the country; the state of our roads permits the use of a cabriolet, and generally people pay fairly well, the farmers being well-to-do. From the medical point of view, we have, apart from the ordinary cases of enteritis, bronchitis, bilious affections, etc., from time to time, a few intermittent fevers in harvest-time; but, in short, few grave ailments, nothing specially to note, unless it be that there is much scrofula, for which the deplorable hygienic conditions of the dwellings of our peasants are no doubt accountable. Ah! you will find many prejudices to combat, M. Bovary; many obstinacies of custom with which all the efforts of your science will daily come into collision; for

the people still have recourse to *neuvaines*, to relics of saints, to the parish priest, rather than come naturally to consult the doctor or the apothecary. The climate, however, to tell the truth, is not bad, and we even count in the parish several nonagenarians. The thermometer (I have myself taken the observations) falls in winter to four degrees, and, in the hot season, rises to twenty-five or thirty Centigrade at most, which gives us twenty-four Réaumur as maximum, otherwise eighty-six Fahrenheit (the English measure), not lower!—and, in effect, we are protected from the north wind by the forest of Argueil on the one side, by St. John's Hill from the west winds on the other; and this warmth, moreover, which by reason of the water vapour that rises from the river and the presence in the meadows of a considerable number of cattle, which exhale, as you know, much ammonia—that is to say, azote, hydrogen, and oxygen (no, azote and hydrogen only)—which warmth, sucking into itself the moisture from the earth, mixing together all these different emanations, reuniting them in a single bundle, so to say, and combining itself, of its own accord, with the electricity distributed in the atmosphere, when there is any, might in the long run, as it does in tropical countries, engender insalubrious miasmas. This heat, I was saying, is tempered precisely in the quarter whence it comes, or rather whence it ought to come—that is to say, on the south side by the southeast winds, which having become cooled by passing over the Seine, suddenly visit us sometimes like breezes from Russia."

"Have you, at least, no walks in the neighbourhood?" continued Mme. Bovary, speaking to the young man.

"Oh, very few," replied he. "There is a place which they call the Pasturage, on the higher part of the hill in the outskirt of the forest. Sometimes, of a Sunday, I go there, and stop with a book to watch the sunset."

"I think nothing so beautiful as sunsets," she answered; "but at the sea-side, above all."

"Oh, I adore the sea," said M. Léon.

"And then, does it not seem to you," Mme. Bovary proceeded, "that the spirit roams more freely over that limitless expanse, the contemplation of which elevates the soul and gives you glimpses of the infinite, the ideal?"

"One has the same feeling before a mountain landscape," replied Léon. "I have a cousin who was travelling in Switzerland last year, and who told me that it is impossible to form any idea of the poetry of the lakes, the charm of the waterfalls, the gigantic effect of the glaciers. There are pines of incredible magnitude thrown across torrents, huts suspended above precipices, and, a thousand feet below you, you see whole valleys when the clouds break. Such spectacles must kindle to enthusiasm, dispose to prayer, to ecstasy! Indeed, I no longer wonder at that famous musician who, the more effectually to fire his imagination, was accustomed to play his piano in view of some piece of magnificent scenery."

"You are a musician?" asked she.

"No, but I am very fond of music," he answered.

"Ah! do not believe it, Mme. Bovary," interrupted Homais, leaning over his plate, "it is sheer modesty. How then, my dear sir! Why, the other day in your room, you were singing the *Guardian Angel* admirably. I could hear you from the laboratory; you were launching it forth like an actor."

Léon, in effect, lodged in the chemist's house, where he had a small chamber on the second-floor, overlooking the market-place. He blushed at this compliment from his landlord, who had already turned to the doctor and was enumerating to him, one after the other, the principal inhabitants of Yonville. He was relating anecdotes and communicating various pieces of information;

the solicitor's fortune was not exactly known, and there was the firm of Tuvache which presented a great puzzle.

Emma continued: "And what music do you prefer?"

"Oh, German music, the music that inspires one with dreams!"

"Do you know the Italian opera-house?"

"Not yet; but I shall visit it next year, when I go to live in Paris to finish my law."

"The fact is," said the chemist, "as I have just had the honour of putting it to Monsieur your husband, speaking of this poor Yanoda who has run away: thanks to his extravagances, you will find yourselves in the enjoyment of one of the most comfortable houses in Yonville. What makes it especially convenient for a doctor is a door which it has on the lane behind, allowing you to come and go out without being seen. Besides, it is provided with every household convenience—washhouse, kitchen with scullery, family parlour, a fruit-tree, etc. He was a merry fellow, who never considered expense! At the end of the garden, by the water-side, he had had specially constructed an arbour in which to sit and drink beer in summer, and if Madame is fond of gardening, she will be able——"

"My wife takes little interest in it," said Charles; "she prefers, although she has been advised exercise, to be always in her room reading."

"That is just how I am," put in Léon; "what can be more pleasant, in truth, than to pass the evening by the fireside with a book, while the wind beats on the window-panes, and the lamp burns brightly?"

"Yes, that is so, isn't it?" said she, fixing on him her great black eyes, wide open.

"One thinks of nothing," he continued. "The hours pass. Motionless, one journeys through lands that are visible in fancy, and your thoughts, attaching them-

selves to the fiction, dally with details, or pursue the outlines of adventures. They mingle with the personages; it seems to be yourself who move in their costumes."

"That is true; it is quite true," said she.

"Has it happened to you sometimes," resumed Léon, "to encounter in a book some vague idea you have had, some clouded image that returns from afar like a complete exposition of your most subtle emotion?"

"I have felt it," she replied.

"That is why," said he, "I am fond especially of the poets. I think verse is more tender than prose, and much better fitted to make you weep."

"But one grows weary of it in the long run," Emma answered; "and now, on the contrary, I love the stories that unfold themselves without a break, that make one afraid. I detest the ordinary heroes, and lukewarm sentiments, like those of real life."

"In effect," observed the clerk, "those works that do not touch the feelings, depart, it seems to me, from the true aim of Art. It is so sweet, amid the disenchantments of life, to be able to return in thought to noble characters, to pure affections, and to pictures of happiness. For my own part, living here, far from the world, it is my sole distraction; but Yonville has so few resources."

"Like Tostes, no doubt," said Emma; "but then I always subscribed to a reading-room."

"If Madame will do me the honour to make use of it," put in the chemist, who had just heard these last words, "I myself can place at her disposition a library composed of the best authors: Voltaire, Rousseau, Delille, Walter Scott, the *Echo des Feuilletons*, etc.; and I receive, moreover, various periodicals, among them the *Rouen Beacon*, daily, I having the advantage of being the

agent for the districts Buchy, Forges, Neufchâtel, Yonville, and the environs."

Dinner had been in progress two hours and a half; for the servant Artémise, carelessly dragging her old canvas shoes over the flag-stones, brought the plates singly one after the other, forgot everything, understood nothing that was said to her, and constantly left half open the door of the billiard-room, which kept knocking its knob against the wall.

Without noticing it himself, as he talked, Léon had placed his foot on one of the bars of the chair occupied by Mme. Bovary. She was wearing a little necktie of blue silk which held upright a collar of goffered batiste, like a ruff; and, according as she moved her head, the lower part of her face was buried in the linen or emerged from it. It was thus, as they sat near one another, while Charles and the chemist chatted, that they began one of those vague conversations in which the hazard of its drift brings you back always to the fixed centre of a common sympathy: Paris plays, titles of novels, new quadrilles, and the world which they did not know; Tostes, where she had lived, Yonville, where they were; they surveyed all, discussed everything until the end of dinner.

When coffee had been served, Félicité left to prepare the bed-chamber in the new house, and the diners soon rose from the table. Mme. Lefrançois was asleep near the fire, while the stableman, lantern in hand, awaited M. and Mme. Bovary in order to conduct them to their home. Pieces of straw were clinging to his red hair, and he hobbled with his left leg. When he had taken the umbrella of M. le Curé in his other hand, they started.

The town slept. The pillars of the market stretched out great shadows. The ground was quite gray, as on a summer's night.

But since the doctor's house stood at only fifty paces

from the inn, good-nights had to be exchanged almost immediately.

Emma, as soon as she entered the hall, felt the chill of the plaster fall on her shoulders like a damp cloth. The walls were new, and the wooden stairs creaked. In the bed-room, on the first-floor, a whitish light came through the curtainless windows. The tops of trees could be seen, and farther away, the meadow, half lost in the fog, which smoked in the moonlight, following the course of the river. In the middle of the room, pell-mell, there were chests of drawers, bottles, rods, gilt poles, with mattresses on chairs, and basins on the floor—the two men who had brought the furniture having left everything carelessly thrown down so.

It was the fourth time that she slept in a strange place. The first had been the day of her entering the convent, the second that of her arrival at Tostes, the third at La Vaubyessard, the fourth was this; and it had happened that each had signalled in her life, as it were, the inauguration of a new phase. She did not believe that things could remain as they were, unchanged by a change of place, and since the portion of her life which she had already lived had been evil, doubtless that which was still to come would be better.

III

On the morrow, when she awoke, she perceived the clerk in the market-place. She was in her dressing-gown. He raised his head and saluted her. She gave him a quick nod and closed the window again.

All the day Léon waited for six o'clock to arrive; but, upon entering the inn, he found nobody but M. Binet, who was already at table.

The dinner of the evening before was for him a considerable event; never, until then, had he talked for two consecutive hours with a *lady*. How was it, then, that he had been able to set forth to her, and with such a flow of language, numbers of things which formerly he would not have expressed so well? He was habitually timid, and accustomed to maintain that reserve which has at the same time a flavour of modesty and of dissimulation. At Yonville people considered that his manners were those of polite society. He would give a hearing to the arguments of his elders, and, in politics, appeared to hold no violent opinions, a remarkable thing in a young man. Then he possessed talents; he painted in water-colour; could read the key of "G," and, when he did not play at cards, would readily apply himself to literature. M. Homais respected him for his learning; Mme. Homais liked him for his kindness, seeing that he would often take into the garden the little Homais, young monkeys always dirty, very badly brought up, and rather lymphatic, like their mother. Besides the nurse, they had to look after them, Justin, the pupil in

pharmacy, a distant cousin of M. Homais, who had been received into the house, through charity, and who did duty at the same time as servant.

The apothecary proved himself the best of neighbours. He gave information to Mme. Bovary respecting the tradesmen, sent specially for his own cider merchant, himself tasted the beverage, and saw that the cask was placed properly in the cellar; he explained, furthermore, how a supply of butter could be secured at a cheap rate, and concluded an arrangement with Lestiboudois, the sexton, who, besides his sacerdotal and mortuary duties, looked after the principal gardens of Yonville by the hour, or year, according to people's taste.

The liking to poke into the business of others was not alone responsible for so much obsequious cordiality on the part of the chemist, and beneath it there lay a plan.

He had infringed the law of 19 Ventôse, year XI, article 1, which forbids any person, not the bearer of a diploma, to practice medicine; and, in consequence, upon denunciation, the nature of which had never been made clear, Homais had been summoned to Rouen before the *procureur du roi*, in his private room. The magistrate had received him standing, in his robes, with ermine over his shoulder and his flat cap on his head. It was in the morning, before the sitting. The strong boots of the gendarmes could be heard passing in the corridor and, like a distant noise, the sound of heavy locks closing. The chemist's ears sung till he thought he should fall with apoplexy; he had a vision of dungeons, saw his family in tears, the pharmacy sold, all the bottles scattered; and he felt obliged to go into a café and take a glass of rum-and-seltzer to raise his spirits.

Little by little the remembrance of this admonition grew faint, and he continued, as before, to grant harm-

less consultations in the room behind his shop. But he was not a favourite with the Mayor, certain of his colleagues were jealous, everything was to be feared; in attaching himself to M. Bovary by his civilities, he would be gaining his gratitude and insuring his silence later on in case he should notice anything. So, every morning, Homais used to take him the newspaper, and often, of an afternoon, left the pharmacy for a moment to go round to the house of the officer of health for a little conversation.

Charles was gloomy; clients were not putting in an appearance. He would remain sitting for long hours without speaking, retired to his consulting-room to sleep, or watched his wife at her sewing. To divert himself, he busied himself about the house like a labourer, and even attempted to paint the loft with the remainder of materials left by the painters. But he was preoccupied by money matters. He had spent so much on the repairs at Tostes, on Madame's dress, and on the removal, that the whole of the dowry, more than three thousand crowns, had disappeared in two years. And then, too, how many things had been damaged or lost in the transfer from Tostes to Yonville, without counting the plaster curé, who, in falling from the cart at a specially heavy jolt, had been broken into a thousand pieces on the pavement of Quincampoix!

A less sordid care came to distract him, namely, the condition of his wife. In proportion as the time for the child's birth approached he cherished her more. It was the establishment of another fleshly bond and, as it were, the developed sense of a more complex union. When he saw from a distance her indolent gait, and her figure without corsets swaying gently on her hips, and when, face to face with each other, he could gaze on her at his ease, and she used, as she sat, to assume attitudes of fatigue in her easy chair,

then his happiness would no longer be contained; he used to rise, kiss her, pass his hands over her face, call her "little mummie," wish to make her dance, and, half laughing, half weeping, utter all kinds of caressing pleasantries that came into his mind. The idea of his having begotten a child delighted him. Nothing now was lacking to him. He knew human existence throughout its whole length, and he sat down before it, elbows on the table, as it were, with serenity.

Emma at first felt a great surprise, then longed to be delivered, that she might know what manner of thing it was to be a mother. But, being unable to incur the expenses that she wished, to have a cradle shaped like a boat, with pink silk curtains, and embroidered caps, she gave up the idea of a fine layette in an excess of bitterness, and ordered it all at once from a dressmaker in the village without choosing or discussing anything. She thus did not busy herself with those preparations by which a mother's tenderness is whetted, and her affection from the beginning was perhaps to some extent lessened by the fact.

However, as Charles, at every meal, used to talk of the little one, she began soon to think of it in a more continuous way.

She hoped for a son; he should be strong and dark; she would call him George; and this notion of having a male child was, in her hope, a sort of revenge for all her past incapacities. A man at least is free; he may travel through the world of passions and foreign lands, overcome obstacles, grasp the most distant blisses. But a woman is continually hindered. Inert and flexible at the same time, she has against her both her physical feebleness and her legal dependence. Her will, like the veil of her hat, held by a string, flies about with every wind; there is always some desire that draws, some conventional propriety that restrains.

Her delivery took place on a Sunday, towards six o'clock, as the sun rose.

"It is a girl!" said Charles.

She turned her head and fainted away. Almost at once Mme. Homais hastened in to embrace her, as did the old dame Lefrançois, from the Golden Lion. The chemist, as a circumspect man, addressed to her only sundry provisional congratulations through the half-open door. He expressed a wish to see the infant, and thought it well formed.

During her convalescence she was much occupied in the search of a name for her daughter. First of all she passed in review all those that had Italian terminations—such as Clara, Louisa, Amanda, Atala; she liked Galsuinde pretty well, still more Yseult or Léocadie. Charles desired that the child should be called after its mother. Emma opposed this. They went through the calendar from one end to the other, and they consulted strangers.

"M. Léon," said the chemist, "with whom I was talking about it the other day, is astonished that you do not choose Madeleine, which is exceedingly fashionable just now."

But old Mme. Bovary took great objection to this name of the woman who was a sinner. M. Homais, for his part, had a predilection for all those that recalled a great man, a famous deed, or a generous idea, and it was in pursuance of this system that he had baptized his own four children. Thus Napoleon represented glory, and Franklin liberty; Irma was, perhaps, a concession to romanticism; but Athalie a homage to the most immortal master-piece of the French drama. For philosophical convictions did not interfere with his artistic admirations; the thinker in him did not stifle the man of sensibility; he knew how to establish differences, to allot its place to the imagination, and the same to bigotry. Of that tragedy, for example, he condemned the ideas, but

he admired the style; he imprecated the conception, but applauded all the details, and became exasperated against the personages while growing enthusiastic over their speeches. When he read the great passages, he was transported; but when he reflected that the priestly tribe was wont to extract from them testimony favourable to their own teachings, he was disconsolate, and in this confusion of sentiments by which he was embarrassed, he could have wished to be able at once to crown Racine with his own two hands and to argue with him for a good quarter of an hour.

At last Emma remembered that at the château of La Vaubyessard she had heard the Marquise call a young woman Bertha; that name was immediately decided upon, and, as *père* Rouault could not come, M. Homais was asked to stand godfather. For presents he gave all products of his establishment, to wit, six boxes of jujubes, a whole bottle of racahout, three boxes of marshmallow paste and, in addition, six sticks of sugar-candy, which he had found in a cupboard. On the evening of the ceremony, there was a grand dinner; the curé was present; the company warmed to excitement. M. Homais, at the liqueurs, struck up the *Dieu des Bonnes Gens*, M. Léon sang a barcarolle, and Mme. Bovary *mère*, who was godmother, a song of the Empire period; finally, M. Bovary *père* insisted that the infant should be brought down, and commenced to baptize him with a glass of champagne which he poured on his head from above. This ridicule of the earliest of the sacraments roused the indignation of the Abbé Bournisien. *Père* Bovary replied with a quotation from the *War of the Gods*; the curé wished to leave; the ladies supplicated. Homais interposed; and they succeeded in inducing the ecclesiastic to sit down again, after which he peacefully returned to the cup of coffee which he had left half drunk in his saucer.

M. Bovary *père* stayed a month longer in Yonville, whose inhabitants he dazzled with a superb foraging-cap with silver lace, which he wore in the morning when he was smoking his pipe in the market-place. Having also the habit of drinking a great deal of brandy, he used often to send the servant to the Golden Lion to buy him a bottle, which was put down to his son's account; and he used, for the perfuming of his silk handkerchiefs, the whole of his daughter-in-law's stock of *eau de Cologne*.

She did not find his company disagreeable. He had travelled about the world; he would talk of Berlin, of Vienna, of Strassburg, of the days when he was an officer, of the mistresses he had had, of the splendid luncheons at which he had been present; he was amiable, too, and sometimes even, on the stairs or in the garden, he would seize her by the waist, crying out:

"Charles, you must keep a lookout!"

Then *mère* Bovary became alarmed for her son's happiness, and fearing lest her husband, in the long run, should exercise an immoral influence on the young woman's ideas, she made haste to quicken their departure.

One day Emma was seized suddenly by a longing to see her little girl, who had been put out to nurse with the wife of a carpenter; and, without looking to see by the almanac whether the six weeks of the Virgin were expired, she set forth on her way to Rollet's dwelling, which lay at the farther end of the village, at the foot of the hill, between the high-road and the meadows.

It was noon; the houses had their shutters closed, and the slate roofs, which shone beneath the hard light of the blue sky, seemed to make sparks fly from the ridges of their gables. A strong wind was blowing. Emma felt a weakness come over her as she walked; the pebbles of the footpath hurt her feet; she hesitated

whether to return home or enter somewhere to sit down.

At that moment M. Léon came out from a neighbouring doorway with a bundle of papers under his arm. He came forward to greet her and stood in the shadow before Lheureux's shop, under the lowered gray awning.

Mme. Bovary said she was going to see her child, but that she was beginning to feel tired.

"If—" answered Léon, not daring to continue.

"Have you any engagement just now?" she asked. And, upon the clerk's reply in the negative, she invited him to accompany her. By the evening, the fact was known in Yonville, and Mme. Tuvache, the wife of the Mayor, declared before her servant that Mme. Bovary was compromising herself.

To reach the abode of the nurse, it was necessary, after passing through the street, to turn to the left, as if to go to the cemetery, and follow, between small houses and yards, a little footway bordered by privets. They were in flower and the veronicas also, the eglantines, the nettles and the slender briers which projected from the bushes. Through gaps in the hedges there might be noticed in the hovels, some pig on a dunghill, or cows carrying poles hung across their chests, rubbing their horns against the trunks of trees. Both walked softly, side by side, she leaning on him, and he restraining his steps which he governed by hers; before them, a swarm of flies hovered, buzzing in the warm air.

They recognised the house by an old walnut-tree that shaded it. Low and roofed with brown tiles, it had outside a string of onions hung below the window of its attic. Bundles of fagots, standing up against the thorn fence, surrounded a square patch of lettuces, a few feet of lavender and some sweet peas trained over sticks. Dirty water was trickling about, distributing itself among the grass, and all around there were various non-

descript rags, knitted stockings, a red calico night-dress, and a great sheet of heavy linen spread full length on the hedge. At the sound of the gate, the nurse appeared, carrying on her arm a child which she was suckling. With her other hand she was dragging along a poor thin little child, with its face disfigured by scrofula, the son of a hatter of Rouen, left in the country by parents too absorbed in their business.

"Come in," said she; "your little one is indoors asleep."

The room, on the ground-floor, the only one in the dwelling, had at its far end against the wall a large bed without curtains, while the kneading-trough occupied the side next the window, which had one pane mended with a patch of blue paper. In the corner behind the door, boots with shining nails were ranged under the slab of the sink, near a bottle full of oil with a feather sticking out from its neck; a *Mathieu Laensberg* lay on the dusty chimney-piece, among gun-flints, candle ends, and pieces of touchwood.

Finally, the last superfluity of the apartment was a figure of Renown blowing trumpets, cut out, doubtless, from some advertisement of perfumery and nailed to the wall by six shoemaker's nails.

Emma's child lay asleep on the floor in a wicker cradle. She took it up in the rug which was wrapped round it and began to sing softly, moving her body to and fro.

Léon walked about the room; it seemed strange to him to see this fine lady in her nankeen gown in the midst of all this wretchedness. Mme. Bovary blushed red. He turned away, thinking that his eyes perhaps had spoken some impertinence. Then she put the little one to bed again, after it had just been sick over the collar of her dress. The nurse came at once to wipe it, vowing that it would not show.

"She gives me a great deal of trouble," said she,

"and yet I am continually washing her. Perhaps you would have the kindness to give an order to Canus the grocer, that I am to be allowed to have a little soap when necessary? It would be more convenient also for yourself, since I should then not have to trouble you."

"Very well, very well," said Emma. "*Au revoir, mère* Rollet."

And she went out, wiping her feet at the threshold.

The good woman accompanied her as far as the end of the yard, speaking all the time of the hardship she endured through having to get up in the night.

"I am so worn out by it at times that I fall asleep in my chair; you ought therefore, at least, to give me just a pound or so of ground coffee, which would last me a month, and which I should take in the morning with milk."

After having submitted to her thanks, Mme. Bovary left her, and she had gone some little way along the path, when, at a sound of clogs, she turned her head. It was the nurse.

"What is the matter?"

Then the peasant, drawing her aside, behind an elm, commenced to speak of her husband, who with his trade and six francs a year that the captain——"

"Finish more quickly," said Emma.

"Well," replied the nurse, heaving a sigh after every word, "I fear he may feel troubled when he sees me drinking coffee by myself. Men, you know——"

"Since you want some," repeated Emma, "I will give it to you. You are wearying me!"

"Alas! my dear lady, the fact is that, as a result of his wounds, he has terrible cramps in the chest. He says even that cider enfeebles him."

"But make haste, *mère* Rollet!"

"Well, then," said the latter, dropping a courtesy, "if it would not be asking too much from you"—she sa-

luted yet again—"if you will"—and her look supplicated—"a bottle of brandy," she murmured at last, "and I will rub your little one's feet with it; she has feet as tender as your tongue."

Rid at last of the nurse, Emma again took M. Léon's arm. She walked quietly for some time; then she slackened her pace, and as she glanced forward her eyes fell upon the young man's shoulder, who wore a frock-coat with a collar of black velvet. His auburn hair fell over it, flat and well combed. She noticed his nails, which were longer than was usual among the inhabitants of Yonville. The care of them was one of the clerk's principal occupations; and he kept for this purpose a special penknife in his desk.

They returned to Yonville, following the water-side. In the dry season the steep bank, heightened by the fall of the water, disclosed to their foundations the walls of the gardens, which had flights of a few steps down to the river. It flowed noiseless, rapid, and cold to the eyes; tall slender plants hung over its brim, dipping more or less as the current swayed them, and weeds like so much wandering green hair lay spread out beneath its limpid surface. Sometimes, on the point of a reed or on the leaf of a water-lily, an insect would crawl or poise itself on its delicate feet. The sun shot its rays through the little blue globules of the wavelets that followed each other as they broke; the old pollard willows contemplated the shadows of their gray-barked trunks in the water; beyond, all around, the meadow seemed deserted. It was the farmers' dinner hour, and the young woman and her companion could hear, as they walked, nothing but the beat of their footfalls on the earthy path, their own voices, and the frou-frou of Emma's dress as it rustled about her.

The garden-walls, studded on their copings with fragments of bottles, were as warm as the glass of a hot-

house. Wall-flowers had grown in between the bricks; and, with the edge of her opened sunshade, Mme. Bovary, as she passed, caused some of their faded blossoms to fall in a yellow dust, or perhaps some branch of honeysuckle or clematis that hung over would trail on the silk, clinging to the fringes.

They talked of a company of Spanish dancers that was expected shortly at the theatre at Rouen.

"Shall you go?" she asked.

"If I can," replied he.

Could they have nothing else to say to each other? Their eyes, however, were full of a more serious conversation; and, while they strove to find banal phrases, they felt one same languor gradually invading them both; it was like a whisper of the soul, deep, uninterrupted, which dominated their spoken words. Seized by wonder at this new charm, they did not stay to describe to each other the sensation nor to analyze its cause. Future blisses, like tropical sea-shores, project their native enchantments like a perfumed breeze over the immensity that precedes them, and one grows drowsy in their intoxication without even an uneasiness about the horizon out of sight.

The ground at one spot chanced to be trodden soft by the feet of the cattle; they had to walk over big green stones placed at intervals in the mud. Often she would pause a moment to look where to tread, and, tottering on the shaky stone, with elbows in the air, body inclined, and uncertain eye, she laughed with the fear of falling into the pools of water.

When they reached her little garden, Mme. Bovary pushed open the little gate, ran up the steps, and disappeared.

Léon went back to his office. The principal was absent; he cast a glance over the bundles of papers, then cut himself a pen, finally took his hat and went out.

He walked to the Pasturage, at the top of the hill of Argueil, near the beginning of the forest; he lay down on the ground under the pines and looked up at the sky through his fingers.

"How weary I am of it all!" said he to himself, "how weary I am of it all!"

He considered himself to be pitied for living in this village, with Homais for friend and M. Guillaumin for a master. The latter, ever absorbed by business, wearing spectacles with gold sides and red whiskers over his necktie, understood nothing of any spiritual refinement, although he was wont to affect a stiff and English manner, which had dazzled the clerk in the beginning. As for the spouse of the chemist, she was the best wife in Normandy, gentle as a sheep, loving dearly her children, her father, her mother, her cousins; capable of tears over the misfortunes of others, letting everything go its own way in her household, and a hater of corsets; but so slow in her movements, so tiresome to listen to, so vulgar in her appearance, and so limited in her conversation, that, although her age was thirty and his twenty, although they slept next door to one another and spoke to each other every day, it had yet never occurred to him to think of her in the light of a woman, nor to credit her with the possession of anything save the dress of her sex.

And, after these, who was there? Binet, a few shopkeepers, two or three publicans, the parish priest, and finally M. Tuvache, the Mayor, with his two sons, substantial people, surly and dull, farming their own lands, restricting their junketings within the circle of their own family; pious, moreover, and, as companions, totally insupportable.

But, from the common ground of all these human faces, the face of Emma stood out isolated and more distant still; for between her and himself he felt, as 'twere, vague abysses.

In the beginning he had paid her a visit several times in the company of the chemist. Charles had not seemed particularly anxious to see him; and, between the fear of being indiscreet and the desire of an intimacy which he deemed almost impossible, Léon hardly knew what to do.

IV

At the first approach of the cold weather, Emma gave up her own bed-room to live in the dining-room, a long apartment with a low ceiling, in which, on the chimney-piece, there was a piece of branched coral stretching up against the mirror. Seated in her easy chair, near the window, she used to watch the village people on the pavement.

Léon, twice a day, used to go from his office to the Golden Lion. Emma could hear him coming in the distance; she would lean forward listening, and the young man glided past the curtain, always dressed in the same manner, and without turning his head. But at dusk, when, chin on her left hand, she had let her unfinished needlework fall on her knees, often she gave a start at the appearance of this shadow suddenly gliding. She would get up and order the dinner-table to be laid.

M. Homais used to arrive during dinner. Skull-cap in hand, he would enter very quietly on tip-toe, so as to disturb no one, and always with the same phrase on his lips, "Good-evening, the company!" Then when he had settled himself in his place, close by the table, between the husband and wife, he used to ask the doctor the news of his patients, and the doctor would consult him on the probability of his getting his fees. Next they discussed the contents of the newspaper. Homais, by that hour of the day, knew it almost by heart; and he would quote the whole of it, along with the reflections made by the journalist and all the accounts of the in-

dividual catastrophes that had happened in France or abroad. But, as the subject became exhausted, it was not long before he would throw out a few observations upon the dishes which he saw before him. Sometimes, even, half-rising, he would delicately point out to Madame the most tender bit, or, turning to the servant, offer some piece of advice upon the manipulation of stews and the hygiene of seasonings; he discussed flavourings, osmazome, essences, and gelatine in a manner calculated to dazzle. With a head, besides, fuller of recipes than his pharmacy of bottles, Homais excelled in the making of numbers of preserves, vinegars, and sweet liqueurs, and he was acquainted also with the new inventions of economical cooking apparatus as well as with the art of preserving cheeses and of improving poor wines.

At eight o'clock Justin used to come to fetch him to close the pharmacy. M. Homais, having noticed that his pupil seemed to be growing fond of the doctor's house, looked at him on these occasions with a bantering eye, especially if Félicité chanced to be present.

"That young fellow of mine," he used to say, "is beginning to get ideas into his head, and devil take me if I don't believe he has fallen in love with your maid!"

But a graver fault with which he had occasion to be reproached was that of continually listening to the conversation. On Sundays, for instance, he could not be got out of the drawing-room, whither Mme. Homais had summoned him to take away the children who had gone to sleep in the arm-chairs, dragging down with their backs the roomy calico covers.

Not many people came to these evening parties at the chemist's, his backbiting and his political opinions having cut off from him in succession various respectable persons. The clerk did not fail to put in an appearance. As soon as he heard the bell, he would run to greet Mme.

Bovary, take her shawl, and place aside, under the desk in the pharmacy, the heavy canvas overshoes which she wore when there was snow on the ground.

To begin with, a few games of *trente-et-un* were played; then M. Homais used to play *écarté* with Emma; Léon, behind her, would give his advice. Standing up, with his hands on the back of her chair, he used to watch the teeth of her comb biting into her chignon. At every movement which she made to throw down her cards her dress would rise on the right side. Her turned-up hair cast a dark reflection on her back, which, gradually growing paler, little by little was lost in the shadow. Her dress, below that point, puffed out and full of pleats, fell at both sides on her seat and reached to the floor. When Léon felt the sole of his boot sometimes rest on it he moved aside as though he had trodden on a living person.

When the card game was finished, the apothecary and the doctor used to play at dominoes, and Emma, changing her seat, would lean on the table and turn over the pages of *L'Illustration*. She had brought her fashion journal. Léon placed himself near her; they looked at the engravings together, and waited for each other at the bottom of the pages. Often she asked him to read poetry to her. Léon would declaim the lines in a drawling voice, which he carefully caused to die away at the love passages. But the noise of the dominoes annoyed him; M. Homais was a good player; he used to beat Charles by a full double-six. Then, the three hundreds being finished, both would stretch themselves out before the hearth, and were not long in going to sleep. The fire was dying out in the grate; the tea-pot was empty; Léon still read on. Emma listened to him, mechanically twirling the shade of the lamp, on the gauze of which were painted clowns in carriages and rope-dancers with their poles. Léon stopped, pointing with

a gesture to his sleeping auditory; then they would talk in a low voice, and the conversation which they had seemed to them more pleasant because it was unheard.

Thus there was established between them a kind of association, a continual exchange of books and of songs. M. Bovary, little inclined to jealousy, saw nothing surprising in it.

He received on his fête-day a fine phrenological head, marked all over with figures down to the chest, and painted blue. It was an attention from the clerk. He showed many others, to the point of executing the doctor's commissions at Rouen; and the book of some novelist having made fashionable the mania for fleshy plants, Léon bought some for Madame, pricking his fingers on their sharp thorns, as he brought them home on his knees in The Swallow.

She caused to be fixed outside her window a little board with a rail to hold her flower-vases. The clerk also had his miniature hanging-garden. They used to perceive each other attending to their flowers at their windows. There was one among the windows of the village that was still more often occupied; for, on Sunday, from morning till night, and every afternoon, if the weather was clear, there might be seen through the skylight of an attic the lean profile of M. Binet, bent over his lathe, the monotonous humming of which could be heard as far as the Golden Lion.

One evening, when he came in, Léon found in his room a table-cover made of velvet and wool with leaves worked on a pale ground. He called Mme. Homais, M. Homais, Justin, the children, the cook; he spoke of it to his principal; everybody wished to make acquaintance with this table-cover; why did the doctor's wife show such generosity to the clerk? It seemed strange, and it was thought definitively that she must be his *bonne amie*.

He gave excuse for the belief, so constantly would he

be talking about her charms and her wit, till Binet on one occasion answered him very rudely:

" What does it matter to me since I have not her acquaintance! "

He tortured himself to discover in what manner he should " make his declaration "; and, ever hesitating between the fear of displeasing her and the shame of being so pusillanimous, he wept with discouragement and with desire. Then he used to take energetic decisions; he would write letters, which he tore up, adjourn the matter to dates which he postponed. Often he would start out with the intention of daring everything; but this determination quickly abandoned him in Emma's presence, and when Charles, coming unexpectedly on the scene, used to invite him to get into his phaeton and go with him to visit some patient in the neighbourhood, he would immediately accept, bow to Madame, and take his departure. Her husband, was he not, as it were, a part of herself?

As for Emma, she did not question herself to find out whether she was in love with him. " Love," thought she, " must come suddenly, with great crashes and lightnings, a hurricane from the skies, which falls on life, throws it into commotion, plucks up wills like leaves, and sweeps away the whole heart to the abyss." She knew not that on the terraces of houses the rain forms pools when the gutters are stopped up, and she had remained thus, confident in her security but for a sudden perception that came to her of a crevice in the wall.

V

It was a February Sunday, on an afternoon when it snowed.

They were all—M. and Mme. Bovary, Homais and M. Léon—gone to see a flax-mill which was being constructed in the valley, half a league from Yonville. The apothecary had taken with him Napoleon and Athalie, for the sake of the exercise, and Justin accompanied them, carrying umbrellas on his shoulder.

Nothing, however, could be less curious than this curiosity. A great expanse of empty ground, in which there lay pell-mell, between heaps of sand and stones, a few gear-wheels, already rusty, surrounded a long quadrangular building which was pierced by a large number of small windows. The structure was not yet completed, and the sky could be seen between the joists of the roof. Attached to the beam of the gable a bunch of straw, mixed with ears of corn, flapped its tricoloured ribbons in the breeze.

Homais spoke; he explained to "the company" the future importance of this establishment, calculated the strength of the floors, the thickness of the walls, and much regretted that he had no long metre-measure, like the one M. Binet possessed, for his own particular use.

Emma, who had taken his arm, was leaning a little on his shoulder, and watching the disk of the sun as it radiated afar in the mist its dazzling paleness; but she looked round. Charles was there; he had his cap pulled down over his eye-brows, and his two thick lips were

tremulous, which gave a stupid expression to his countenance; his back even, his peaceful back, was irritating to behold, and she seemed to see spread out there on the frock-coat all the platitude of the wearer.

While she was thus gazing at him, tasting in her irritation a sort of depraved pleasure, Léon took a step forward. The cold, which made him pale, seemed to endow his face with a more agreeable languor; between his necktie and his neck, his shirt collar, which was rather loose, left the skin bare; the tip of one ear was partly concealed beneath a lock of hair, and his large blue eyes, raised towards the clouds, to Emma seemed more limpid and more beautiful than those mountain lakes that mirror heaven.

"Wretched boy!" suddenly exclaimed the apothecary, and he ran to his son, who had just jumped into a heap of lime in order to paint his shoes white. At the reproaches which were heaped on him, Napoleon commenced to utter howls, while Justin wiped his shoes with a wisp of straw. But it required a knife; Charles offered his.

"Ah," said she to herself, "he carries a knife in his pocket like a peasant!" The hoar-frost was falling, and they returned to Yonville.

Mme. Bovary, in the evening, did not visit her neighbours, and when Charles had gone out, and she felt herself alone, the comparison recommenced with the clearness of an almost immediate sensation, and with that lengthening of perspective which memory gives to things. Gazing from her bed into the clear burning fire, she could still see, as she had seen down there, Léon, standing up, with one hand bending his cane, and with the other holding Athalie, who was calmly sucking a piece of ice. She thought him charming; she could not disengage her mind from him; she recalled other attitudes of his, on other days, phrases that he had let fall,

the sound of his voice, his whole person; and she repeated, pouting her lips as if for a kiss:

"Yes, charming! yes, charming! . . . is he not in love?" she asked herself. "Whom, then? . . . but it must be myself!"

All the proofs at once were evident; her heart leapt. The flame on the hearth caused a cheerful light to flicker over the ceiling; she turned over on her back, stretching out her arms.

Then began the eternal complaint:

"Oh! if Heaven had only willed it! Why did it not happen? What, then, was there to hinder? . . ."

When Charles came home, at midnight, she made a feint of waking, and, as he made a noise in undressing, she complained of a headache; then asked carelessly what had happened during the evening.

"M. Léon," said he, "went to his room early."

She could not restrain a smile, and she fell asleep with her soul filled by a new enchantment.

On the morrow, at dusk, she received a visit from M. Lheureux, the dealer in fancy goods. He was a clever man, this shopkeeper. Born a Gascon but become Norman, he lined his southern loquacity with the cunning of a native of Caux. His fat face, flaccid and beardless, seemed as though it had been dyed by a decoction of pale liquorice, and his white hair rendered still more sharp the disagreeable glitter of his little black eyes. It was not known what he had been formerly; a peddler, said some; a banker at Routot, according to others. What is certain is, that he would make, in his head, calculations complicated enough to terrify Binet himself. Polite to obsequiousness, he carried himself always with his back inclined in the posture of one who bows or is offering an invitation.

After having left at the door his hat, which was adorned by a band of crape, he placed a green paste-

board case on the table, and began by lamenting to Madame, with many compliments, that up to that day he had been denied her confidence. A poor shop like his was not calculated to attract a *lady of fashion*; he dwelt upon the phrase. She had, however, only to command and he would undertake to provide her with what she desired, whether in silks or linen, hosiery or fancy goods; for he visited the town four times a month regularly. He was in relations with the best houses. Inquiry might be made about him at the *Trois frères*, at *La Barbe d'or* or at the *Grand Sauvage*; all those gentlemen knew him as well as their own pocket! To-day, then, since he was passing, he had called to offer for Madame's inspection different articles which he chanced to have, thanks to a most exceptional bargain. And he took out from the box half a dozen embroidered collars. Mme. Bovary examined them.

"I do not require anything," she said.

M. Lheureux next daintily exhibited three Algerian scarfs, several packets of English needles, a pair of straw slippers, and, finally, four egg-cups made out of cocoanuts, done in fretwork by convicts. Then, with both hands on the table, his neck stretched out and his body leaning forward, he followed with open mouth Emma's glance as it wandered undecided over these wares. From time to time, as if to remove the dust from it, he would give a flick with his finger-nail to the silk of the scarfs, which were unfolded to their full length; and they rustled softly, making the golden spangles of their tissue glitter like little stars in the greenish light of the gloaming.

"How much do they cost?"

"The merest trifle," he replied, "the merest trifle; but there is no hurry; whenever you please; we are not Jews!"

She reflected for a few moments, and again ended

by declining M. Lheureux's offers with thanks. He answered without appearing in any way disturbed:

"Very well, we shall come to terms later on; with ladies I have always been able to make some arrangement, unless it be in the case of my own wife, however!"

Emma smiled.

"I wished you to understand," he continued with a good-natured air after his pleasantry, "that it is not the money that troubles me. . . . I would give you some, if necessary."

She made a gesture of surprise.

"Ah!" said he quickly and in a low voice, "I should not need to go far to find some for you, depend upon it."

And he began to ask for news of *père* Tellier, the proprietor of the *Café Français*, whom M. Bovary had then under his care.

"What is the matter with *père* Tellier? . . . He coughs so, that he shakes the whole house, and I am sorely afraid that soon he may need an overcoat of pitch-pine, rather than a flannel night-shirt. His life was too fast when he was young. That set of his, Madame, had not the least sense of order. He has burnt himself up with brandy! But it is sad, all the same, to see an acquaintance disappear."

And, while he was packing his box again, he held forth in this manner about the doctor's clients:

"It is the weather, doubtless," said he, looking at the window-panes with a sour expression, "that is the cause of all this illness! Myself also, I do not feel in my usual health; I, also, shall have to come, one of these days, to consult Monsieur about a pain I have in the back. But now, *au revoir*, Mme. Bovary; at your service; your very humble servant!"

And he closed the door softly behind him.

Emma had her dinner served in her room, by the fire-

side, on a tray; she was a long time over her meal; everything seemed to her very good.

"How prudent I have been!" she said to herself, thinking of the scarfs.

She heard steps on the stairs; it was Léon. She rose and took up the first heap of dusters to be hemmed that lay on the chest of drawers. She had the appearance of being very busy when he came in.

The conversation dragged, Mme. Bovary letting it drop every moment, while he himself remained apparently embarrassed. Seated on a low chair near the chimney-piece, he twirled the ivory needle-case between his fingers: she plied her needle, or from time to time gathered up the folds of the linen with her nail. She did not speak; he was silent, captivated by her silence, as he would have been by her speech.

"Poor fellow!" thought she.

"In what do I displease her?" he asked himself.

Léon, however, ended by saying that he had to go to Rouen one of these days, upon a piece of office business.

"Your music subscription has run out; shall I renew it?"

"No," she replied.

"Why?"

"Because——"

And pressing her lips tightly together, she slowly drew out a long needleful of gray cotton.

This needlework irritated Léon. It seemed to take the skin off the ends of Emma's fingers. A gallant speech came to his mind, but he did not risk it.

"You are giving it up, then?" he continued.

"What?" said she quickly, "music! Ah! *mon Dieu,* yes! have I not my house to look after, my husband to take care of, a thousand things, in short; many duties which come first!"

She looked at the clock. Charles was late. She pretended anxiety about him. Two or three times even, she repeated:

"He is so good!"

The clerk liked M. Bovary. But this tenderness displayed for him affected himself as a disagreeable surprise; nevertheless he continued his eulogy, which he heard spoken by everybody, said he, and especially by the chemist.

"Ah! he is an excellent man," remarked Emma.

"Indeed he is," answered the clerk. And he began to talk of Mme. Homais, whose very negligent way of dressing ordinarily furnished them with matter for laughter.

"What importance has that?" interrupted Emma. "A good mother does not trouble about her dress."

Then she relapsed again into silence.

The same thing occurred on the succeeding days; her conversation, her manner, everything changed. It was observed that she took a new interest in her household, went to church regularly, and looked after her servant with greater severity. She took Bertha home from the nurse's. Félicité used to bring her down, when there were visitors, and Mme. Bovary would undress her in order to display her limbs. She declared that she adored children; here was her consolation, her joy, her passion, and she accompanied her caresses with lyrical expansions, which, to any other than Yonville people, would have recalled Sachette in *Nôtre-Dame de Paris*. When Charles came home he would find his slippers set to warm on the hearth. His waistcoats now no longer went without lining, nor his shirts without buttons, and it was even a pleasure to behold all the cotton nightcaps ranged in equal piles in the cupboard. She no longer looked sulky, as formerly, at being called to take a walk in the garden; whatever he proposed was always

agreed to, even though she might not understand the caprices to which she submitted nevertheless without a murmur; and when Léon saw him by the fire, after dinner, with his hands on his stomach, his feet on the fender, his cheeks reddened by digestion, his eyes moist with happiness, with the child crawling over the carpet, and this woman with the slender figure who would come to kiss his forehead from behind his easy chair:

"What madness!" said he to himself, "and how should one ever reach her?"

She appeared to him, thus, so virtuous and inaccessible, that all, even the most vague, hope left him.

But through this renunciation he came to regard her in an unusual light. The idea of her became disassociated for him from carnal qualities from which there was nothing for him to obtain; and in his heart, her image, detaching itself from those, rose ever in the magnificent fashion of an apotheosis on the wing. It was one of those pure sentiments which do not interfere with the practical activities of life, which a man cultivates because they are rare, and by the loss of which he would be more afflicted than he is rejoiced by the possession.

Emma grew thin, her cheeks became pale, her face seemed to increase in length. With her black tresses, her large eyes, her straight nose, her bird-like movements, and now constantly silent also, did she not seem to pass through existence scarcely touching it, and to bear on her forehead the vague impress of some sublime predestination? She was so sad and so calm, at once so gentle and so reserved, that, near her, you felt the attraction of a glacial charm, just as in a church one may shiver amid the perfume of flowers mingled with the chill of marbles. Even the others were not unconscious of this seductive influence. The chemist remarked:

"She is a woman of great qualities, who would not be out of place in a sub-prefecture."

The wives of the burgesses admired her economy, the clients her good breeding, the poor her charity.

But she was full of covetousness, of rage, of hate. That dress with its straight folds concealed a tempestuous heart; and those so chaste lips told not its torment. She was in love with Léon, and she sought solitude in order the more easily to give herself over to the delight of the thought of him. The sight of his person disturbed the pleasure of this meditation. Emma trembled at the sound of his step; then, in his presence, the emotion faded, and there remained to her afterward only an immense wonder which would end in sadness.

Léon knew not, as he left her house in despair, that she used to get up after he had gone in order to see him in the street. She was anxious about his movements; her eyes were spies on his face; she invented a whole story to find a pretext to visit his room. The chemist's wife seemed to her very happy to be able to sleep under the same roof; and her thoughts continually settled on that house, like the pigeons from the Golden Lion which came to dip there, in the water-spouts, their pink feet and white wings. But the more Emma recognised her love, the more she crushed it down that it might not be seen, and to lessen it. She would have desired that Léon should suspect it; and she used to imagine accidents, catastrophes, that might open his eyes. What restrained her was, no doubt, indolence or fear, and modesty also. She fancied that she had repelled him too far; that it was too late; that everything was lost. And then the pride, the joy of saying to herself, "I am virtuous," and of looking at herself in the glass in poses of resignation, consoled her a little for the sacrifice which she believed herself to be making.

Then, too, the appetites of her flesh, the eager desire for money, and the melancholies of passion, everything was confused in one same suffering; and, instead of turn-

ing her thoughts away from it, she fixed them on it more firmly, deliberately driving herself into wretchedness, and seeking everywhere occasions for it. She was irritated by a dish ill-dressed, or by a door left open; sighed for the velvet which she had not, for the happiness which was not hers; over her too exalted dreams, her too small house. What exasperated her was that Charles did not seem to have the least suspicion of her anguish. The conviction which he preserved that he made her happy seemed to her a stupid insult, and his assurance on the point ingratitude. On whose account was she so prudent? was he not, he, the obstacle to her every felicity, the cause of all her misery, and, as it were, the pointed tongue in the buckle of this complex strap which bound her close on all sides?

She visited, therefore, upon him alone the many hatreds which were the result of her spleen, and every effort to diminish served only to augment it; for these useless pains were added to her other motives of despair, and contributed still more to widen the gulf between them. Her own gentleness in itself provided her with occasions for rebellion. The mediocrity of her home impelled her to dreams of luxury, matrimonial tenderness, to adulterous desires. She would have wished Charles to beat her, so that she might the more justly detest and take vengeance upon him. She was astonished sometimes at the atrocious fancies which came into her mind; and she had to continue to smile, to hear herself repeat that she was happy, to pretend to be so, to allow it to be believed!

This hypocrisy, however, at times disgusted her. The temptation would seize her to fly with Léon somewhere, very far off, to essay a new destiny; but immediately there would open in her soul a vague gulf, full of obscurity.

"Besides, he loves me no longer," thought she;

" what is there to be done? what help to expect, what consolation, what relief? "

She used to remain crushed, breathless, inert, sobbing in a low voice, and with streaming tears.

" Why not tell Monsieur? " the servant asked when she entered during these crises.

" It is nerves," replied Emma; " don't speak to him of it, he would only be worried."

" Ah, yes," Félicité would reply, " you are just like the Guérin girl, daughter of *père* Guérin, the fisherman at Pollet, whom I used to know at Dieppe, before I came to you. She was so gloomy, so gloomy, that to see her standing on the threshold of her house produced the effect of a funeral curtain hung before the door. Her trouble, it seems, was a sort of cloud that she had in her head, and the doctors could do nothing for it, nor the parish priest either. When it seized her too violently, she used to go wandering all alone along the sea-shore, so that the lieutenant of the customs, as he made his round, used often to find her lying at full length on her stomach and weeping on the shingle. Then, after her marriage, she got better, they said."

" But to me," Emma used to answer, " it is after marriage that that has happened."

VI

One evening when, seated at the open window, she had just been watching Lestiboudois, the beadle, cutting the box-trees, she suddenly heard a bell ringing the Angelus.

It was the beginning of April, when the primroses are in bloom; a warm wind breathes over the dug flower-beds, and the gardens, like women, seem to be making their toilette for the festivities of summer. Through the laths of the arbour, and beyond, all around, could be seen the river in the meadow-land, over which it made a pattern of aimless meanderings on the grass. The evening mist drifted between the leafless poplars, stamping their outlines with a violet tint, paler and more transparent than a fine gauze laid over their branches. In the distance, cattle were moving about; neither the sound of their feet nor their lowing could be heard; and the bell, still ringing, continued in the atmosphere its peaceful lament.

At its continued tolling, the young woman's thought wandered off to old memories of her youth, and her school-days. She remembered the great candelabra which stood on the altar, higher than the vases full of flowers and the tabernacle with its little columns. She would have wished, as formerly, to be lost again in the long line of white veils, dotted here and there with black by the stiff hoods of the good sisters leaning forward on their praying chairs; on Sunday, at mass, when she raised her head, she used to behold the sweet face of the Virgin amid the bluish eddies of the ascending incense. At the

recollection, a wave of emotion swept over her; she felt herself nerveless and quite forsaken, like a piece of bird's down whirled about in the tempest; and it was without any exact consciousness of what she was doing that she took her way towards the church, disposed to no matter what emotion, provided that her soul might be absorbed and the sense of her own existence entirely disappear in it.

In the market-place she encountered Lestiboudois, who was on his way back thence; for, in order not to cut short his day, he preferred to interrupt his work and then resume it, so that he rang the Angelus to suit his own convenience.

Moreover, the ringing, thus performed earlier, warned the lads of the hour for catechism.

Already some, who happened to have arrived, were playing at ball on the flag-stones of the cemetery. Others, astride the wall, were swinging their legs, cutting down with their clog shoes the big nettles growing between the little inclosure and the most recent graves. It was the only place which was green; all the rest was only stones, and covered always with a fine dust despite the sacristy broom. The children in canvas shoes ran about there as on a floor specially prepared for them, and the din of their voices could be heard through the clanging of the bell. This diminished with the oscillations of the heavy cord which, descending from the upper regions of the steeple, trailed its end on the ground. Swallows passed uttering little cries, cut the air with the edge of their flight, and quickly returned to their yellow nests under the tiles of the coping. At the farther end of the church a lamp was burning—that is to say, the wick of a night-light in a hanging glass. Its light from a distance seemed a whitish spot trembling on the oil. A long sunbeam traversed the white nave and rendered more gloomy still the low sides and the corners.

"Where is the curé?" asked Mme. Bovary of a young boy who was amusing himself by shaking the turnstile-gate in its loose socket.

"He is just coming," answered he.

In effect, the door of the vicarage grated on its hinges, and the Abbé Bournisien appeared; the children, pell-mell, fled into the church.

"Those young rascals!" murmured the priest; "they are always the same!"

And, picking up a tattered catechism which he had just knocked his foot against:

"They respect nothing!"

But, as soon as he perceived Mme. Bovary:

"Excuse me," said he, "I did not remember your face."

He pushed the catechism into his pocket and stopped, while continuing to swing the heavy key of the sacristy between two fingers. The light of the setting sun striking full on his face cast a pale shade on the stuff of his cassock, which shone at the elbows and was much worn at its lower edge. Spots made by grease and snuff followed the line of the small buttons over his ample chest, and they became more numerous as the distance increased from his neck-band, on which rested the thick folds of his red skin; it was sown with yellow spots which disappeared among the coarse hair of his grizzled beard. He had just dined, and was breathing heavily.

"How are you?" he added.

"Ill," replied Emma; "I suffer a great deal."

"Ah, well, I also," remarked the priest. "These first hot days enervate one astonishingly, do they not? However, what will you have? We are born to suffer, as St. Paul says. But M. Bovary, what does he think about it?"

"He!" said she, with a gesture of disdain.

"What!" replied the good man quite astonished, "does he not prescribe anything for you?"

"Ah!" said Emma, "it is not earthly remedies that I need."

But the curé, from time to time, kept peering into the church where all the lads, kneeling down, were pushing each other with their shoulders, and falling as though they were made of cardboard.

"I should like to know . . ." she went on.

"Wait, now wait a moment, Riboudet," cried the priest in an angry voice, "I'm going to warm your ears, you young rogue!"

Then, turning to Emma:

"He is the son of Boudet the carpenter; his parents are in easy circumstances and let him do as he likes. He would learn quickly, however, if he chose, for he is full of talent. Sometimes, for a jest, I call him Riboudet (after the hill that you cross over on the way to Maromme), and I say even, *mon Riboudet.* Ha! ha! *Mont Riboudet!* The other day I told that little jest to Monseigneur, who laughed over it—he deigned to laugh over it—and M. Bovary, how is he?"

She seemed not to hear. He continued:

"Always very busy, no doubt. For we are certainly, he and I, the two people in the parish who have the most to do. But he is the physician of the body," added M. Bournisien, with a heavy laugh, "while I am the physician of souls!"

She fixed on the priest supplicating eyes.

"Yes . . ." said she, "you relieve all distresses."

"Ah! do not speak of it, Mme. Bovary. This very morning I had to go to Bas-Diauville on account of a cow suffering from a distended stomach; they believed that it was bewitched. All their cows, I know not how—But, pardon! Longuemarre and Boudet! *sac à papier!* will you have done!"

And, with a bound, he rushed into the church.

The boys at that moment were crowding round the great reading-desk, climbing over the precentor's stool, opening the missal; others were about to penetrate cautiously even into the confessional. But the curé suddenly appeared and rained a hail of blows over them all. Taking them by the coat-collar, he raised them from the ground and deposited them violently on their knees upon the pavement of the choir, as though he had wished to plant them there.

"Yes, indeed," said he when he had come back to Emma, unfolding his large cotton handkerchief and putting a corner of it between his teeth, "the farmers are greatly to be pitied."

"There are others," she replied.

"Assuredly, the workmen in the towns, for example."

"It is not they . . ."

"Pardon me! I have known poor mothers of families among them, virtuous women, I assure you, veritable saints, who lacked even bread."

"But those," continued Emma (and the corners of her mouth were drawn and twisted as she spoke), "those, Monsieur le Curé, who have bread and who have not . . ."

"A fire in winter," said the priest.

"Ah, what matters that?"

"What! What it matters? To me it seems that when one is warm and well-fed . . . for, in short . . ."

"My God! my God!" she sighed.

"You are unwell?" said he, taking a step forward uneasily; "doubtless it is your digestion? You must go home, Mme. Bovary, and drink a cup of tea; that will strengthen you, or perhaps a glass of cold water with some sugar in it."

"Why?"

She had the air of one awakening from a dream.

"You passed your hand over your forehead. I thought you were feeling an attack of giddiness."

Then, bethinking himself:

"But you were asking me something? What was it then? I have forgotten."

"I? Nothing . . . nothing . . ." repeated Emma.

And her eyes, which had been wandering around her, fastened themselves slowly upon the old man in the cassock. They looked at each other, face to face, without speaking.

"And now, Mme. Bovary," said he at length, "you will excuse me, but duty before everything, you know; I must go to dismiss my scapegraces. It is time for the young people to come who are preparing for their first communion. We shall be surprised again, I'm afraid. Consequently, after Ascension, punctually every Wednesday, I keep them an extra hour. Poor children! one cannot guide them too early into the way of the Lord, as, indeed, he has himself taught us by the mouth of his Divine Son . . . I wish you good health, Madame; my compliments to Monsieur your husband!"

And he entered the church, making a genuflexion as soon as he was within the door.

Emma watched him as he disappeared between the double row of benches, walking with heavy step, his head leaning a little over one shoulder and with his two hands open and outstretched.

Then she turned on her heels, with a single movement, like a statue on a pivot, and took the way to her house. But the big voice of the curé, the clear voices of the boys still reached her ear and continued behind her.

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am a Christian."

"What is a Christian?"

"A Christian is a man who, having been baptized—baptized—baptized."

She climbed the steps of her stairs holding to the baluster, and, when she got into her room, let herself fall into an easy chair.

The whitish light from the window streamed down with soft undulations. The pieces of furniture seemed to have become more motionless in their places and to lose themselves in the shadow as in a gloomy ocean. The fire was out, the clock was ticking as usual, and Emma vaguely wondered at this calm of things while in herself there were so many commotions. But between the window and the work-table stood the little Bertha, tottering about in her knitted boots and trying to get near her mother in order to pull the ends of her apron-strings.

"Go away!" said Emma, keeping her back with her hand.

The little girl soon returned, nearer still, against her knees; and, leaning on them with her arms, raised her big blue eyes towards her mother, while a thread of clear saliva trickled from her lips over the silk of the apron.

"Go away!" exclaimed the young woman again, quite irritated.

Her face frightened the child and she began to cry.

"Will you do as I tell you and go away!" her mother repeated, pushing her off with her elbow.

Bertha fell by the foot of the drawers, against the copper mount; she cut her cheek and the blood flowed. Mme. Bovary rushed to pick her up, broke the bell-cord, called the servant with all the force of her lungs, and was about to begin cursing herself, when Charles appeared. It was time for dinner and he had just come in.

"Look, my dear," said Emma to him in a tranquil voice; "here is the little one who has just hurt herself as she was playing on the floor."

Charles reassured her the case was not grave, and he went to get some diachylum.

Mme. Bovary did not go down to dinner. She wished to remain alone to take care of her child. Then, as she watched her sleeping, the remains of her anxiety gradually vanished, and she appeared to herself very stupid and silly to have been disturbed just before by so trifling a thing. Bertha, in effect, had ceased sobbing. Her breathing now barely raised the cotton coverlet. Big tears hung at the corners of her half-shut eye-lids, which disclosed between their lashes two pale, sunken pupils; the cloth drew down obliquely the stretched skin of the cheek over which it was bound.

"It is a strange thing," thought Emma, "how ugly that child is."

When Charles returned, at eleven o'clock in the evening, from the pharmacy (where he had been to take back, after dinner, what was left of the diachylum), he found his wife standing by the side of the cradle.

"Since I assure you that it will be nothing," said he, kissing her on the forehead, "do not worry about it, poor darling, you will make yourself ill!"

He had stayed a long time at the apothecary's. Although he had not made exhibition of any considerable emotion, M. Homais, nevertheless, had striven to fortify him, to revive his spirits. They had talked of the various dangers that menace childhood, and of the stupidity of servants. Mme. Homais knew something of it, having still on her breast the marks made by a brasier full of live coal which a cook once had let fall upon her smock-frock. Her good parents used to take numerous precautions in consequence. Never were the knives sharpened nor the floors waxed. There were iron gratings in the windows and strong bars before the fire-places. The little Homais, for all their independence, could not move without an attendant behind them; at the least cold their father

stuffed them with pectorals, and till they were over four years old they were all condemned without pity to wear padded woollen caps. This was, it is true, a mania of Mme. Homais; her husband was, in his own mind, troubled by it, fearing the possible results of such a compression upon the organs of the intellect, and he forgot himself so far as to say to her:

"You mean then to make Caribs of them, or Botocudos?"

Charles, however, had attempted several times to interrupt the conversation.

"I should like to speak to you," he had whispered low in the ear of the clerk, who at once passed out before him to the staircase.

"Did he suspect something?" Léon asked himself. He felt his heart beating and lost himself in conjectures.

At last Charles, having shut the door, begged him to make personal inquiry at Rouen as to what might be the price of a handsome daguerreotype; it was a sentimental surprise he was keeping for his wife, a delicate attention, a portrait of himself in his dress-coat. But he wished to know in advance upon what he might reckon as the limit of the expense: these inquiries could hardly cost M. Léon much trouble, since he visited the town almost every week.

With what object? Homais was accustomed to suspect thereunder some young man's frolic, an intrigue. But he was mistaken. Léon was pursuing no amourette. More than ever he was gloomy, and Mme. Lefrançois saw it clearly by the quantity of food which he used now to leave on his plate. In order to know more about the matter, she questioned the tax-collector. Binet replied, with a haughty air, that he was not in the pay of the police.

His comrade, nevertheless, seemed to him very singular in his manner; for often Léon would throw him-

self back in his chair wtih arms outstretched and complain vaguely of existence.

"The fact is you do not take sufficient recreation," said the collector.

"As what?"

"If I were in your place I should have a lathe!"

"But I don't know how to turn one," answered the clerk.

"Oh, that is true," remarked the other, stroking his lower jaw with an air of disdain mingled with satisfaction.

Léon was weary of loving to no purpose; he began, too, to feel that dejection which is caused in a man by the constant repetition of the same life, when no interest directs nor any hope sustains it. He was so bored by Yonville and its inhabitants that the mere sight of certain people, of certain houses, irritated him beyond measure; and the chemist, excellent man as he was, was becoming to him completely insufferable. Yet the prospect of a new position terrified as much as it attracted him.

This apprehension quickly transformed itself into impatience, and Paris then waved to him in the distance, with the trumpet flourishes of its masked balls and the laughter of its *grisettes*. Since he had to go there to finish his law, why did he not start? What was there to prevent him? And within himself he began to make preparations; he arranged his occupations in advance. He furnished chambers for himself in his head. There he would lead an artist's life! there take lessons on the guitar. He would have a dressing-gown, a Basque berret, blue velvet slippers! And he even already admired over his fire-place two crossed foils, with a skull and the guitar above.

The difficult thing was his mother's consent; yet nothing could seem more reasonable. His principal

himself had recommended him to pass some time in another office, where he would have a wider experience. Taking therefore a middle course, Léon sought some post as a second clerk at Rouen, found none, and wrote finally to his mother a long and detailed letter in which he set forth the reasons why it would be well for him to go and take up his residence in Paris immediately. She gave her consent.

He did not hurry. Every day for a month Hivert transported for him from Yonville to Rouen, from Rouen to Yonville, trunks, portmanteaux, parcels; and when Léon had renewed his wardrobe, had his three easy chairs newly stuffed, purchased a stock of silk handkerchiefs, made, in a word, more preparations than for a journey round the world, he adjourned his departure from week to week, until he received from his mother a second letter in which he was urged to leave, since he desired to pass his examination before the holidays.

When the moment of farewell was come, Mme. Homais wept; Justin sobbed; Homais, in his character of strong man, dissimulated his emotion; he insisted on himself carrying his friend's overcoat as far as the gate of the lawyer, who was driving Léon to Rouen in his carriage. The latter had just time to bid good-bye to M. Bovary.

When he had reached the top of the stairs, he stopped, so breathless did he feel himself. As he entered, Mme. Bovary rose quickly.

"It is I again," said Léon.

"I was sure of it."

She bit her lips, and a wave of blood flushed her skin, which became all pink from the roots of her hair to the edge of her collarette. She remained standing, leaning her shoulder against the wainscotting.

"Monsieur, then, is not in?" he continued.

"He is away."

She repeated:

"He is away."

Then there was a silence. They looked at each other; and their thoughts, meeting in the same anguish, clasped each other tightly, like two throbbing bosoms.

"I should much like to give Bertha a kiss," said Léon.

Emma went down a few steps and called Félicité.

He threw round him quickly a comprehensive glance which moved over the walls, the shelves, the fire-place, as if to take in everything, carry everything away.

But she came in again, and the servant brought Bertha, who was shaking a wind-mill upside down at the end of a string. Léon kissed her several times on the neck.

"Good-bye, poor child! Good-bye, you dear little thing, good-bye!"

And he handed her back to her mother.

"Take her away," said the latter.

They remained alone.

Mme. Bovary, her back turned, pressed her face against a window-pane; Léon held his cap in his hand and kept softly tapping it along his thigh.

"It is going to rain," said Emma.

"I have a cloak," he replied.

"Ah!"

She turned away, with head slightly bowed. The light shone on her forehead as on marble, down to the curve of the eye-brows, without giving any clew to what Emma was gazing at on the horizon, or to what she was thinking in the depths of her own mind.

"Come, good-bye!" he sighed.

She raised her head with a quick movement:

"Yes, good-bye . . . go now!"

They advanced towards each other; he put out his hand, she hesitated.

"After the English fashion," said she, giving her own, and forcing a laugh.

Léon felt it in his fingers, and it seemed to him that the very substance of his whole being descended into that moist palm. Then he opened his hand; their eyes met yet again and he disappeared. When he was under the market, he stopped and hid himself behind a pillar, in order to gaze one last time upon that white house with its four green blinds. He thought he could see a shadow through the window in the bedroom; but the curtain, unhooking itself from its fastening as if of its own accord, slowly shook out its long slanting folds, which, with a single bound forward, spread themselves out all at once, and remained straight, more motionless than a wall of plaster. Léon broke into a run. He perceived from a distance, on the road, the cabriolet belonging to his principal, and by its side a man dressed in a suit of coarse cloth holding the horse. Homais and M. Guillaumin were talking together. They were waiting for him.

"Embrace me," said the apothecary, with tears in his eyes. "Here is your overcoat, my good friend; be careful of the cold. Take care of yourself. Be cautious."

"Come, Léon, let us be off!" said the lawyer.

Homais leaned on the mud-guard, and in a voice broken by sobs, let fall these two sad words:

"*Bon voyage!*"

"Good evening," replied M. Guillaumin. "Let go there!"

They started, and Homais returned home.

. . . . . .

Mme. Bovary had opened her window on the garden and was watching the clouds.

They were piling themselves up in the west, from the direction of Rouen, and swiftly rolling their black con-

volutions, past which, behind, shone great sunbeams, like the golden arrows of a suspended trophy, while the rest of the void sky had the whiteness of a piece of porcelain. But a squall of wind bent the poplars, and suddenly the rain fell; it rattled on the green leaves. Then the sun came out again, the hens cackled, sparrows fluttered their wings in the damp bushes, and, as they disappeared, the pools of water on the sand carried away the red flowers of an acacia.

"Ah, how far away he must be already," thought she.

M. Homais, as usual, came in at half past six, during dinner.

"Ah, well," said he as he sat down, "we have sent off our young man, then?"

"So it seems!" replied the doctor.

Then, turning on his chair:

"And what news at your house?"

"Not a great deal. My wife, however, was a little upset this afternoon. Women, you know, are disturbed by a mere nothing; my wife especially! And one would be wrong to rebel against it, since their nervous organization is much more unstable than ours."

"That poor Léon!" said Charles, "how will he live in Paris? . . . Will he be able to accustom himself to it?"

Mme. Bovary sighed.

"Trust him," said the chemist, giving a click with his tongue; "the quiet little pleasure parties at an eating-house! the masked balls! the champagne! there will be plenty of all that sort of thing, I assure you."

"I do not think he will lead a disorderly life," objected Bovary.

"Nor I," quickly replied M. Homais; "although he will have to follow the example of others, unless he wishes

to pass for a Jesuit. And you have no idea of the life those young dogs lead there, in the Latin Quarter, with the actresses. However, the students are viewed very favourably in Paris. They only need to have some little personal accomplishment and they are received in the best society. There are even ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain who fall in love with them, thus providing them in the sequel with opportunities to make very good marriages."

"But," said the doctor, "I fear for him that . . . yonder . . ."

"You are right," interrupted the apothecary; "that is the other side of the medal, and a man is obliged there continually to keep his hand over his waistcoat pocket. For instance, you are in a public garden; let us suppose some unknown person presents himself, well dressed, wearing a decoration even, and whom one might take for a diplomat; he accosts you; you talk; he worms himself into your confidence, offers you a pinch of snuff or picks up your hat for you. Then you become more intimate; he takes you to the café, invites you to visit his country-house, between two glasses of wine causes you to make all sorts of acquaintances, and in nine cases out of ten it is but to steal your purse, or lead you into pernicious courses."

"That is true," replied Charles; "but I was thinking more particularly of diseases, typhoid fever, for example, which attacks students from the country."

Emma gave a start.

"By reason of the change of diet," continued the chemist, "and of the disturbance in the general economy which results from it. And then, the Paris water, see you! restaurant dishes, all those highly spiced foods, end by heating your blood, and, whatever one may say, are not worth a good joint. I have always, for my own part, preferred plain living; 'tis more healthy. Consequently,

when I was studying pharmacy at Rouen I boarded in a school; I used to eat with the masters."

He continued thus, expounding his general opinions and his personal sympathies up to the moment when Justin came to fetch him to prepare a mulled egg which was required.

"Not a moment's respite!" cried he, "always tied down! I cannot go out for a minute! I am made to sweat blood and water like a cart-horse! What drudgery!"

Then, when he had reached the door: "By the way," said he, "do you know the news!"

"No, what is it?"

"It is very probable, it seems," replied Homais, raising his eye-brows and putting on a most serious face, "that the Agricultural Congress of the Seine-Inférieure will be held this year at Yonville-l'Abbaye. The rumour, at least, is in circulation. This morning the newspaper hinted something of it. It would be of the first importance for our district. But we will talk of it later. I can see, thank you; Justin has the lantern."

VII

The morrow was for Emma a mournful day. All things seemed to her enveloped by a black atmosphere which floated confusedly over their exterior, and grief ran riot in her soul, with soft moanings, such as the winter wind makes in abandoned castles. It was that reverie which one has over things that will return no more, the lassitude which seizes you after each deed accomplished, that pain, in short, which is brought to one by the interruption of every accustomed activity, the brusque ceasing of a prolonged vibration.

As at the return from La Vaubyessard, when the quadrilles were whirling in her head, she felt a dull melancholy, a torpid despair. Léon reappeared nobler, more handsome, more agreeable, more vague; although he was separated from her, he had not left her, he was there, and the walls of the house seemed to keep his shadow. She could not take her eyes off that carpet on which he had walked, from those empty chairs on which he had sat. The river still flowed and gently pushed its little waves along the steep, slippery banks. They had walked there many times, to this same murmur of the waves, over the moss-covered stones. What fine sunny days they had had! what delightful afternoons, alone, in the shade at the bottom of the garden! He used to read aloud, his bare head resting on a pillow of dry sticks; the cool wind from the meadow would cause the leaves of the book and the nasturtiums of the arbour to tremble. . . . Ah! he was gone, the one charm of her life, the

one possible hope of happiness! How was it she had not seized that happiness when it was offered! Why had she not held it with both hands, on her knees, when it threatened to fly! And she cursed herself for not having loved Léon; she thirsted for his lips. The longing seized her to run and overtake him, to throw herself into his arms, to say to him: "It is I, I am thine!" But Emma was embarrassed in advance by the difficulties of the undertaking, and her desires, augmented by a regret, only became the more active in consequence.

From this time the memory of Léon was, as it were, the centre of her *ennui*; it sparkled there more brightly than, on a Russian steppe, a traveller's fire abandoned on the snow. She rushed towards it, huddled herself against it, gently stirred that hearth near extinction, went seeking all around her for things which might revive it more; and the most distant reminiscences like the nearest events, what she experienced along with that which she imagined, her desires of pleasure which were being dispersed, her projects of happiness which creaked in the wind like dead boughs, her sterile virtue, her fallen hopes, the commonplace incidents of her domestic life, she gathered all up, took all, and made all serve to feed her gloom. The flames, however, subsided, whether it was that the supply became exhausted of itself or that the accumulation was too considerable. Love, little by little, was extinguished by absence, regret was stifled under habit; and that incendiary gleam which had empurpled her wan sky, became covered again by shadow and vanished by degrees. In the drowsiness of her conscience, she even took repugnances to the husband for aspirations towards the lover, the burning of hate for kindlings of tenderness; but, as the tempest still raged, and passion burnt itself out to cinders, and no help came, no sun rose, on all sides it was complete night, and she remained lost in a horrible coldness which possessed her.

Then the evil days of Tostes began over again. She deemed herself much more unhappy now; for she had the experience of grief with the certitude that it would not end.

A woman who had imposed on herself so great sacrifices might well permit herself some caprices. She bought a Gothic *prie-dieu*, and spent fourteen francs in a month on lemons to clean her nails; she wrote to Rouen for a blue cashmere dress; she selected at Lheureux's the finest of his scarfs; she tied it round her waist over her dressing-gown; and with the shutters closed and a book in her hand, she would remain stretched on a sofa in this garb.

Often she varied the style in which her hair was done: she used to dress it after the Chinese fashion, in soft curls, in plaits braided together; she parted it at the side of the head and wore her hair in a roll beneath the parting, like a man.

She wished to learn Italian; she bought dictionaries, a grammar, a stock of white paper. She tried serious reading, history and philosophy. At night, sometimes, Charles would wake suddenly, believing that some one had come to call him to see some patient.

"I am coming," he used to mutter. And it was the noise of a match struck by Emma to light the lamp. But it was with her reading as with her tapestry work, the pieces of which, all begun, lay encumbering her closet; she took it up, left it, passed on to something else.

She had fits in which it would have been easy to push her into quite mad actions. She maintained one day, against her husband, that she could easily drink half a tumbler of brandy, and, as Charles was stupid enough to challenge her to do it, she drank the brandy to the last drop.

Notwithstanding her giddy air (it was the phrase of the Yonville dames), Emma did not appear gay, and

habitually she kept at the corners of her mouth that stiff contraction which marks the faces of old maids, and of ambitious people who have had a fall.

She was pale all over, white like linen; the skin of the nose was drawn towards the nostrils, her eyes looked at you in an uncertain way. Since the discovery of three gray hairs over her temples, she spoke constantly of her old age.

She was often seized by fainting-fits. One day, even, she spat blood, and Charles attended her assiduously, not concealing his anxiety.

"Bah!" exclaimed she, "what does it matter?"

Charles sought refuge in his consulting-room; and he wept, as he sat in his easy chair with his elbows on the table beneath the phrenological head.

Then he wrote to his mother to come, and they had long conferences together upon the subject of Emma.

What was to be decided upon? what done, since she declined all treatment?

"Do you know what your wife requires?" said his mother. "She ought to have compulsory occupation, manual work. If, like so many others, she were obliged to earn her living, she would have none of those hysterics, which come of a heap of silly notions that she gets into her head, and of the idleness in which she lives."

"Still, she does occupy herself," said Charles.

"Ah! she occupies herself! In what, then? In reading novels, wicked books, works against religion in which the priests are turned into ridicule, in speeches taken from Voltaire. But all that leads far, my poor child, and a person who is without religion ends always by going to the bad."

It was resolved therefore to prevent Emma from reading novels. The undertaking did not seem easy. The good lady charged herself with it. When she was passing through Rouen she would go in person to the

lending-librarian's and represent to him that Emma was ceasing her subscriptions. Would not one have the right to inform the police, if the librarian should persist none the less in his poisoner's trade?

The farewell of mother-in-law and daughter was cold. During the three weeks that they had been together, they had not exchanged four words, apart from the usual inquiries and compliments when they met at table and in the evening before going to bed.

Mme. Bovary *mère* left on a Wednesday, which was market-day at Yonville.

The Place, from an early hour, was obstructed by a row of carts which, tilted up, and with their shafts in the air, extended along the side of the houses from the church to the inn. On the other side there were canvas tents, where cotton-cloths, blankets, and woollen stockings were sold, together with halters for horses and bundles of blue ribbon with ends streaming in the wind. Heavy hardware was spread on the ground between the pyramids of eggs and the small hampers of cheeses from which there protruded sticky straws; near some machines for grinding corn, fowls, clucking in their flat cages, put their heads out through the bars. The crowd, massing in the same place and unwilling to budge from it, seemed likely sometimes to break the glass front of the pharmacy. On Wednesday it was never empty and people jostled to get in, less for the purpose of buying medicines than for consultations, so famous was Mister Homais's reputation in the villages round about. His hardy assurance had fascinated the country folk. They regarded him as a greater doctor than all the doctors.

Emma was leaning on her elbow at her window (she often sat there; the window, in the country, takes the place of theatres and promenades) and amusing herself by watching the mob of rustics, when she observed a

gentleman clad in a frock-coat of green velvet. He wore yellow gloves, although his legs were covered by strong gaiters; and he was coming towards the doctor's house, followed by a peasant walking with downcast head and a reflective air.

"Can I see Monsieur?" he asked of Justin, who stood talking on the threshold with Félicité.

And, taking him for the servant of the house:

"Tell him that M. Rodolphe Boulanger de la Huchette is here."

It was not through territorial vanity that the newcomer had added the particle to his name, but in order to explain better who he was. La Huchette was, indeed, a property near Yonville of which he had just acquired the mansion, with two farms which he cultivated personally, without, however, putting himself to any great inconvenience. He lived as a bachelor and was reputed to possess an income of at least *six hundred pounds a year.*

Charles entered the room. M. Boulanger introduced his man, who wished to be bled, because he had experienced tingling sensations all over his body.

"It will purge me," was his answer to every argument.

Bovary therefore ordered a bandage and basin to be brought, and asked Justin to hold the latter. Then, addressing the villager, who was already looking pale:

"Have no fear, my good man."

"No, no," replied the other, "go on!"

And with an air of affected carelessness, he held out his thick arm. At the prick of the lancet, the blood spurted out so far that it splashed over the looking-glass.

"Bring the bowl!" exclaimed Charles.

"*Guête!*" said the peasant, "one would swear it was a little fountain that was running. What red blood I have! that must be a good sign, is it not?"

"Sometimes," replied the officer of health, "a man may feel nothing at the beginning; but, after that, syncope may declare itself, and more especially in the case of well-constituted people, like this man."

The countryman, at these words, let drop the little box which he had been turning about in his hand. A jerk of his shoulders made the back of the chair crack. His hat fell off.

"I suspected as much," said Bovary, pressing his finger on the vein.

The basin began to shake in Justin's hands; his knees trembled, he became pale.

"Wife! wife!" shouted Charles.

At a bound she descended the staircase.

"Vinegar!" cried he. "Ah! my God, two at once!"

And, in his excitement, he had difficulty in adjusting the compress.

"It is nothing," said M. Boulanger quite tranquilly, as he raised Justin in his arms. He placed him in a sitting position on the table, with his back leaning against the wall.

Mme. Bovary began to loosen his necktie. There was a knot in the strings fastening the shirt; for some minutes her light fingers moved about the lad's neck; then she poured vinegar on her cambric handkerchief and moistened his temples with it, giving little dabs and blowing on them lightly.

The carter regained consciousness; but Justin's syncope still continued, and his pupils disappeared in their pale sclerotic, like blue flowers in milk.

"He should not be allowed to see that," said Charles.

Mme. Bovary took the basin. In the movement which she made in bending to put it under the table, her gown (it was a summer gown with four flounces, of a yellow colour, long in the waist, full in the skirt) bulged round her on the floor of the room; and as Emma, stoop-

ing, tottered a little as she stretched out her arms, the fulness of the material was broken here and there, according as she swayed this way or that. Next she brought a jug of water, and she was melting lumps of sugar when the apothecary arrived. The servant had been to fetch him in the confusion; on perceiving that his pupil had his eyes open, he recovered his breath. Then, moving round him, he looked him down from head to foot.

"Fool!" said he; "little fool, indeed! fool in four letters! A great affair, after all, a blood-letting! and a fellow who is afraid of nothing! a sort of squirrel, as you see him there, who can climb to gather nuts at dizzy heights. Ah! yes, speak, be proud of yourself! truly you show fine aptitude for the practice of pharmacy by-and-bye; for you may find yourself summoned under serious circumstances before the courts, in order to enlighten the perception of the magistrates; and a man must, nevertheless, keep his presence of mind, be able to reason, prove himself a man, or, in the alternative, pass for an idiot." Justin did not reply. The apothecary continued:

"Who asked you to come? You are always pestering Monsieur and Madame! on Wednesdays, besides, I need you most. There are now twenty people at the shop. I have left everything because of the interest I take in you. Come, be off! run! wait for me and look after the bottles!"

When Justin, who was dressing again, had gone, there was some conversation on the subject of fainting-fits. Mme. Bovary had never had one.

"That is extraordinary for a lady," said M. Boulanger. "However, some people are very susceptible. Thus I have seen, at a duel, a second lose consciousness merely at the sound of the loading of the pistols."

"As for me," said the apothecary, "the sight of the

blood of other people has no effect on me whatever; but the bare thought of my own flowing would suffice to cause me to swoon, if I dwelt too much on it."

In the meantime, M. Boulanger dismissed his servant, recommending him to calm his mind, now that his fancy had been gratified.

"It has procured me the advantage of your acquaintance," added he.

And he looked at Emma as he spoke.

Then he put down three francs on the corner of the table, bowed carelessly and went away.

He was soon on the other side of the river (it was his road back to La Huchette); and Emma saw him in the meadow, slackening his pace from time to time, as he walked under the poplars, like some one deep in thought.

"She is very nice!" he was saying to himself; "she is very nice, that doctor's wife! pretty teeth, black eyes, a dainty foot, and the figure of a Parisienne. Where the devil does she come from? Where did he find her, I wonder, that fat fellow?"

M. Rodolphe Boulanger was thirty-four years of age; he was brutal by temperament and of perspicacious intelligence, having, besides, associated a good deal with women, and knowing them well. He had deemed this one pretty; he was thinking of her therefore, and of her husband.

"He seems very stupid. Doubtless she is tired of him. He has dirty nails and wears a three days' beard. While he trots out after his patients, she stays at home to mend stockings. And so, we are bored! we should like to live in the town, and dance the polka every evening! Poor little woman! It gasps for love like a carp on a kitchen table for water. Three words of gallantry and it would adore you, I am certain of it! it would be tender! charming. . . . Yes, but how get rid of her afterward?"

Then the difficulties of the amusement half perceived

in advance, made him, by contrast, think of his mistress. She was an actress at Rouen, and when he had dwelt a little on this picture, of which, even in his memory, he felt satiety:

"Ah! Mme. Bovary," thought he, "is much prettier than she, fresher above all. Virginie, decidedly, begins to grow too fat. She is so wearisome with her constant mirth. And, besides, what a mania for prawns!"

The country was deserted, and Rodolphe could hear around him only the regular stroke of the herbage as it whipped his shoes, with the cry of crickets hidden far away under the oats; he could still see Emma in the room, dressed as he had seen her before.

"Oh! I will have her!" cried he, as with a blow of his walking-stick he crushed a lump of earth that lay in his path. And immediately he examined the political part of the undertaking. He asked himself:

"Where shall we meet? how? There will be the child continually in the way, and the servant, the neighbours, the husband, all sorts of troublesome hindrances. Ah, bah!" said he, "one loses too much time at it!"

Then he continued again:

"But she has eyes that pierce your heart like screws. And that pale colouring! . . . I, who adore pale women!"

At the top of the hill of Argueil his resolution was taken.

"It only remains now to find opportunities. Well, I will call sometimes; I will send them game and chickens; I will let him bleed me, if necessary; we shall become friends; I will invite them over to my place. . . . Ah! *parbleu!*" added he, "there will be the Congress directly; she will be there; I shall see her. We will make a beginning then, and boldly, for that is the surest way."

VIII

EVENTUALLY it arrived, this famous Congress! From early morning on the day of the solemnity, all the inhabitants, at their doors, were discussing the preparations; the pediment of the Town Hall had been festooned with ivy; a tent had been erected in a meadow for the banquet, and, in the middle of the Place, in front of the church, a kind of musical salvo was to hail the arrival of Monsieur the Prefect and the names of the prize-winning farmers. The National Guard of Buchy (there was none at Yonville) had come over to unite with the men of the Fire Brigade, who were captained by Binet. On this day he wore a still higher collar than usual; and, laced up in his tunic, the upper part of his body looked so rigid and immovable, that all the vital part of him seemed to have descended into his legs, which rose in time, keeping step with a single movement. As a rivalry existed between the tax-collector and the Colonel, each, in order to display his talent, made his men go through their manœuvres separately. The red shoulder-straps and the black tunics passed and repassed alternately. Their march ended not and ever recommenced! Never had there been a like display of pomp! Several citizens, on the previous evening, had washed their houses; tricoloured flags hung from the open windows; all the taverns were full; and, in the day's fine weather, the starched bonnets, the gold crosses and the coloured neck shawls, appeared whiter than snow, flashed in the bright sunlight, and relieved by their scattered motley the gloomy monotony of frock-coats and blue suits. The farmers'

wives from the surrounding district drew out, as they alighted from horseback, the thick pins which served to fasten tightly about their body, their dresses, which they had turned up from fear of spotting them; and the husbands, on the contrary, in order to take care of their hats, kept pocket handkerchiefs over them, holding a corner between their teeth.

The crowd arrived in the main street from both ends of the village. It poured from the lanes, from the alleys, from the houses; and from time to time you might hear the sound of a knocker as it fell on some door closed sharply behind a citizen's wife wearing cotton gloves and going forth to see the festivities. Especially admired were two lofty triangular stands covered with lamps flanking a platform on which the authorities were to have their places; and there were besides, against the four columns of the Town Hall, four differently shaped poles, each bearing a little standard of greenish cloth enriched by inscriptions in gilt letters. You read on one: "To Commerce"; on another, "To Agriculture"; on the third, "To Industry"; and on the fourth, "To the Fine Arts."

But the jubilation which brightened every face appeared to sadden Mme. Lefrançois, the inn-keeper. Standing on the steps leading to her kitchen, she muttered under her breath:

"What tomfoolery! what silliness with their canvas hovel! Do they think the Prefect will much care about dining down there, under a tent, like a mountebank? They call a fuss like that a good thing for the district! It was not worth while then to bring over a low eating-house keeper from Neufchâtel! And for whom? For cowherds! for beggars! . . ."

The apothecary passed. He was wearing a black dress-coat, nankeen trousers, beaver shoes, and, for a wonder, a hat—a hat with a low crown.

"Your servant!" said he; "excuse me, I am in a hurry."

And as the fat widow asked him where he was going:

"It seems strange to you, does it not? I who stay more shut up in my laboratory than the old fellow's rat in his cheese."

"What cheese?" said the landlady.

"No, nothing! it is nothing!" replied Homais. "I only wished to express to you, Mme. Lefrançois, that I remain habitually quite a recluse in my own home. To-day, however, in view of the occasion, I feel that I must . . ."

"Ah! you are going down yonder?" said she with an air of disdain.

"Yes, I am going," answered the apothecary, astonished; "am I not a member of the executive committee?"

Mother Lefrançois gazed at him for a few moments, and finally replied with a smile:

"That is another matter! But how are you concerned with agriculture? You understand something about it then?"

"Certainly I understand it, since I am a pharmacist, that is to say, a chemist! and chemistry, Mme. Lefrançois, having for its object an acquaintance with the reciprocal and molecular action of all bodies in Nature, it follows that agriculture is included in its domain! And, indeed, the composition of manures, the fermentation of liquids, the analysis of gases, the influence of miasmas, what is all that, I ask you, if it is not chemistry pure and simple?"

The landlady made no reply. Homais continued:

"Do you think that in order to be an agriculturist, it is necessary to till the soil one's self or fatten poultry? A man must rather be familiar with the consti-

tution of the substances that are in question, the geological strata, the various action of the atmosphere, the quality of land, of minerals, of water, the density of the different bodies and their capillarity, and I know not what beside! He must have thoroughly mastered all the principles of hygiene, in order to direct and criticise the construction of buildings, the feeding of animals, the dietary of servants! Again, he must, Mme. Lefrançois, have a knowledge of botany, to be able to distinguish the different plants, you understand—those that are wholesome from the deleterious ones; to say which are unproductive and which nutritive; if it is well to remove them from here and to sow them again there; to propagate these, to destroy those; briefly, he must keep himself abreast of science by means of pamphlets and public papers; be always on the alert, in order to indicate the improvements. . . ."

The landlady did not remove her eyes from the door of the Café Français, and the chemist continued:

"Would it had pleased God that our agriculturists had been chemists, or that at least they should lend a more willing ear to the counsels of science! Thus, myself, I lately wrote an able tract, a memorandum of more than seventy-two pages, entitled, *Concerning Cider, its Manufacture and its Effects; followed by Some Reflections on this Subject*, which I sent to the Agricultural Society of Rouen. It has even procured me the honour of reception to membership of that body, agricultural section, pomological division. Well, if my work had been given to the public . . ."

But the apothecary paused, so preoccupied did Mme. Lefrançois appear.

"Look at them, then!" she said; "it is incomprehensible! a cook-shop like that!"

And with shrugs of her shoulders which drew tight over her breast the mesh-work of her knitted bodice, she

indicated with both hands the tavern of her rival, whence there now came forth the sound of singing.

"But, after all, he has not much longer," she added; "within a week all will be over."

Homais drew back, stupefied. She descended her three steps, and, speaking in his ear:

"What! you do not know that? He will have the bailiffs in this week. It is Lheureux who is selling him up. He has murdered him with bills."

"What a terrible catastrophe!" cried the apothecary, who in every imaginable circumstance always found congruous expressions.

The landlady then commenced to tell the story which she knew through Theodore, M. Guillaumin's servant; and, although she execrated Tellier, she blamed Lheureux. He was a wheedler, a servile creature.

"Ah! look," said she, "there he is at the market-house; he is bowing to Mme. Bovary, who is wearing a green hat. She is positively walking with M. Boulanger."

"Mme. Bovary!" exclaimed Homais. "I must hasten to present my respects to her. Perhaps she will like to have a place in the inclosure, under the peristyle."

And, without heeding Mother Lefrançois, who was calling him back in order that she might tell him the story at greater length, the chemist made off with a rapid step, a smile on his lips, and with his haunches stiffened, distributing right and left numerous salutations, and taking up a great space with the long skirts of his dress-coat, which floated in the wind behind him.

Rodolphe, as soon as he perceived him in the distance, had begun to walk quickly; but Mme. Bovary lost breath; he slackened his pace, therefore, and, with a smile, said to her in a cynical tone:

" It was in order to avoid that fat fellow, you know, the apothecary."

She gave him a nudge with her elbow.

" What is the meaning of that? " he asked himself.

And he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, without interrupting his walk.

Her profile was so calm that nothing could be guessed from it. It stood out clearly defined against the light, in the oval of her bonnet, which had pale-coloured ribbons resembling the leaves of reeds. Her eyes, with their long, curved lashes, looked straight before her, and, although wide open, they seemed to lose something of their effect by reason of the red blood that throbbed gently beneath her fine skin at the cheek-bones. A pink hue permeated the partition between her nostrils. She carried her head inclined towards the shoulder, and the pearly ends of her white teeth were visible between her lips.

" Is she making fun of me? " thought Rodolphe.

That movement of Emma's, however, had meant no more than a warning; for M. Lheureux was with them, and from time to time made some remark, as if to begin a conversation:

" What a splendid day it is! everybody is out of doors! The wind is in the east."

Mme. Bovary scarcely answered him, nor did Rodolphe, while, at their least movement, he kept coming up, and saying, " I beg your pardon! " with hand raised to his hat.

When they were in front of the blacksmith's house, instead of following the road as far as the barrier, Rodolphe sharply turned into a side path, drawing Mme. Bovary with him; he cried:

" Good evening, M. Lheureux, till I have again the pleasure! "

" How you dismissed him! " said she, laughing.

"Why," replied he, "allow one's self to be invaded by other people? and since, to-day, I have the happiness to be with you . . ."

Emma blushed. He left the sentence unfinished. Then he spoke of the fine weather, and of the pleasure of walking on the grass. A few marguerites were come up.

"These are pretty Easter daisies," said he, "enough to provide oracles for all the love-sick girls of the district."

He added:

"If I were to gather some? What do you say?"

"Are you in love?" said she, with a little cough.

"Eh! eh! who knows?" answered Rodolphe.

The meadow began to fill, and the housewives to knock against one with their great umbrellas, their baskets, and their babies. Often one had to move out of the way of a long file of peasant women, servants in blue stockings, flat shoes, silver rings, who smelt of milk when you passed near them. They walked holding each other by the hand, and spread themselves out thus over the whole length of the meadow, from the line of aspens to the banqueting booth. But it was the moment of the judging, and the farmers, one after the other, were entering a sort of hippodrome formed by a long rope carried on stakes.

The cattle were there, with their noses turned towards the cord and their buttocks ranged in an irregular line. Sleepy pigs were rooting in the ground with their snouts; calves lowed; sheep bleated; the cows, one thigh doubled beneath them, lay on their bellies on the turf and, slowly chewing the cud, blinked their heavy eyelids under the attacks of the flies which were buzzing round them. Carters, with bared arms, held by the halter frisky stallions which kept neighing loudly in the direction of the mares. These, with hanging manes, stood peacefully stretching out their heads, while their

foals rested in their shadow, or, now and then, came to suck; and, above the long undulating plane of all these bodies heaped together there might be seen some white mane rising in the wind, like a wave, or perhaps sharp horns standing out, and men's heads as they ran. Apart, outside the ropes, a hundred paces farther on, there stood a big black bull, muzzled, and with an iron ring through its nostril, standing immobile as a beast of bronze. A child in rags held it by a cord.

In the meantime, between the two rows, gentlemen were advancing with heavy steps, examining each animal, and then consulting together in a low voice. One of them, who seemed a more important personage than the rest, took notes, as he walked, in a pocket-book. It was the president of the jury, M. Derozerays de la Panville. As soon as he recognized Rodolphe, he stepped forward quickly and, smiling, said with an amiable air:

"What, M. Boulanger, you are deserting us?"

Rodolphe protested that he was about to come. But when the president had disappeared:

"My faith, no," he resumed, "I shall not go; your company is quite as good as his."

While making game of the Congress, Rodolphe, in order to pass about more freely, showed his blue ticket to the gendarme, and sometimes even stopped before some fine exhibit, which Mme. Bovary would admire but little. He noticed this, and so turned to jesting at the expense of the ladies of Yonville, in point of their dress; then he apologized for the carelessness of his own. The latter had that incoherent blending of common and elegant things, in which the vulgar habitually think to see the revelation of an eccentric existence, the disorders of sentiment, the tyrannies of art, and, always, a certain contempt for social convention which attracts them or exasperates. Thus, his cambric shirt, with plaited wristbands, swelled out at the hazard of the wind in the open-

ing of his waistcoat, which was of gray ticking, and his large-striped trousers disclosed at the ankles his boots of nankeen and patent leather. Their varnish shone so brightly that the grass was reflected in them. He trod down the horse-dung with them as he walked with one hand in his waistcoat pocket, and his straw hat tilted to one side.

"Besides," he added, "when one lives in the country . . ."

"All trouble is wasted," said Emma.

"That is true!" replied Rodolphe. "To think that not one of these good people is capable of understanding even so much as the cut of a coat!"

Then they spoke of provincial mediocrity, of the existences which it stifled, of the illusions that were lost in it.

"And accordingly," said Rodolphe, "I sink into a despondency . . ."

"You!" exclaimed she with astonishment. "But I thought you were very gay?"

"Ah, yes, in appearance, because in the midst of society I know how to cover my face with a mask of banter; and yet how many times, at the sight of a cemetery in the moonlight, I have asked myself whether I should not do better to join those that sleep . . ."

"Oh! And your friends?" said she. "You do not think of them."

"My friends? Who, then? have I any? Who troubles about me?"

And he accompanied these last words with a sort of hiss between his lips.

But at this juncture they were obliged to separate by reason of a great scaffold-like pile of chairs which a man was carrying behind them. He was so overladen with them that all that could be seen of him was the toes of his shoes and the extremities of his arms, held out

straight from his shoulders. It was Lestiboudois, the grave-digger, who was hawking about in the crowd the chairs of the church. Full of imagination for all that touched his interests, he had hit upon this means of making a profit out of the Congress; and his idea was proving successful, for he hardly knew now whom to serve. The villagers, indeed, who were warm, were contending for these seats, the straw of which smelt of incense, and they leaned against their heavy backs, spotted by the wax of candles, with a certain reverence.

Mme. Bovary took Rodolphe's arm again; he continued, as if speaking to himself:

"Yes; so many things have failed me! always alone! Ah! if I had had an aim in life; if I might have met with an affection; if I had found some one . . . Oh, how I should have used all the energy of which I am capable! I should have surmounted everything, made everything give way!"

"It seems to me, however," said Emma, "that you are hardly to be pitied."

"Ah! you think so?" said Rodolphe.

"For, in short . . ." she went on, "you are free."

She hesitated:

"Rich."

"Do not make fun of me," he replied.

She was swearing that she was not making fun when the report of a cannon rang out; everybody immediately dashed, pell-mell, towards the village.

It was a false alarm. Monsieur the Prefect had not arrived; and the members of the jury found themselves exceedingly embarrassed, not knowing whether they ought to commence the proceedings or to wait longer.

At last, at the farther end of the Place, there appeared a large hired landau, drawn by two lean horses, which were being whipped up with all his might by a coachman in a white hat. Binet had barely the time to cry,

"To arms!" and the Colonel to follow his example. The men ran to the piles. They rushed. Some even forgot their collars. But the prefectorial equipage seemed to divine this confusion, and the pair of jades, twisting about on their coupling-chain, arrived at a slow trot before the peristyle of the Town Hall just at the moment when the National Guard and the firemen were deploying there, with drum beating, and marking time.

"Steady!" cried Binet.

"Halt!" cried the Colonel. "By files to the left!"

And, after a salute in which the rattle of the musket-bands unrolling sounded like a copper kettle tumbling down stairs, all the muskets dropped again.

Then there was seen alighting from the carriage a gentleman clad in a short coat with silver embroidery, bald over the forehead, with a tuft of hair at the occiput, a pale complexion, and a most benign appearance. His eyes, which were very large and covered by heavy eyelids, half closed as he gazed upon the crowd, at the same time raising his sharp nose and wearing a smile on his sunken mouth. He recognised the Mayor by his scarf, and explained to him that Monsieur the Prefect had not been able to come. He was, for his own part, a Prefectorial Councillor; then he added some excuses. Tuvache replied to them with compliments, the other confessed himself overwhelmed; and thus they remained, face to face, their foreheads almost touching, with the members of the jury around them, the Municipal Council, the notables, the National Guard, and the crowd. Monsieur the Councillor, resting his little black three-cornered hat against his chest, reiterated his greetings, while Tuvache, bent like a bow, smiled also, stuttered, sought his words, declared his devotion to the Monarchy and the honour of which Yonville felt itself to be the recipient.

Hippolyte, the groom from the inn, came and took

the coachman's horses by the bridle, and, limping along on his club-foot, led them under the porch of the Golden Lion, where many peasants gathered to look at the carriage. The drum beat, the howitzer thundered, and the gentlemen in file ascended the platform, and sat down in the red plush arm-chairs lent for the occasion by Mme. Tuvache.

All these people were alike. Their pale, flaccid faces, slightly bronzed by the sun, were the colour of mild cider, and their bulging whiskers escaped from big stiff collars held in position by white neckties tied in large bows. All the waistcoats were of velvet in a shawl pattern; all the watches bore at the end of a long ribbon some oval seal of cornelian; and each man sat with his two hands resting on his two thighs, carefully set wide apart, and showing the fork of the trousers, where the unsponged cloth shone more brightly than the leather of strong boots.

The ladies of the company occupied places behind, under the vestibule, between the columns, while the common crowd was opposite, standing up or sitting on chairs. Lestiboudois, indeed, had carried there all those which he had been able to remove from the meadow; he was running, even, every minute to fetch others out of the church, and was causing such obstruction by his traffic that it was difficult to reach the small stairway that led to the platform.

"For my part, I think," said M. Lheureux (addressing the apothecary, who was passing to take his place), "that they should have set up two Venetian masts there; with something rather severe and rich in the way of drapery, it would have made a very pretty spectacle."

"Certainly," replied Homais. "But what will you have? It is the Mayor who has taken everything under his control. He has not a great deal of taste, Tuvache,

poor fellow, and of what you may call the genius of art he is even completely devoid."

In the meantime, Rodolphe, with Mme. Bovary, had gone up to the first-floor of the Town Hall, into the Council Chamber, and, as it was empty, he had declared that they would be able there to enjoy the spectacle more at their ease. He took three stools that lay beneath the oval table, under the bust of the King, and, having placed them near one of the windows, they sat down close together.

There was a commotion on the platform, long whisperings, parleyings. At last Monsieur the Councillor rose. It was known by now that his name was Lieuvain, and it was repeated by one to another in the crowd. When he had arranged a few notes and put them close to his eyes in order to be able to read them better, he began:

"Gentlemen:

"Let me be permitted, in the first place (before addressing you on the object of our gathering to-day, and this sentiment, I am assured, will be appreciated by you all), let me be permitted, I say, to pay a just tribute to the superior Administration, to the Government, to the Monarch, gentlemen, to our Sovereign, that well-beloved King to whom no branch of public or private prosperity is a thing indifferent, and who guides the car of State with a hand at once so firm and so wise amid the incessant perils of a tempestuous sea, knowing, besides, how to make peace respected like war, and industry also, commerce, agriculture, and the fine arts."

"I ought," said Rodolphe, "to move my seat back a little."

"Why?" said Emma.

But, at that moment, the Councillor's voice raised itself to an extraordinary pitch. He declaimed:

"The times are no more, gentlemen, when civil dis-

cord stained with blood our public places, when the landowner, the merchant, the workman even, as he went peacefully to sleep at night trembled lest he should be awakened suddenly by the clanging of incendiary tocsins, when the most subversive maxims sapped audaciously the bases . . ."

"I might be noticed," replied Rodolphe, "from below; then it would take me a fortnight to make excuses, and, with my evil reputation . . ."

"Oh! you are slandering yourself," said Emma.

"No, no, it is abominable, I swear to you."

"But, gentlemen," pursued the Councillor, "if, dismissing from my remembrance these gloomy pictures, I turn my eyes to the actual situation of our beautiful fatherland: what do I see? Everywhere are flourishing commerce and the arts; everywhere new ways of communication, like so many new arteries in the body of the State, are establishing new relations between its several regions; our great manufacturing centres have resumed their activity; religion, more firmly established, smiles in all hearts; our ports are full; confidence is reborn, and France at last breathes freely! . . ."

"For that matter," added Rodolphe, "perhaps, from the worldly point of view, people are right."

"How do you mean?" said she.

"Ah, well," said he, "do you not know that there are souls which are tormented without ceasing? They require dream and action by turns, the purest passions, the most furious pleasures, and thus a man may give himself over to all sorts of caprices, follies."

At this she looked at him as one gazes upon a traveller who has journeyed through strange lands, and she replied:

"We have not even that diversion, we poor women!"

"Sorry diversion, for it brings no happiness."

"But is that ever to be found?" she asked.

"Yes, you may chance upon it one day," replied he.

"And that is what you have comprehended," the Councillor was saying. "You, agriculturists and tillers of the soil; you, pacific pioneers of a work that is one wholly of civilization! You, men of progress and of morality! you have understood, I say, that political storms are indeed still more redoubtable than disturbances in the physical atmosphere . . ."

"You chance upon it one day," repeated Rodolphe, "one day, suddenly, and just as you were despairing of it. Then horizons open; it is as if a voice were crying to you, 'There it is!' You feel the need to confide to this person the story of your whole life, to give her everything, sacrifice to her everything! The two have no need for explanations, they divine each other. They have had glimpses of each other in their dreams." (And he looked at her.) "At last it is there, before you, the treasure you have so long been seeking; it glistens, it sparkles. Yet one doubts of it still, one dares not believe in it; one stands dazzled before it, as if one had just come out of darkness into the light."

And, as he concluded this speech, Rodolphe added pantomime to the words. He passed his hand over his face, like a man seized by an attack of dizziness; then he let it fall on Emma's. She withdrew hers. But the Councillor was still reading:

"And who can marvel at it, gentlemen? That man alone who should be blind enough, plunged deeply enough (I do not fear to say it), plunged deeply enough in the prejudices of another age not to appreciate the spirit of the agricultural population. Where find, in truth, more patriotism than in the country districts, more devotion to the public weal, more intelligence, in a word? Nor do I mean, gentlemen, that superficial intelligence, the vain ornament of indolent minds, but

more of that intelligence, profound and tempered, which applies itself above all things to the pursuit of useful ends, contributing thus to the good of each, to the common improvement and to the maintenance of States, fruit of the respect for law and of the performance of duties. . . ."

"Ah! once more," said Rodolphe. "Always duties; I am sick of that word. There is a pack of old boobies in flannel waistcoats and hypocrites with foot-warmers and chaplets who are forever singing in our ears, 'Duty! duty!' Eh! *parbleu!* Duty is to feel what is great, to cherish what is beautiful, and not to accept all the conventions of society, with the ignominies it imposes upon us."

"Still . . . nevertheless . . ." objected Mme. Bovary.

"No, indeed. Why declaim against the passions? Are they not the one beautiful thing the world has, the fount of heroism, of enthusiasm, of poetry, of music, of the arts, of everything, in short?"

"But," said Emma, "one must, after all, follow, to a certain extent, the opinion of the world and conform to its morality."

"Ah! but then there are two moralities. The petty, the conventional one, that of men, that which varies unceasingly and bawls so loudly, that one grovels below, close to the earth, like this assembly of idiots which you behold. But the other, the eternal, is all around and above us, like the landscape that encircles us and the blue heaven that gives us light."

M. Lieuvain had just wiped his mouth with his pocket handkerchief. He resumed:

"And what need for me, gentlemen, to demonstrate to you here the utility of agriculture? Who, then, provides for our wants? Who, then, contributes to our subsistence? Is it not the agriculturist? The agricul-

turist, gentlemen, who, with laborious hand sowing the fruitful furrows of the field, makes spring the wheat which, when ground, is reduced to a powder by means of ingenious apparatus, issues from this under the name of flour, and thence, transported into the cities, is quickly handed over to the baker, who from it manufactures an aliment for the poor man as for the rich. Is it not the agriculturist, once more, who fattens for our clothing his teeming flocks in the pastures? For how should we clothe ourselves, for how should we live, were it not for the agriculturist? And, gentlemen, is there even need to go so far in search of examples? Who has not often reflected upon all the important profit we derive from that humble creature, the ornament of our yards, which supplies at once a downy pillow for our beds, its succulent flesh for our tables, and eggs? But I should never have done were it required of me to enumerate one after the other the different products which the earth, when well cultivated, like a generous mother, lavishes on her children. Here it is the vine; elsewhere, the cider-yielding apple-tree; there, the colza-plant; yonder, cheeses, and flax. Gentlemen, let us not forget flax! the growth of which in these late years has been marked by a considerable increase, and to which I shall more particularly call your attention."

He had no need to call it, for all the mouths of the crowd were open as if to drink his words. Tuvache, by his side, listened with straining eyes; M. Derozerays, from time to time, gently closed his eye-lids; and, farther on, the chemist, with his son Napoleon between his legs, held his hand, like a trumpet, to his ear, in order not to lose a single syllable. The other members of the jury slowly nodded their chins on their waistcoats in token of approval. The firemen, below the platform, were resting on their bayonets; and Binet, motionless, stood with his elbows turned out and the point of his

sword in the air. He could hear, perhaps, but he could have seen nothing, because of the peak of his cap, which came quite down on his nose. His lieutenant, the younger son of M. Tuvache, had even enlarged his; for he wore one so enormous that it shook about on his head, allowing an end of his cotton-silk handkerchief to protrude. He smiled beneath it with quite childish sweetness, and his pale little face, over which drops of perspiration trickled, wore an expression of enjoyment, fatigue, and drowsiness.

The Place was thronged even to the houses. People were to be seen leaning out from all the windows, others standing up in every doorway, and Justin, before the front of the pharmacy, seemed entirely absorbed in the contemplation of what he beheld. In spite of the silence, M. Lieuvain's voice was lost in the air. It reached you by shreds of sentences, which were interrupted here and there by the noise of chairs in the crowd; then you might hear the long bellow of an ox suddenly begin behind you, or perhaps the bleating of lambs answering each other at the street corners. The cow-herds and shepherds had, in truth, driven their beasts thus far, and they lowed from time to time, as they tore off with their tongue some sprig of foliage that hung above their muzzles.

Rodolphe had drawn nearer to Emma, and he said to her, speaking quickly:

"Does not this conspiracy of the world revolt you? Is there a single sentiment which it does not condemn? The most noble instincts, the purest sympathies, are persecuted, calumniated, and if two poor souls do at last meet, everything is organized with a view to prevent their union. They will try, nevertheless, they will beat their wings, they will call to each other. Oh! it matters not, soon or late, in six months, ten years, they will come together again; they will love, because Fate

demands it and because they were born for one another."

He sat with his arms crossed on his knees, and thus raising his face towards Emma he gazed at her closely and fixedly. She could distinguish in his eyes little golden lights radiating all round his black pupils, and she could even smell the perfume of the pomade which gave a gloss to his hair. A feeling of weakness came over her at this; she recalled that Vicomte, who had waltzed with her at La Vaubyessard, and whose beard, like this hair, exhaled that odour of vanilla and lemon, and mechanically she half closed her eye-lids, the better to breathe it in. But as, doing so, she straightened herself in her chair, she perceived in the distance, far away on the horizon, the old Swallow coach, which was slowly descending the hill of Leux, drawing after it a long plume of dust. It was in that yellow conveyance that Léon had so often come back to her; and by that road over yonder that he had departed forever! She fancied she could see him opposite, at his window; then everything grew confused; clouds passed; it seemed to her that she still turned in the waltz under the blaze of the lustres, on the arm of the Vicomte, and that Léon was not far away, that he was about to come; . . . and yet she was conscious all the time of Rodolphe's head there by her side. The pleasantness of this sensation thus became interfused with her old desires, and, like grains of sand beneath a puff of wind, they whirled about in the subtle whiff of the perfume diffused over her soul. She opened her nostrils several times, vigorously, in order to inhale the freshness of the ivy round the capitals. She drew off her gloves and wiped her hands; then, with her handkerchief, she fanned her face, while through the beating of her temples she could hear the murmur of the crowd and the voice of the Councillor speaking his sentences in sing-song tone.

He was saying:

"Continue! persevere! Hearken neither to the suggestions of routine nor to the overhasty counsels of a rash empiricism! Apply yourselves, above all, to the improvement of the soil, to good manures, to the development of the equine, bovine, ovine, and porcine races! Let this Congress be for you, as it were, a pacific arena, whence the conqueror, as he issues forth, shall extend the hand to the conquered, and fraternize with him in the hope of a better success! And you, venerable servants! humble domestics of whose laborious toil until this day no Government had taken account, come to receive the recompense of your silent virtues, and be convinced that the State, henceforward, has its eyes fixed on you, that it encourages you, protects you, that it will see justice done to your rightful claims, and will ease, so far as in it lies, the burden of your painful sacrifices!"

M. Lieuvain then resumed his seat. M. Derozerays rose, beginning another speech. His was perhaps not so flowery as that of the Councillor, but it commended itself by a more positive quality of style—that is to say, by more special knowledge and more elevated considerations. Thus, the eulogy of the Government occupied less place in it; religion and agriculture more. It made clear the relation of the one to the other, and how they had ever co-operated in the work of civilization. Rodolphe, with Madame Bovary, talked of dreams, presentiments, magnetism. Ascending to the cradle of societies, the orator depicted for you those savage times when men lived on acorns in the depths of the woods. Then they had left behind them the skins of beasts, commenced to wear garments of cloth, dug furrows, planted the vine. Was it a good, or might there not be in that discovery more disadvantages than benefits? M. Derozerays asked himself the question. From magnetism,

little by little, Rodolphe had passed on to affinities, and, while Monsieur the President was citing Cincinnatus at his plough, Diocletian planting his cabbages, and the emperors of China inaugurating the year by the sowing of seed, the young man was explaining to his companion that those irresistible attractions traced their cause to some anterior existence.

"Thus, in our own case," said he, "why have we come to know each other? What chance decreed it? The reason doubtless is that across the separating distance, like two streams that bend their courses together till finally they unite, our particular propensities have been carrying us towards one another."

And he took her hand; she did not withdraw it.

"For general good cultivation!" cried the president.

"Recently, for example, when I came to your house . . ."

"To M. Bizet, of Quincampoix."

"Did I know that I should find you sympathetic?"

"Seventy francs!"

"A hundred times even I wanted to go, and I followed you, I stayed."

"Manures."

"As I would I might stay this evening, to-morrow, the other days, all my life!"

"To M. Caron, of Argueil, a gold medal!"

"For never have I found in the society of any one so complete a charm."

"To M. Bain, of Givry-Saint-Martin!"

"And therefore, for my part, I shall always remember you."

"For a merino ram . . ."

"But you will forget me; I shall have passed like a shadow."

"To M. Belot, of Nôtre-Dame . . ."

"Oh, no! tell me I may count for something in your thoughts, in your life!"

"Porcine species, prizes *ex æquo*: to MM. Lehérissé and Cullembourg; sixty francs!"

Rodolphe squeezed her hand, and felt it all warm and trembling like a captive dove that would take flight; but, whether it was in trying to draw it away or in reply to this pressure, she made a movement with her fingers; he cried:

"Oh, how I thank you! You do not repulse me! You are kind! You understand that I am yours! Let me see you, let me gaze upon you!"

A gust of wind entering by the windows rippled over the table-cloth, and below, in the Place, all the large caps of the peasant women were raised and fluttered like the wings of white butterflies.

"For the use of oil-seed cake," continued the president.

He made haste:

"Flemish manure — flax cultivation — drainage — services of domestics."

Rodolphe had ceased speaking. They looked at each other. A supreme desire quivered over their dry lips; and softly, without effort, their fingers intertwined.

"Catherine-Nicaise-Elizabeth Leroux, of Sassetot-la-Guerrière, for fifty-four years of service on the same farm, a silver medal—value twenty-five francs!"

"Where is she, Catherine Leroux?" repeated the Councillor.

She did not come forward, and voices could be heard whispering to her:

"Go up!"

"No."

"To the left!"

"Don't be afraid!"

"How stupid she is!"

"Finally, is she present?" cried Tuvache.

"Yes! . . . here she is!"

"Let her come forward then!"

At this, there was seen advancing along the platform, her bearing full of apprehension, a little old woman who seemed to shrink in her poor clothes. On her feet she wore huge wooden clogs, and round her hips a big blue apron. Her lean face, encircled by a linen cap without border, was fuller of wrinkles than a withered russet, and the sleeves of her red bodice came over two long hands with knotted joints. The dust of barns, the potash of washing-tubs, and the grease of wool had so thoroughly incrusted, chafed, and hardened them that they looked dirty, although they had been washed in clear water; and, through long service, they remained bent, neither opened nor closed, as if to present in themselves the humble witness of so many sufferings endured. A certain nun-like rigidity exalted the expression of her features. Nothing sad or pitiful softened that pale look. Through consorting with animals, she had acquired their muteness and their placidity. It was the first time that she found herself in the midst of such a numerous company, and, frightened within herself by the flags, by the drums, by the gentlemen in dress-coats, by the Councillor's Cross of Honour, she remained motionless, not knowing whether she ought to advance or run away, nor why the crowd pushed her forward and the judges smiled upon her. Thus it stood, before those sleek burgesses, that half-century of servitude.

"Come forward, venerable Catherine-Nicaise-Elizabeth Leroux!" said Monsieur the Councillor, who had received from the hands of the president the list of prize-winners.

And examining by turns the sheet of paper and the old woman, he repeated in paternal tone:

"Come forward! come forward!"

"Are you deaf?" said Tuvache, bouncing from his arm-chair.

And he shouted in her ear:

"Fifty-four years of service! A silver medal! Twenty-five francs! It is for you."

When she had received her medal, she gazed upon it. Then a smile of beatitude spread over her countenance, and she was heard to mutter as she retired:

"I will give it to our priest at home, to say masses for me."

"What fanaticism!" exclaimed the chemist, leaning over to the lawyer.

The meeting was at an end; the crowd dispersed; and now that the speeches were over, each man resumed his rank and everything began once more its usual train: master spoke harshly to servant, and servants struck the animals, indolent conquerors who were returning to the stable with a green wreath between their horns.

In the meantime the men of the National Guard had gone up to the first-story of the Town Hall with cakes spitted on their bayonets, and with the regimental drummer carrying a basket of bottles. Madame Bovary took Rodolphe's arm; he escorted her home; they separated at her door; then he took a walk alone in the meadow, while awaiting the hour of the banquet.

The feast was long, noisy, ill-served; the place was so packed that one could scarcely move one's elbows, and the narrow planks that served for benches almost broke under the weight of the guests. They ate abundantly. Everyone took his fill for his portion. Perspiration ran on every brow; and a whitish vapour, like the mist of a stream on an autumn morning, floated above the table, between the hanging lamps. Rodolphe, with his back resting against the canvas of the tent, had his thoughts so concentrated upon Emma, that he heard

nothing. Behind him, on the turf, servants were piling up dirty plates; his neighbours spoke, but he did not reply to them; his glass was filled for him, and a stillness reigned in his mind in spite of the increase of noise. He dreamed of what she had said, and of the form of her lips; her face, as in a magic mirror, shone on the bright disks of the shakos; he fancied he could see the folds of her dress on the walls, and days of love stretched themselves out to infinity in the perspectives of the future.

He saw her again in the evening, during the display of fire-works; but she was with her husband, Mme. Homais, and the chemist himself, who was very uneasy about the dangerousness of stray rocket-sticks; and he kept leaving the company every moment in order to go to offer advice to Binet.

The fire-works sent to the address of M. Tuvache had, through excess of precaution, been locked up in his cellar; consequently the damp powder would hardly take fire, and the principal piece, which was supposed to represent a dragon biting its tail, proved a complete failure. From time to time there would go off a poor Roman candle; then the gaping crowd raised a clamour, with which was mingled the cry of women whose waists were being squeezed in the darkness. Emma, silent, stood leaning gently against Charles's shoulder; then, raising her chin, she would follow the luminous shoot of the rockets in the black sky. Rodolphe gazed at her by the light of the burning lamps.

These gradually went out. The stars appeared. Some drops of rain fell. She tied her neck-shawl over her bare head.

At that moment the Councillor's hackney-coach issued from the inn. His coachman, who was drunk, suddenly grew drowsy, and over the hood, between the two lanterns, the dark mass of his body could be seen in

the distance swaying to right and left, according to the pitch of the vehicle.

"Truly," said the apothecary, "severe measures ought to be taken against drunkenness! I would have inscribed, every week, at the door of the Town Hall, on a board *ad hoc*, the names of all those who, during the week, should have intoxicated themselves with alcohols. Besides, from the point of view of statistics, one would thus possess, as it were, patent annals which at need could be . . . But excuse me."

And again he ran off to the captain.

The latter was about to return home. He was going to see his lathe again.

"Perhaps you would not do ill," remarked Homais to him, "to send one of your men, or to go yourself . . ."

"Do leave me alone," replied the tax-collector, "since there is no danger!"

"Be easy," said the apothecary when he had returned to his friends. "M. Binet has assured me that all precautions have been duly taken. Not a single spark has fallen. The pumps are full. We may sleep tranquilly."

"*Ma foi!* I need it," said Mme. Homais, who had been yawning frequently; "but, no matter, we have had a very splendid day for our gala."

Rodolphe repeated in a low voice and a tender look: "Oh! yes, very splendid!"

And, having greeted each other, they separated.

Two days later, in the *Rouen Beacon*, there was a long article upon the Congress. Homais had composed it with spirit, the very next day.

"Why these festoons, these flowers, these garlands? Whither was surging this crowd, like the waves of the sea in fury, beneath the torrents of a tropical sun, which was pouring its heat over our corn-fields?"

Next, he spoke of the condition of the peasantry. Certainly the Government was doing much, but not enough! "Courage!" cried he to it; "a thousand reforms are indispensable; let us accomplish them." Then, coming to the entry of the Councillor, he did not forget "the martial air of our militia," nor "our most sprightly village maidens," nor "the bald-headed old men, a kind of patriarchs, who were present, and some of whom, relics of our immortal phalanxes, felt once more their hearts beat at the inspiring sound of the drums." He mentioned himself in a first place among the members of the jury, and even reminded the reader, in a foot-note, that M. Homais, pharmacist, had sent a memorandum on cider to the Society of Agriculture. When he arrived at the distribution of the rewards, he depicted the joy of the prize-winners with a dithyrambic touch. "The father embraced his son, the brother the brother, the husband the wife. More than one exhibited with pride his humble medal, and doubtless after his return home to his good housewife he will have suspended it with tears upon the modest walls of his lowly cot.

"At six o'clock, a banquet, served in the grass-field of M. Leigeard, brought together again the chief among those who had been taking part in the festivities. At this the greatest cordiality did not cease to reign. Several toasts were proposed: M. Lieuvain, 'To the King'; M. Tuvache, 'To the Prefect'; M. Derozerays, 'To Agriculture'; M. Homais, 'To those Two Sisters, Industry and the Fine Arts'; M. Leplichey, 'To Improvements.' In the evening, a brilliant display of fire-works suddenly illuminated the atmosphere. One would have said a veritable kaleidoscope, a genuine scene from the opera, and for a moment our little locality might have believed itself transported into the midst of a dream of the *Arabian Nights.*

"Let us state that no untoward incident occurred to trouble this family gathering."

And he added:

"It was noticed that the clergy alone were absent. Doubtless the sacristies understand progress after another fashion. Do so and welcome, MM. de Loyola!"

IX

Six weeks passed, and Rodolphe was not seen again. At last, one evening, he appeared.

He had said to himself, the day after the Congress:

"Let us not return immediately, it would be a mistake."

And, at the end of the week, he had gone off shooting. When it was over he had thought at first that it was too late; then had reasoned in this way:

"But, if she loved me from the first day we met, she must now, through impatience to see me again, be more in love than ever. Let us continue therefore!"

And he realized that his calculation had been sound, when, as he entered the room, he saw Emma turn pale.

She was alone. The light was waning. The little muslin curtains over the windows deepened the twilight, and the gilt of the barometer, on which a ray of sunshine was falling, threw its fires on the mirror, between the fretwork of the coral.

Rodolphe remained standing, and Emma barely replied to his first complimentary phrases.

"I have been busy," he said. "I have been ill."

"Seriously?" cried she.

"Well," said Rodolphe, seating himself on a footstool at her side, "no! . . . The fact is I made up my mind not to come again."

"Why?"

"You do not guess?"

He looked at her again, but in so significant a way that she bent her head with a blush. He continued:

"Emma . . ."

"Sir!" said she, drawing away a little.

"Ah! you see clearly," he made answer in a melancholy voice, "that I was right to determine not to come back; for that name, that name which fills my soul and which escaped me just now, you forbid it to me! Mme. Bovary! . . . Why, everybody may address you like that! . . . Besides, it is not your name; it belongs to another!"

He repeated:

"To another!"

And he hid his face in his hands.

"Yes, I think of you continually! . . . The memory of you drives me to despair! Ah! pardon! . . . I leave you . . . Farewell! . . . I shall go far away . . . so far that you will never hear of me again! . . . And yet . . . to-day . . . I know not what force has impelled me towards you! For one does not struggle against Heaven, one has no resistance against the smile of angels! One allows one's self to be swept away by what is beautiful, charming, adorable!"

It was the first time that Emma had had such things said to her, and her pride, like one reclining in a vapour-bath, stretched itself out languidly, yielding itself wholly to the fervour of this speech.

"But, if I have not come," he continued, "if I have been unable to see you, ah! at least I have oft gazed on your surroundings. At night, every night, I have risen and come here to look upon your house, the roof glistening in the moonlight, the trees in the garden swaying beneath your window, and a little lamp, a gleam, that shone through the panes in the shadow. Ah! you little knew that there, so near and yet so far, there was a poor wretch . . ."

She turned towards him with a sob.

"Oh! how good you are!" she murmured.

"No, I love you, that is all. You do not doubt it! Tell me you do not; a word! a single word!"

And Rodolphe, imperceptibly, let himself slide from the footstool to the floor; but a noise of heavy shoes was heard in the kitchen, and the door of the room, he noticed, was not quite closed.

"How charitable it would be of you," he continued, raising himself, "if you would gratify a whim of mine!"

It was to be allowed to look over her house; he wished to know it; and, Mme. Bovary having no objection, they were both rising when Charles came in.

"Good-day, doctor," said Rodolphe.

The medico, flattered by the unexpected title, was profuse of obsequious compliments, and the other took advantage of the opportunity to regain his composure a little.

"Madame was speaking to me," he remarked, "about her health . . ."

Charles interrupted him; he had indeed a thousand anxieties on the subject; his wife's depressions were recommencing.

Upon this, Rodolphe asked whether horse-exercise might not be beneficial.

"Certainly! excellent, perfect! . . . That is an idea! You ought to act upon it."

And, as she objected that she had no horse, M. Rodolphe offered one. She refused the proposal. He did not press it. Then, in order to give a reason for his visit, he related that his carter, the man whom the doctor had bled, still felt a dizziness at times.

"I will call," said Bovary.

"No, no; I will send him to you; we will come over; that will be more convenient for you."

"Ah! very well. I am obliged to you."

And, as soon as they were alone:

"Why do you not accept M. Boulanger's proposition? It is very courteous of him."

She put on a sulky air, sought a thousand excuses, and declared finally *that it would perhaps look strange.*

"Ah! what do I care about that!" said Charles, pirouetting on his heel. "Health before everything! You are wrong."

"Eh! how can I ride a horse since I have no habit?"

"You must order one!" replied he.

The habit decided her.

When the costume was ready, Charles wrote to M. Boulanger that his wife was at his disposition, and that they counted on his kindness.

The next day, at noon, Rodolphe arrived at Charles's door with two saddle-horses. One had pink rosettes at its ears and a lady's saddle in doeskin.

Rodolphe had put on long, soft boots, reflecting that probably she had never seen any like them; and, in truth, Emma was charmed with his figure, when he appeared at the head of the stairs in his large velvet coat and white cotton breeches. She was ready and waiting for him.

Justin slipped out of the pharmacy to see her, and the apothecary also took the trouble to step over. He was not without some advice for M. Boulanger.

"An accident so quickly happens! Take care! Your horses are perhaps high-mettled!"

She heard a noise overhead; it was Félicité, who was drumming on the window-panes to amuse little Bertha. The child waved a kiss to her from the distance; her mother answered by a signal with the handle of her whip.

"A pleasant ride!" cried M. Homais. "Prudence, above all! prudence!" And he waved his newspaper as he watched them disappear.

As soon as it felt soft earth, Emma's horse broke into a gallop. Rodolphe galloped by her side. Occasionally they exchanged a word. With head slightly

drooped, her hand high and right arm swinging loose, she gave herself up to the cadence of the movement that rocked her in the saddle as in a cradle.

At the foot of the hill Rodolphe loosened the reins; they dashed forward together with a single spring; then, at the top, suddenly, the horses pulled up, and her large blue veil fell down.

It was the first week in October. A haze lay over the country. Where the outline of the hills left gaps, mists stretched themselves away to the horizon; and others, dissolving, rose, were lost. Sometimes through a break in the mists, made by a ray of sunshine, there could be seen the roofs of Yonville in the distance, with the gardens by the river-side, the yards, the walls, and the spire of the church. Emma half closed her eyes, the better to distinguish her own house, and never had that poor village where she dwelt seemed to her so small. From the height where they stood the whole valley looked one immense pale lake evaporating into the air. The clumps of trees here and there stood out like black rocks; and the lofty lines of the poplars, rising above the haze, suggested the sand of sea-shores driven by the wind.

Near them, over the sward, between the pines, a melancholy light wandered in the mild atmosphere. The earth, ruddy like snuff, deadened the sound of the horses' feet; and with the front of their shoes they scattered before them the fallen pine-cones as they walked.

Rodolphe and Emma followed thus the outskirts of the wood. From time to time, to avoid his glance, she turned away to see, however, nothing but the trunks of the pines which, with the endless succession of their regular rows, made her feel a little dizzy. The horses breathed lustily. The leather of the saddles creaked.

At the moment when they entered the forest the sun shone out.

"God is protecting us!" said Rodolphe.

"You think so?" she replied.

"Let us make haste! Forward!" he rejoined.

He clicked with his tongue. The two beasts responded.

Certain tall brackens, at the side of the path, kept becoming entangled in Emma's stirrup. Rodolphe, without pulling up, leaned over and released them as they caught. At other times, to put aside the branches, he passed close to her, and Emma felt the light touch of his knee on her leg. The sky was become blue. The leaves did not stir. There were great expanses covered by heather in full bloom, and beds of violets lay among the medley of the trees, which were gray, tawny, or golden, according to the variety of the foliage. Often under the lower bushes you could hear a little fluttering of wings as they slipped away, or perhaps, hoarse and soft, the cry of rooks as they flew off among the oaks.

They alighted. Rodolphe tethered the horses. She went before, walking on the moss between the ruts.

But, although she held up its train, she was embarrassed by the too great length of her habit, and Rodolphe, as he followed her, could gaze upon the daintiness of her white stocking.

She stopped.

"I am tired," said she.

"Come, one more effort!" was his response. "Courage!"

Then, a hundred paces farther on, she stopped afresh, and, through her veil, which, from her hat like a man's, descended slantingly to her hips, her features were discernible in a bluish transparency, as though she were swimming beneath azure waves.

"But where are we going?"

He answered nothing. She was breathing quickly,

Rodolphe cast a glance around him and bit his mustache.

They reached a larger open space where the coppice had been cut, and, as they sat there on the trunk of a fallen tree, Rodolphe began to speak to her of his love.

He took care not to frighten her at the beginning by compliments. He was calm, serious, melancholy.

Emma listened to him with bowed head, while with the tip of her shoe she idly pushed about the chips on the ground. But at this phrase:

"Are not our destinies henceforth one?"

"As for that, no!" she replied. "You know it well. It is impossible."

She rose to go. He seized her by the wrist. She stopped. Then, after gazing at him for some minutes with eyes that were loving and quite moist, she said quickly:

"Ah! there—let us speak of it no more. Where are the horses? Let us return."

He made a gesture of anger and weariness. She repeated:

"Where are the horses? Where are the horses?"

Then, smiling a strange smile, the pupils of his eyes fixed and with teeth set, he stepped forward, opening his arms. She recoiled, trembling. She murmured:

"Oh, you frighten me! you hurt me! Let us start."

"Since it must be so," replied he, his face changing. And immediately he was once more respectful, caressing in manner, timid. She gave him her arm. They turned back. He said:

"What was the matter? Why? I didn't understand. You must have received a false impression, I think. In my soul you are like a Madonna on a pedestal. Your place there is high, firm, stainless. But you are necessary to my very life. I need your eyes,

your voice, your thoughts. Be my friend, my sister, my angel!"

And stretching out his arm he pressed it about her waist. The attempt she made to disengage herself was only feeble. He continued to support her thus as they walked.

But they heard the sounds made by the two horses as they browsed on the leaves.

"Oh! longer yet," said Rodolphe. "Don't let us go! Stay!"

He drew her farther away, round a little pool, where water lentils made the water's face green-leaved. Withered water-lilies hung motionless between the rushes.

At the sound of their steps on the grass, frogs sprang away to hide themselves.

"It is wrong of me, it is wicked," she said. "I am mad to listen to you."

"Why? . . . Emma! Emma!"

"Oh! Rodolphe! . . ." said the young woman slowly, as she leaned on his shoulder, while the cloth of her riding-habit caught upon the velvet of his coat.

Presently the shadows of the evening began to fall; the horizontal sun, passing between the branches, dazzled her eyes. Here and there, all around her, among the leaves or on the ground, there trembled luminous patches, as though humming-birds, as they flew, had been casting their plumes. Silence was everywhere; from the trees seemed to emanate something of harmony and peace; she became conscious again of the beating of her own heart, and felt the blood circulate through her flesh like a stream of milk. Then she heard in the far distance, beyond the woods, on the other hills, a vague and prolonged cry, a voice that hung in the air, and she listened to it silently as it mingled like

music with the last vibrations of her agitated nerves. Rodolphe, meantime, cigar between his teeth, mended with his penknife one of the two bridles which was broken.

They returned to Yonville by the same road. They saw again, on the mud, the tracks of their horses, side by side, and the same bushes, the same stones among the grass. Nothing around them had changed; and yet, for her, something had happened of importance greater than though the mountains should have been moved from their places. Rodolphe from time to time leaned over and took her hand to kiss it.

She was charming on horseback! Erect there, with her slender figure, knee bent over her horse's mane, and her colour a shade heightened by the fresh air, in the ruddy evening light.

As they entered Yonville she caracoled over the paving-stones. People watched her from the windows.

Her husband, at dinner, remarked how well she looked; but she affected not to hear when he inquired about her ride; and she sat on, with elbow at the side of her plate, between the two candles that burned on the table.

"Emma!" said he.

"What?"

"Well, I called this afternoon at M. Alexandre's; he has an old mare, a still very handsome beast, though a trifle broken-kneed, which could be bought, I feel sure, for a hundred crowns. . . ."

He added:

"Indeed, thinking to please you, I bespoke it . . . I bought it . . . Did I do right? Tell me."

She nodded her head in token of assent; then, a quarter of an hour later:

"Are you going out this evening?" she asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, my dear."

And as soon as she was rid of Charles she went upstairs to shut herself in her bed-room.

At first what she experienced was a kind of dizziness; she saw the trees, the roads, the ditches, Rodolphe, and she felt once more the embrace of his arms while the leaves shuddered and the rushes whistled.

But, when she saw herself in the mirror, her face astonished her. Never had her eyes looked so large, so dark, or of such depth. Some subtle influence diffused over her person transfigured it.

"I have a lover! a lover!" she kept repeating to herself, delighting in this idea, as if 'twere in the thought of a second maidenhood come to her. At last, then, she was about to possess those joys of love, that fever of bliss of which she had despaired. She stood on the threshold of some marvellous world where all was going to be passion, ecstasy, delirium; an immensity, blue-tinged, surrounded her; the heights of sentiment sparkled in the rays of her fancy, and ordinary existence appeared only far away, quite below, in the shade of the hollows between those peaks.

Next she summoned to mind the heroines of the books she had read, and the lyric legion of those adulterous women began to sing in her memory with sisterly voices that fascinated her. Herself she became, as it were, a veritable part of these imaginings, and realized the long dream of her youth in joining herself to that type of amorous woman which had aroused in her so great an envy. Besides, Emma felt a certain satisfaction of revenge. How much had she not suffered! But now was her hour of triumph, and love, so long repressed, could burst forth at last unrestrained, with joyous overflowings. She sucked its sweet without remorse, without disquiet, without anxiety.

The day of the morrow spent itself in a renewed de-

light. They made vows to one another. She told him her sadnesses. Rodolphe interrupted her constantly by his kisses; and, gazing at him through eye-lids that were half closed, she begged him to call her again by her name and to repeat that he loved her. It was in the forest, as on the preceding evening, under a shed used by the makers of wooden shoes. The walls were of straw and the roof came down so low that it was necessary to keep in a stooping position. They were seated close together, on a bed of dry leaves.

From that day forward they wrote to each other every evening. Emma would carry her letter to the end of the garden, near the river, and put it in a cleft of the terrace. Rodolphe used to come there to fetch it, and would replace it by another, of which she always complained that it was too short.

One morning that Charles had left home before dawn, she was seized by a caprice to see Rodolphe instantly. It was possible to reach La Huchette swiftly, have an hour there, and still be back before any one in Yonville should be awake. This thought made her pant with eager desire, and she quickly found herself in the midst of the meadow-land, where she walked with rapid step, without looking behind her.

The day was beginning to dawn. Emma from far off recognised the house of her lover, with its two vanes shaped like fan-tails, standing out in black relief against the pale morning twilight.

Beyond the farm-yard there was a main-building, which could be none other than the dwelling-house. She entered it, as though the walls, at her approach, had opened of their own accord to receive her. A big straight stairway led upward to a corridor. Emma turned the handle of a door, and suddenly, at the far end of the room, she espied a man who slept. It was Rodolphe. She uttered a cry.

"You here! you here!" he repeated. "How have you managed to come? . . . Ah! your frock is wet!"

"I love you!" she replied, putting her arms about his neck.

Having been successful in this first piece of boldness, every time now that Charles went out early, Emma dressed quickly and softly descended the steps that led to the water-side.

But when the gangway over which the cows were accustomed to pass had been raised, she was obliged to follow the walls that flanked the stream. The steep bank was slippery; so as not to fall, she would cling with her hands to the tufts of withered wall-flowers. Then she would make her way over ploughed fields, in which she sank, stumbled, and covered her dainty boots with soil. Her silk kerchief, tied about her head, fluttered in the wind as she crossed the pastures. She was afraid of the oxen, and would begin to run, arriving, finally, out of breath, with pink cheeks, and radiating from all her body a fresh odour of vitality, of green leaves and of the open air. Rodolphe, at that hour, would be still asleep. It was like a morning of spring that entered his chamber.

The yellow curtains gave soft passage through the length of the windows to a heavy blond light. Emma would grope her way, with blinking eyes, while the drops of dew sparkling on the fillets of her hair formed, as it were, an aureole of topazes all round her face. Rodolphe, laughing, used to draw her to him and take her to his heart.

Afterward she would explore the apartment: she would open the drawers of the furniture, comb her hair with his comb, look at herself in the shaving-glass, often even she would put between her teeth the mouth-piece of a big pipe that lay on the bedside-table, among lemons and lumps of sugar, near a water-bottle.

They required a good quarter of an hour to say good-

bye. At these times Emma wept; she would have wished never to leave Rodolphe. Something stronger than herself drove her continually towards him, until at last one day, upon her arriving quite unexpectedly, his features contracted like those of a man who is annoyed.

"What is the matter?" said she. "Are you in pain? Speak to me!"

At length he declared, with a serious air, that her visits were becoming imprudent and that she was compromising herself.

X

Little by little these fears of Rodolphe's became her own also. Love had intoxicated her at first, and she had thought of nothing beyond. But, now that it was indispensable to her life, she feared to lose something of it, or even lest it should be disturbed. When she returned from his house she would cast anxious glances all around, watching every figure that passed on the horizon and every attic-window in the village whence she might possibly be observed. She listened to steps, cries, the noise of the ploughs; and she would stop sometimes, more pallid and trembling than the leaves of the poplars waving above her head.

One morning, as she was thus returning, she suddenly thought she saw the long barrel of a rifle, which seemed to be holding her covered. It protruded slantingly from the edge of a small cask, half buried among the herbage, at the side of a ditch. Emma, ready to faint with terror, advanced, however, and a man came out of the cask, like a jack-in-the-box. He had leggings strapped up to the knees, his cap pushed down over his eyes, trembling lips and a red nose. It was Captain Binet, on the lookout for wild duck.

"You ought to have called to me from a distance!" cried he. "When you see a gun, you should always give warning."

With this remark the tax-collector attempted to dissimulate the fright he had just received; for, a prefectorial decree having forbidden duck-shooting except

from a boat, M. Binet, in spite of his respect for the laws, was guilty of contravening them. Consequently he kept fancying every minute that he could hear the game-keeper coming. But this anxiety gave an added zest to his pleasure, and, alone in his barrel, he rejoiced in his happiness and his cunning.

At the sight of Emma, he appeared relieved of a great weight, and immediately, opening conversation, he remarked:

"It is not warm; the cold pricks one, indeed!"

Emma did not answer. He continued:

"And you are out very early, are you not?"

"Yes," she said, with a stammer; "I am coming from the nurse's, where my child is."

"Ah! that's all right! that's all right! As for myself, I have been here like this since dawn; but the weather is so dirty that short of having the game just at the end . . ."

"Good-evening, M. Binet," she interrupted, turning her back on him.

"Your servant, madame," replied he, in a dry tone. And he went back into his barrel.

Emma repented of having left the tax-collector so brusquely. Doubtless he would make unfavourable conjectures. The story of the nurse was the worst possible excuse, since everybody at Yonville well knew that the little Bovary had been at home with her parents for a year past. Besides, no one lived in the vicinity; that road led only to La Huchette; Binet therefore must have guessed whence she came, and he would not be silent; he would gossip, it was certain! She remained then until evening torturing her mind over the invention of all imaginable lies, and having constantly before her eyes that imbecile with the game-bag.

Charles, after dinner, seeing that she was preoccupied, wished, by way of diversion, to take her round to

the chemist's; and the first person that she saw in the pharmacy was he again, the tax-collector! He was standing before the counter, in the light cast from the big red phial, and saying:

"Give me, please, half an ounce of vitriol."

"Justin," cried the apothecary, "bring us the sulphuric acid."

Then, to Emma, who wished to go up to Mme. Homais' room:

"No, stay here; it is not worth while, she is about to come down. Warm yourself at the stove in the meantime . . . Excuse me . . . Good-day, Doctor (for the apothecary was fond of uttering that word *Doctor*, as if, in addressing it to another, he should have caused to be reflected on himself something of the magnificence he discovered in it). But (this to Justin) take care not to upset the mortars! Go, rather, and fetch the chairs from the small room; you know well that the easy chairs in the *salon* are not to be disturbed."

And Homais was rushing from behind the counter to put back his easy chair in its place, when Binet asked him for half an ounce of sugar acid.

"Sugar acid?" said the chemist disdainfully. "I do not know it, I never heard of it! You want, perhaps, some oxalic acid? It is oxalic that you mean, is it not?"

Binet explained that he required a mordant to prepare, himself, a solution of copper with which to remove the rust from various shooting gear. Emma gave a start.

The chemist proceeded to remark:

"In effect, the weather is not propitious, by reason of the humidity."

"Nevertheless," replied the tax-collector slyly, "there are people who make shift to put up with it."

She was choking.

"Give me also . . ."

"Will he never go away!" thought she.

"Half an ounce of rosin and turpentine, four ounces of yellow wax, and an ounce and a half of animal black, if you please, to clean the bright leathers in my outfit."

The apothecary was beginning to cut the wax, when Mme. Homais appeared with Irma in her arms, Napoleon at her side, and Athalie following her. She sat down on the velvet seat against the window, and the lad squatted on a footstool, while his elder sister prowled round the box of jujubes, near her little papa. The latter was filling funnels and corking bottles, sticking on labels, making up parcels. There was silence around him; and you could hear nothing save, from time to time, the weights ringing in the scales, with a few low words from the chemist as he gave advice to his pupil.

"How is your little lady?" asked Mme. Homais suddenly.

"Silence!" exclaimed her husband, who was writing figures on the scribbling-block.

"Why have you not brought her?" she went on, in an undertone.

"Hush! hush!" said Emma, pointing with her finger to the apothecary.

But Binet, absorbed in the examination of his bill, had probably heard nothing. At last he went out. Then Emma, relieved, heaved a deep sigh.

"How hard your breathing is!" said Mme. Homais.

"Ah! it is rather warm to-day," she replied.

The next day, therefore, they discussed ways of arranging their meetings more prudently. Emma wished to bribe her servant with a present; but it seemed better to try to find some retired house in Yonville. Rodolphe promised to look for one.

All through the winter, three or four times a week, at dead of night, he came to the garden. Emma, on

purpose, had removed the key of the garden gate, which Charles believed lost.

To give her notice of his presence, Rodolphe used to throw a handful of sand against the shutters. She quickly got up; but sometimes she had to wait, for Charles had a mania for chatting by the fire, and his talk was endless. She was consumed with impatience; if her eyes could have done it, they would have thrown him out of the window. Finally, she used to commence her toilette for the night; then she would take a book and continue to read very peacefully, as though she were interested in it. But Charles, who was in bed, used to call her.

"Come now, Emma," he would say, "it is time."

"Yes, I am coming!" was her reply.

However, as the candles dazzled him, he would turn to the wall and go to sleep. She used to slip out, holding her breath.

Rodolphe had a large cloak; he would wrap it completely about her, and, passing his arm round her waist, draw her, without speaking, to the bottom of the garden.

It was under the arbour, on that same bench of decayed sticks, on which formerly Léon used to gaze at her so amorously of summer evenings. She thought of him but little now.

The stars shone through the branches of the leafless jasmine. Behind them they could hear the river flowing, and, from time to time, on the bank, the crackling of dry reeds. Masses of deep shadow, here and there, bulged out in the gloom, and sometimes, all shuddering with a single movement, they would stand erect and lean over like immense black waves advancing to hide them. The night cold made them clasp each other the more closely; the sighs of their lips seemed to them louder; their eyes, which they could only just perceive with difficulty, seemed to them larger, and, in the midst

of the silence, there were words spoken low which fell on their souls with a crystalline sonority and were re-echoed there in multiplied vibrations.

When the night was rainy, they went and took refuge in the consulting-room, between the carriage-house and the stable. She used to light one of the kitchen candles which she had hidden behind the books. Rodolphe installed himself there as if he were in his own house. The sight of the book-cases and the desk, of the whole room, in short, excited his gaiety; and he could not refrain from making on Charles a number of jokes, which embarrassed Emma. She would have wished to see him more serious, and even more dramatic upon occasion, as that time when she thought she heard a noise of steps approaching on the walk.

"Some one is coming!" said she.

He blew out the light.

"Have you got your pistols?"

"Why?"

"But . . . to defend yourself," replied Emma.

"Do you mean against your husband? Ah! the poor fellow!"

And Rodolphe finished his sentence with a gesture which signified, "I could crush him with a flick of my thumb!"

She was amazed by his bravery, although she felt in it a sort of indelicacy and naïve coarseness which scandalized her.

Rodolphe mused a great deal on this pistol story. If she had spoken seriously, it was very ridiculous, thought he, odious even, for he had not, for his part, any reason to hate the good Charles, not being what is called devoured by jealousy—and, in this relation, Emma had sworn to him a solemn oath which he did not consider to be, either, in the best taste.

Besides, she was becoming very sentimental. An

exchange of miniatures had been required; they had cut off handfuls of hair for each other, and now she was wanting a ring, a real wedding-ring, in token of eternal alliance. She often spoke to him of the evening bells or of the voices of Nature; then she would talk to him of her mother and of his own. Rodolphe had lost his twenty years previously. Emma nevertheless offered him condolences upon the fact, with affectations of speech such as one might have used to an orphan child, and even said to him sometimes, looking up at the moon:

"I am sure that up yonder, together, they approve our love."

Emma's exaltation, which his good *bourgeois* common-sense disdained, seemed to him, at the bottom of his heart, charming, since it was addressed to his own person. So, sure of being loved, he put himself to no inconvenience, and insensibly his manner changed.

He had no longer, as formerly, any of those words so sweet that they made her weep, nor any of those violent caresses that used to drive her mad; so that their great love, in which she lived plunged, seemed to grow less in volume under her, like the water of a stream sinking into its bed, and she perceived the mud. She wished not to believe it; she redoubled her tenderness; and Rodolphe concealed less and less his indifference.

She did not know whether she regretted having yielded to him, or whether she did not yearn, on the contrary, to love him more dearly still. The humiliation of feeling herself weak transformed itself into a resentment which their pleasures mollified. It was not attachment; it was, as it were, a constant seduction. He subjugated her. She was almost afraid of him.

Appearances, nevertheless, were calmer than ever, Rodolphe having succeeded in conducting the intrigue according to his own fancy; and at the end of six months,

when the spring arrived, they found themselves, in their relation to each other, like two married people who peacefully cherish a domestic flame.

It was the season when *père* Rouault was wont to send his turkey, in remembrance of his set leg. The present always came accompanied by a letter. Emma cut the cord which fastened it to the basket, and read the following lines:

"My dear Children:

"I hope that the present will find you in good health and that the bird will prove quite as good as the others, for it seems to me a little softer, if I may use the expression, and bigger. But next time, for a change, I shall give you a cock, unless you prefer to keep to *peckers*, and send me back the basket, please, with the two former ones. I have had a misfortune with my cart-shed, the roof of which, one night when it blew hard, was carried off among the trees. And the harvest has not been first-rate, either. In short, I do not know when I shall come to see you. Since I am by myself, it is become so very difficult for me now to leave the house, my poor Emma!"

There was here a space between the lines, as if the good man had let fall his pen to dream for a moment.

"As for me, I am well, except for a cold which I took the other day at the fair at Yvetot, where I had gone to hire a shepherd, having turned my own off, in consequence of the over-delicacy of his palate. How one is to be pitied with all those rascals! This one, however, was dishonest into the bargain.

"I heard from a pedlar, who had a tooth pulled out when he was travelling this winter through your district, that Bovary was still hard at work. I am not surprised to hear it, and he showed me his tooth; we took

a glass of coffee together. I asked him if he had seen you; he said that he had not, but that he had seen two horses in the stable, from which I conclude that business is good. So much the better, my dear children, and may the good God send you all imaginable happiness. I am sorry not yet to know my well-beloved granddaughter, Bertha Bovary. I have planted for her, in the garden, beneath your chamber, a plum-tree, and I will not have it touched by any one, unless it be to make preserves for her by-and-by, which I shall keep in the cupboard ready for her when she comes.

"Adieu, my dear children. I embrace you, daughter; you also, my son, and the little one on both cheeks.

"I am, with many compliments,

"Your tender father,

"THEODORE ROUAULT."

She remained for some minutes holding in her hand this piece of rough paper. Its faults of spelling were in every line, and Emma could follow the kind thought which babbled through it like a hen half hidden in a thorn-hedge. The writing had been dried with ashes from the hearth, for a little gray powder slipped out of the letter upon her dress, and she almost fancied she could see her father stooping to the hearth to take up the tongs. How long it was since she used to be with him, on a stool, in the chimney-corner, when she would burn the end of a stick in the great blaze of the crackling sea-logs! . . . She remembered summer evenings full of sunlight. The colts neighed when you passed, and galloped, galloped. . . . Under his window there was a honey-hive, and sometimes the bees, circling about in the light, would strike against the panes like elastic balls of gold. What happiness in those days! what liberty! what hope! what abundance of illusions! None of them was left now! She had been consuming them in every

adventure of her soul, through all its successive states—in virginity, in marriage, and in love; losing them thus continually along her life, like a traveller who should leave something of his wealth at every inn by the roadside.

But what was it, then, that made her so unhappy? Where was the extraordinary catastrophe that had overwhelmed her? And she raised her head, looking about her as if to seek the cause of that which made her suffer.

An April sunbeam was playing on the china on the what-not; the fire burned; under her slippers she felt the softness of the carpet; the day was clear, the atmosphere warm, and she could hear her child uttering shouts of laughter.

At the time, indeed, the little girl was rolling on the turf among the hay which was being turned over. She was lying full on her stomach, at the top of a haycock. Her nurse was holding her by the petticoat. Lestiboudois was raking hard by, and, every time that he came near, she leaned forward, waving her arms in the air.

"Bring her to me," said her mother, rushing forward to take her in her arms. "How I love you, my poor child! how I love you!"

Then, noticing that the tips of her ears were rather dirty, she rang quickly for hot water, and washed her, changed her linen, her stockings, her shoes, asked a thousand questions about her health, as though she were just returned from a journey, and finally, still kissing her, and weeping a little, she gave her back into the care of the servant, who had been greatly surprised by this excessive display of tenderness.

Rodolphe, that evening, found her more serious than usual.

"That will pass," thought he, "it is a caprice."

And he failed to keep three consecutive appoint-

ments. When he again appeared, he found her manner cold and almost disdainful.

"Ah! you are wasting your time, my beauty . . ." And he affected not to notice her melancholy sighs, nor the handkerchief which she took out.

It was then that Emma repented!

She even asked herself why she detested Charles, and whether it would not have been better could she have loved him. But he presented little for these returns of sentiment to lay hold upon, so that she was puzzled to know in what manner to give effect to her inclination for sacrifice, when the apothecary came opportunely to provide her with an occasion.

XI

He had lately read an article in praise of a new method for the cure of club-feet; and, being a partisan of progress, he conceived the patriotic idea that Yonville, in order to put itself abreast of the times, ought to have operations for strephopody.

"For," said he to Emma, "what does one risk? Consider (and he enumerated on his fingers the advantages of the attempt), almost certain success, relief, and improvement in the appearance of the patient; celebrity quickly achieved by the operator. Why should not your husband, for instance, be willing to set right that poor Hippolyte of the Golden Lion? Note that he would not fail to relate his cure to all the travellers, and then (Homais lowered his voice and glanced round him) what would prevent me from sending a little notice to the paper on the subject? Eh! *mon Dieu!* an article goes the round . . . it is talked about . . . it ends in a notoriety growing like a snow-ball. And who knows? who knows?"

In truth, Bovary might be successful; there was nothing to lead Emma to believe that he was not skilful, and what a satisfaction for her to have induced him to a proceeding by which his reputation and his fortune might prove to be increased. She was only too anxious to lean upon something more solid than love.

Charles, urged by the apothecary and by her, allowed himself to be convinced. He sent for the book of Dr. Duval from Rouen, and every evening, holding his head in his hands, he buried himself in the reading of it.

While he studied equin, varus, and valgus, that is to say, strephocatopody, strephendopody, and strephexopody (or, to speak more clearly, the various deformations of the foot, downward, inward, or outward, as the case might be), together with strephypopody and strephanopody (otherwise, twists underneath and straightenings above), M. Homais by every kind of argument was exhorting the hostler at the inn to submit himself to an operation.

"You will perhaps hardly feel the slightest pain; it is a simple prick like a small bleeding, less than the extraction of some corns."

Hippolyte, reflecting, rolled stupid eyes.

"However," resumed the chemist, "that is none of my business! it is for yourself! through pure humanity! I should like to see you, my friend, rid of your hideous limp, with that unsteadiness in the lumbar region which, whatever you say, must give you considerable trouble in the exercise of your calling."

Next, Homais represented to him how much more nimble and brisk he would feel afterward, and even gave him to understand that he might find himself more likely to please the women; and the stableman began to smile in a dull way. Then, he attacked him by his vanity:

"Are you not a man, *saprelotte*?" How would it be then if you had had to serve, to go to fight under the colours? . . . Äh, Hippolyte!"

And Homais left him, declaring that he could not understand this obstinacy, this blind determination, to refuse himself the benefits of science.

The unhappy man yielded, for it was like a conspiracy. Binet, who never minded other people's business, Mme. Lefrançois, Artémise, the neighbours, and even the Mayor, M. Tuvache; in short, everybody entreated him, lectured him, made him ashamed; but what finally

brought him to decision was, *that it would cost him nothing*. Bovary even undertook to provide the mechanical apparatus necessary for the operation. The idea of this generosity was Emma's; and Charles consented to it, telling himself at the bottom of his heart that his wife was an angel.

With the advice of the chemist, and beginning the work over again three times, he caused to be constructed therefore by the carpenter, assisted by the locksmith, a kind of box, weighing about eight pounds, in which iron, wood, metal, leather, screws, and nuts, were not spared.

To know, however, which of Hippolyte's tendons to cut, it was necessary first to ascertain what sort of club-foot he had.

He had a foot making a nearly straight line with the leg, which yet did not prevent it from being turned inward, so that it was an equin combined with a slight varus, or, as you might say, a slight varus strongly marked by equin. But, with this equin, large, indeed, as a horse's foot, with wrinkled skin, dry tendons, thick great-toes, and in which the black nails represented the rivets of the horse-shoe, the strephopode, from morning till night, ran about like a stag. He was to be seen continually about the Place, jumping all round the carts, throwing his unequal prop well out before him. He seemed even stronger on that leg than on the other. By dint of service it had contracted, as it were, moral qualities of patience and of energy, and when it was given some hard piece of work, it seemed to prefer it to any other.

Now, since it was an equin, it was necessary to cut the tendon of Achilles, reserving freedom to begin on the anterior tibial muscle later in order to get rid of the varus; for the doctor did not dare to risk two operations at one stroke, and he trembled already even, lest he

should injure some important region with which he was unacquainted.

Certainly not Ambrose Paré practicing for the first time since Celsus, after an interval of fifteen centuries, the direct ligature of an artery; nor Dupuytren about to open an abscess through a thick layer of brain; nor Gensoul, when he made the first ablation of the superior maxillary, had a heart so palpitating, a hand so trembling, mind at such tension, as M. Bovary when he went up to Hippolyte, his tenotome in hand. As at the hospitals, you saw close by, on a table, a heap of lint, waxed threads, many bandages, a pyramid of bandages, every bandage there was in the apothecary's establishment. M. Homais it was who since morning had been organizing all these preparations, as much in order to dazzle the multitude as to give himself an illusion. Charles punctured the skin, a dry cracking sound was heard. The tendon was cut, the operation was ended. Hippolyte could not get over his surprise at it; he bent over Bovary's hands and covered them with kisses.

"Come, calm yourself," said the apothecary, "you can show your gratitude to your benefactor later on."

And he went down to tell the result to five or six inquisitive persons who were waiting in the yard and imagining that Hippolyte was going to appear walking without a limp. Then Charles, having strapped his patient in the mechanical motor, returned home, where Emma was anxiously waiting for him on the doorstep. She threw her arms round his neck; they sat down to table; he ate freely and even wished, at dessert, to take a cup of coffee, a debauch which he only allowed himself on Sundays when there was company.

Their evening was charming, full of chat, of dreams in common. They spoke of their future prosperity, of improvements to be introduced into their household; he saw his repute widening, his comfort increasing, his wife

loving him always; and she found it a happy thing to be refreshed by a new sentiment, healthier, better; to feel, in short, some tenderness for this poor fellow who adored her. The thought of Rodolphe for a moment passed through her mind; but her eyes returned to Charles; she even noticed with surprise that he had not ugly teeth.

They were in bed when M. Homais, in spite of the cook, suddenly entered the room, holding in his hand a sheet of paper freshly written over. It was the announcement which he proposed to insert in the *Rouen Beacon*. He had brought it for them to read.

"Do you read it," said Bovary.

He read:

"'Despite the prejudices which still cover a portion of the face of Europe as with a net, light nevertheless commences to penetrate our country districts. Thus it is that on Tuesday our little town of Yonville found itself the theatre of a surgical experiment which is at the same time an act of lofty philanthropy. M. Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners . . .'"

"Ah! that is too much! that is too much!" said Charles, whom emotion was stifling.

"No, no, not at all! How then! . . . 'Performed an operation for club-foot' . . . I have not used the scientific term, because, you know, in a newspaper . . . everybody perhaps would not understand; the masses must . . ."

"True," said Bovary. "Continue . . ."

"I resume," said the chemist: "'M. Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners, performed an operation for club-foot upon one Hippolyte Tautain, for the last twenty-five years hostler at the Golden Lion Hotel, kept by Mme. the Widow Lefrançois, on the Place d'Armes. The novelty of the attempt and the interest which attaches to the subject had drawn together

such a concourse of people that there was positively a block upon the threshold of the establishment. The operation, however, was performed as by enchantment, and merely a few drops of blood appeared on the skin, as if to announce that the rebel tendon had at last just yielded to the efforts of art. The patient, strange to say (we affirm it *de visu*), showed no signs of pain. His condition, up to the present, leaves nothing to be desired. Everything leads to the belief that the convalescence will be short; and who knows even, if, at the next village fête, we shall not see our honest Hippolyte figuring in bacchic dances, amid a chorus of gay fellows, and thus, before the eyes of all, by his liveliness and his capers, proving his complete cure? Honour, then, to the generous men of science! honour to those indefatigable intellects that consecrate their nights to the amelioration or, it may be, to the relief of their kind! Honour! thrice honour! Is it not the occasion to exclaim that the blind shall see, the deaf hear, and the halt walk? But that which fanaticism promised of old to its elect, Science now accomplishes for all mankind! We shall keep our readers informed of the successive phases of this so remarkable cure.'"

Which did not alter the fact that, five days afterward, *la mère* Lefrançois arrived with haggard face, crying:

"Help! he is dying! . . . I am losing my wits!"

Charles rushed to the Golden Lion, and the chemist, who saw him as he crossed the Place, hatless, deserted the pharmacy. He appeared on the scene in person, breathless, red, anxious, and asking of every one who was going upstairs:

"What, then, is the matter with our interesting strephopode?"

He was twisting, the strephopode, in atrocious convulsions, so that the mechanical motor in which his leg was inclosed beat against the wall till it was staved in.

With many precautions, so as not to change the position of the limb, the box therefore was removed, and a frightful spectacle was seen. The shape of the foot had disappeared in such a swelling that the whole skin seemed ready to burst, and it was covered with ecchymosis caused by the famous apparatus. Hippolyte had already complained of suffering from it; no notice had been taken; it had now to be admitted that he had not been wholly unjustified; and he was left free for a few hours. But as soon as the œdema gave signs of disappearing, the two *savants* judged it proper to refix the limb in the apparatus, compressing it tighter also, in order to expedite matters. Finally, three days later, Hippolyte being unable to bear it any longer, they once more removed the mechanism, only to be greatly astonished by the result which they perceived. A livid tumefaction covered the leg, with blisters here and there, whence oozed a black liquid. The case seemed to be taking a serious turn. Hippolyte began to feel dull, and *la mère* Lefrançois installed him in the small dining-room, near the kitchen, in order that at least he should have some distraction.

But the tax-collector, who dined there every day, complained with bitterness of being given such a neighbour. So Hippolyte was moved across into the billiard-room.

He lay there, groaning beneath his coarse blankets, pale, with a long beard and hollow eyes, and from time to time turning his perspiring head on the dirty pillow over which the flies crawled. Mme. Bovary came to see him. She brought cloths for his poultices, and consoled and encouraged him. For that matter, he did not lack company, on market-days especially, when the peasants around him pushed the billiard balls about, fenced with the cues, smoked, drank, sung, and were generally noisy.

"How are you?" they said, striking him on the shoulder. "Ah, you don't look exactly up to the mark! but it is your own fault. You ought to do this, do that." And they related to him stories of people who had all been cured by other remedies than his; then, by way of consolation, they would add:

"The fact is you nurse yourself too much! Get up! You coddle yourself like a king! Ah! all the same, you old dog, you don't smell nice!"

The gangrene, in truth, was rapidly gaining ground. Bovary himself was made ill by it. He came every hour, every moment. Hippolyte would gaze at him with eyes full of terror, and murmur, sobbing:

"When shall I be cured? . . . Ah, save me! . . . how wretched I am! how wretched I am!"

And the doctor used to go away, always enjoining upon him the greatest care in diet.

"Don't listen to him, my lad," Mother Lefrançois would say; "they have already made martyr enough of you! You will only weaken yourself more. Look, swallow this!"

And she would give him a basin of good broth, a slice of mutton, or a piece of bacon, and sometimes small glasses of brandy, which he had not the strength to raise to his lips.

The Abbé Bournisien, learning that he grew worse, asked leave to see him. He commenced by commiseration upon his suffering, while declaring in the same breath that it was matter for rejoicing, since it was the will of the Lord, and that he ought to take advantage quickly of the occasion to become reconciled with Heaven.

"For," said the priest, in a fraternal tone, "you have been rather neglecting your duties; you have been rarely seen at divine service; how many years is it since you last approached the holy table? I can understand that your

business, that the whirlpool of the world, may have been able to divert you from the care of your salvation. But the present is the time to reflect upon it. Do not despair, however: I have known great sinners who, when they were about to appear before God (you are not yet in such bad case as that, I know), had implored his mercy and who certainly died in the most exemplary frame of mind. Let us hope that, even as they, you will set before us good examples! Thus, by way of precaution, what is there to hinder you from saying morning and evening an ' I salute you, Mary, full of grace,' and an ' Our Father, who art in heaven '? Yes, do that! do it for me, to oblige me! What would it cost you? . . . Will you promise me to do it? "

The poor wretch promised. The curé returned on the following days. He chatted with the landlady, and even related anecdotes mingled with pleasantries and puns, which Hippolyte did not understand. Then, as soon as circumstances permitted, he recurred to matters of religion, putting on a suitable face.

His zeal appeared to be succeeding; for soon the strephopode expressed a desire to make a pilgrimage to Bon-Secours, if he recovered; to which M. Bournisien replied that he saw no objection; two precautions were better than one. *Nothing was risked.*

The apothecary waxed indignant against what he called the *manœuvres of the priest*; they were prejudicial, he maintained, to Hippolyte's convalescence, and he kept repeating to Mme. Lefrançois:

" Leave him alone! leave him alone! You are perturbing his mind with your mysticism."

But the good woman would no longer give ear to him. He was " the cause of it all." Out of a spirit of contradiction, she even hung over the patient's bed a vase full of holy water, with a branch of box.

Religion, however, seemed to be of no more avail to

him than surgery, and the invincible putrefaction continued to mount from the extremities towards the body. In vain were the potions varied and the poultices changed; every day the muscles became more disintegrated, and at last Charles answered with an affirmative nod when Mother Lefrançois asked him if she might not, in despair, send for M. Canivet, of Neufchâtel, who was a celebrity.

Doctor of medicine, fifty years of age, in the enjoyment of a good position and sure of himself, the colleague made no attempt to restrain a disdainful laugh when he saw this leg, gangrened up to the knee. Then, having declared plainly that it was necessary to amputate it, he went over to the chemist's, to rail against the asses who had been instrumental in reducing an unfortunate man to such a condition. Shaking M. Homais by the button of his frock-coat, he vociferated in the pharmacy:

"Those are your Paris inventions! Now you see where the ideas of these gentlemen of the metropolis lead! it is the same as strabism, chloroform, and lithotrity, a lot of monstrosities which the Government ought to forbid! But they want to be clever, and they thrust new remedies down your throat, without troubling themselves about consequences. We are not so skilful as that, we others; we are not learned men, fops, coxcombs; we are practitioners, healers, and we should never dream of operating on a man in perfect health! Straighten club-feet! Can a club-foot be straightened? It is as if you wished, for example, to make a hunchback go erect!"

Homais suffered as he listened to this speech, and he dissimulated his uneasiness beneath a courtier's smile, having need to humour M. Canivet, whose prescriptions sometimes reached Yonville; he therefore did not take up Bovary's defence, nor even make a remark, and, de-

serting his principles, he sacrificed his dignity to the more serious interests of his business.

It was a considerable event in the village, this amputation at the thigh by Dr. Canivet. All the inhabitants, on that day, had risen earlier than was their wont, and the High Street, although full of people, had a lugubrious air about it, as if a capital execution had been in question. At the grocer's, people were discussing Hippolyte's illness; the shops sold nothing, and Mme. Tuvache, the wife of the Mayor, could not quit her window, so impatient was she to witness the coming of the operator.

He arrived in his cabriolet, which he drove himself. But the spring on the right side having become weakened in the course of time by the weight of his corpulence, it happened that the conveyance leaned over a little as it ran, and there could be seen near him on the other cushion a large box, covered with red sheep-skin, of which the three copper clasps shone imposingly.

When he had driven like a whirlwind under the porch of the Golden Lion, the doctor, shouting loudly, ordered his horse to be unyoked, and then went into the stable to see if she was eating her oats well; for, in visiting his patients, he was in the habit of seeing, to begin with, after his mare and his cabriolet. Speaking of this characteristic, people even said:

"Ah! M. Canivet, he is an original!"

And he was the more esteemed for this unshaken equanimity. Though the universe should have perished to the last man, he would not have been unfaithful to the least of his habits. Homais stepped forward.

"I am counting on you," said the doctor. "Are we ready? Forward!"

But the apothecary, growing red, confessed that he was too sensitive to assist at so formidable an operation.

"When one is simply a looker-on," said he, "the

imagination, you know, is struck! And then, I have a nervous system so . . ."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Canivet, "you appear to me, on the contrary, to be inclined to apoplexy. Nor does it astonish me; for you gentlemen, the chemists, you live always stuffed up among your chemicals, which must end by impairing your constitution. Look at me, now; every day I get up at four in the morning. I shave with cold water (I never feel cold), and I do not wear flannel, I never take a chill, the carcass is sound! I live now in one way, now in another, like a philosopher, taking pot-luck. And that is why I am not fastidious like you, and to me it is as perfectly indifferent to cut up a Christian as the first fowl I meet. After that, you will say, habit . . . habit! . . ."

Then, without giving any heed to Hippolyte, who was sweating with anguish between his sheets, these gentlemen commenced a conversation in which the apothecary compared the coolness of a surgeon to that of a general, and this comparison was pleasing to Canivet, who expatiated upon the exigencies of his art. He esteemed it a priesthood, however dishonoured it might be by rural officers of health. Finally, returning to the patient, he examined the bandages brought by Homais, the same that had figured at the operation on the club-foot, and asked for somebody to hold the limb for him. Lestiboudois was sent for, and M. Canivet, having turned up his sleeves, passed into the billiard-room, while the apothecary remained with Artémise and the landlady, both paler than their aprons, and with ear against the door.

Bovary during this time dared not stir from his house. He remained downstairs, in the dining-room, seated by the fireless grate, his chin on his breast, his hands clasped, his eyes fixed. What a mishap! thought he; what a disappointment! Yet he had taken every

imaginable precaution. Destiny had interfered. No matter, if, later, Hippolyte should die, it would be he who had murdered him. And then, too, what explanation should he give when asked about it on his visits to patients? Was it possible, after all, that he had made some mistake? He reflected, but could put his finger on none. Yet the most famous surgeons sometimes fell into errors. That was what people would never believe, however! They would laugh, on the contrary, bawl! The story would spread to Forges! to Neufchâtel! to Rouen! everywhere! Who could tell whether some of his medical brethren might not write articles against him? A polemic would ensue, it would be necessary to reply in the newspapers. Hippolyte could even bring an action against him. He saw himself dishonoured, ruined, undone! And his imagination, assailed by a multitude of hypotheses, tossed about in their midst like an empty cask swept away to the sea and rolled about by the waves.

Emma sat at the opposite side of the fire-place gazing at him; she did not share his humiliation, she was experiencing another: that, namely, of having fancied that such a man could be good for anything, as if a score of times already she had not sufficiently realized his mediocrity.

Charles began to walk backward and forward across the room. His boots creaked on the floor.

"Sit down," she said, "you set my nerves on edge."

He sat down again.

What had she been doing (she who was so intelligent!) to make such a mistake over again? Through what lamentable mania, too, had she been thus consuming her existence in continual sacrifices? She remembered her instincts for luxury, all the privations of her soul, the sordid elements in marriage, in the household; her dreams falling in the mud like wounded swallows,

all that she had desired, all that she had denied herself, all that she might have had! and why? why?

In the midst of the silence which reigned in the village, a heart-rending scream pierced the air. Bovary became as pale as though he were about to faint. She knitted her brow, in a nervous gesture, then continued her reflections. It was for him, nevertheless, for that creature, for that man who understood nothing, felt nothing! for there he was, quite calm and without even a perception that the ridicule of his name must henceforth be a stain upon her as much as on himself. She had made efforts to love him, and she had repented with tears of having yielded to another.

"But it was, perhaps, a valgus!" suddenly exclaimed Bovary, who was meditating.

At the unexpected shock of this sentence falling on her thoughts like a ball of lead into a silver dish, Emma raised her head with a start, trying to guess what he could mean; and they looked at each other in silence, almost surprised to see each other, by so far had they been separated in consciousness. Charles contemplated her with the dull gaze of a drunken man, while listening, motionless, to the last cries of the man whose leg was being amputated, which followed one another in drawn-out modulations, broken in upon by sudden, shrill yells, like the distant howling of some beast that is being slaughtered. Emma bit her pale lips, and, rolling in her fingers one of the small bunches of coral which she had broken off, she fixed on Charles the burning points of her pupils, like two fiery arrows ready to be launched forth. Everything about him irritated her now—his face, his clothes, the things he did not say, his whole person, his existence, in a word. She repented, as of a crime, of her past virtue, and what still remained of it crumbled away beneath the furious strokes of her pride. She delighted in the thought of all the evil

ironies of triumphant adultery. The remembrance of her lover came back to her with dizzy attractions; she threw her soul to it, borne away towards that image by a new enthusiasm; and Charles seemed to her as detached from her life, as eternally absent, as impossible and annihilated, as if he had been about to die and had been passing through his agony before her eyes.

The sound of steps was heard on the pavement. Charles looked out; and, through the lowered Venetian blind, he saw right in the sun, near the market-house, Dr. Canivet, wiping his forehead with his silk handkerchief. Homais, behind him, carried in his hand a great red box, and both were moving in the direction of the pharmacy.

Then, under the impulse of a sudden tenderness and discouragement, Charles turned towards his wife, saying to her:

"Come, give me a kiss, dear one!"

"Leave me alone!" said she, quite red with anger.

"What is the matter? what is it?" he repeated, stupefied. "Calm yourself! take courage! . . . You know very well that I love you! . . . Come!"

"Enough!" cried she, with a terrible air.

And escaping from the room, Emma slammed the door so violently that the barometer was thrown from the wall and broken to pieces on the ground.

Charles sank into his easy chair, overwhelmed, trying to think what could be the matter with her, imagining some nervous malady, weeping, and vaguely feeling something baneful and incomprehensible circulating in the air about him.

When Rodolphe, that evening, arrived in the garden, he found his mistress waiting for him at the foot of the steps, standing on the first of them. They clasped each other, and in the warmth of that kiss all their rancour melted like snow.

XII

They began to love each other again. Often, even in the middle of the day, Emma would suddenly sit down and write to him; then make a signal through the window to Justin, who, quickly untying his apron, used to fly off to La Huchette. Rodolphe would come; to find that he had been summoned in order to be told that she felt dull, that her husband was odious and her existence horrible!

"But can I do anything to help it?" cried he, one day, put out of patience.

"Ah! if you would! . . ."

She was sitting on the floor, between his knees, her hair loose, her eyes gazing far away.

"But what?" said Rodolphe.

She sighed.

"We might go to live elsewhere . . . in some place . . ."

"You are mad, truly!" said he, laughing. "Do you not see that that is impossible?"

She returned to the subject; he affected not to understand and gave the conversation another turn.

What he could not comprehend was all this trouble over a thing so simple as love. She had a motive, a reason, and, as it were, an aid to her attachment.

Her affection for him, indeed, grew deeper every day under the influence of the repulsion inspired by her husband. The more she gave herself up to the one, the more she detested the other. Never had Charles seemed

to her so disagreeable, to have fingers so square, a mind so dull, manners so common as, after her appointments with Rodolphe, when they found themselves together. At these times, even in the very act of playing the wife and the virtuous dame, she would kindle at the thought of that head with its black hair twisting in a curl above the sun-burnt brow, of that figure at once so strong and so elegant. The servant was kept constantly occupied in the washing of linen; and all day long Félicité was tied down to the kitchen, where the little Justin, who often kept her company, would sit and watch her as she worked.

But Félicité's patience was exhausted by the way in which he followed her about. She was six years his senior, and Theodore, servant to M. Guillaumin, was beginning to court her.

"Don't come disturbing me!" said she, as she moved her starch-bowl. "Go and pound almonds instead. You are always foraging about after women. Wait till you have a beard on your chin, you mischievous brat, before you meddle with such things."

"Come, don't be angry; I will go and clean her boots for you."

And immediately he took down Emma's shoes from the shelf, all covered with mud—the mud of the appointments—which came off in powder at his touch, and which he watched as it rose slowly in a sunbeam.

"How afraid you are of damaging them!" said the cook, who took no such pains when she cleaned them herself, because Madame, as soon as the material no longer looked new, used to give them over to her.

Emma had a number of pairs in her cupboard, which she wasted accordingly, without Charles ever permitting himself the least observation.

In the same way he paid three hundred francs for a wooden leg which she thought fit to present to Hippolyte. Its surface next the flesh was fitted with cork, and there were spring joints, a complicated piece of mechanism covered with a black trouser and terminated by a patent-leather boot. But Hippolyte, not venturing to use so fine a leg every day, implored Mme. Bovary to procure him another more convenient one. The doctor, of course, defrayed also the expenses of this second purchase.

The hostler thus gradually began to resume his business. He was seen, as before, running about the village, and when Charles heard the hollow sound of his stump in the distance on the pavement, he used quickly to take another road.

It was M. Lheureux, the merchant, who had undertaken the order; this gave him the opportunity of frequently visiting Emma. He would talk with her of the newly unpacked goods from Paris, of a thousand feminine adornments, showed himself very anxious to please, and never asked for money. Emma gave way to this facility for satisfying all her caprices. Thus, she wished to have, for a present to give to Rodolphe, a very handsome riding-whip which happened to be displayed in an umbrella-shop at Rouen. M. Lheureux, the following week, placed it on her table.

But the next day he presented himself at her house with a bill for two hundred and seventy francs, without counting the centimes. Emma was exceedingly embarrassed; all the drawers of the writing-table were empty; more than a fortnight's wages were owing to Lestiboudois, two quarters to the servant, a number of other things besides, and Bovary was awaiting impatiently the remittance from M. Derozerays, who was accustomed, each year, to make it somewhere about St. Peter's Day.

At first she managed to put off Lheureux; finally he lost patience: he was himself being pressed for money, his funds were all tied up, and if he did not get some of them in, he would be obliged to retake possession of all the goods which she had purchased.

"Well, take them!" said Emma.

"Oh, that is a jest!" he replied. "I only regret the riding-whip. *Ma foi!* I will ask Monsieur for it back again."

"No! no!" said she.

"Ah, I've got you!" thought Lheureux.

And, sure of his discovery, he went out, repeating in a loud voice and with his habitual little hiss:

"So be it! We shall see! we shall see!"

She was considering how to extricate herself from this difficulty, when the cook, entering, deposited on the mantel-piece a little roll of blue paper, sent by M. Derozerays. Emma pounced upon it, opened it. It contained fifteen napoleons. It was the account. She heard Charles on the stairs; she threw the gold in the back of her drawer and took the key.

Three days later Lheureux again appeared.

"I have an arrangement to propose to you," said he; "if, in place of the sum agreed upon, you are willing to take . . ."

"There it is," said she, putting in his hand fourteen napoleons.

The shopkeeper was stupefied. To conceal his disappointment, he was profuse in apologies and in offers of service, all of which Emma declined; then she remained for some minutes turning over in the pocket of her apron the two five-franc pieces of change which he had given her. She promised herself to economize, in order to restore later . . .

"Bah!" thought she, "he will not think of it again."

. . . . . .

Besides the riding-whip with the silver handle, Rodolphe had received a seal with this device: *Amor nel Cor;* also a scarf for a comforter, and, finally, a cigar-case just like that of the Vicomte, which Charles had once picked up on the road and which Emma still preserved. These presents, however, humiliated him. Several of them he refused. She insisted, and Rodolphe ended by obeying, thinking her tyrannical and over-pressing.

She had strange ideas too:

"When midnight strikes," she would say, "you will think of me!"

And, if he confessed that he had not done so, there were reproaches in abundance, always winding up with the eternal question:

"Do you love me?"

"Why, yes, of course I love you!" he replied.

"A great deal?"

"Certainly!"

"You have never loved anybody else, eh?"

"Do you think I was innocent when I met you?" he used to exclaim, laughing.

Emma would weep at this, and he would endeavour to console her, embellishing his protests with puns.

"Oh! but I love you!" she would begin again, "I love you so much that I cannot do without you, do you understand? Sometimes I have longings to see you, in which all the passionate anger of love tortures me. I ask myself: 'Where is he? Perhaps he is talking to other women. They are smiling on him; he advances . . .' Oh, no! you are not attracted by any of them, are you? There are women more beautiful; but I, I know better how to love! I am thy servant and thy concubine! Thou art my king, my idol! thou art good! thou art beautiful! thou art brilliant! thou art strong!"

He had heard these things so many times that they contained nothing new for him. Emma resembled every other mistress; and the charm of novelty, little by little falling like a garment, left naked to view the eternal monotony of passion, which has ever the same forms and the same language. He could not distinguish, this man of so varied experience, the differences of feelings beneath the similarity of expressions. Because libertine or venal lips had murmured to him the like phrases, he believed but feebly in the sincerity of these; one had to make deductions, he thought, exaggerated speech being the cover of mediocre affection. As if the plenitude of the soul did not overflow sometimes in the emptiest of metaphors, since no one ever can give the exact measure of his needs, nor of his conceptions, nor of his griefs, and since human speech is like a cracked caldron on which we beat out melodies fit to make bears dance, when our aim is to move the stars to pity.

But, with that critical superiority belonging to the man who, in no matter what engagement, holds himself back, Rodolphe perceived in this love other enjoyments of which to make the most. He deemed all modesty troublesome. He treated her without ceremony. He made of her a thing compliant and perverse. It was a sort of idiotic attachment, full of admiration for him, of pleasures for herself, a beatitude that filled her with languor; and her soul sank in this intoxication and drowned there, shrivelled up, like the Duke of Clarence in his butt of malmsey.

Through the mere effect of her amorous habits, Mme. Bovary's manner changed. Her eyes became bolder, her conversation more free; she even committed the impropriety of going for a walk with M. Rodolphe with a cigarette in her mouth, as if to set the world at defiance; finally, those who still doubted,

doubted no longer, when one day she was seen to alight from The Swallow with her figure compressed within a waistcoat, like a man; and Mme. Bovary *mère*, who, after a terrible scene with her husband, had come to take refuge with her son, was not the dame least scandalized. Many other things displeased her: to begin with, Charles had not listened to her advice in the matter of prohibiting novels; then, too, the atmosphere of the household was displeasing to her; she allowed herself to make certain remarks, and there were angry altercations, upon one occasion especially, with respect to Félicité.

Mme. Bovary *mère*, the evening before, as she passed along the corridor, had surprised her in the company of a man, a man with a brown collar, and about forty years old, who, at the sound of her steps, had quickly slipped out of the kitchen. At this Emma began to laugh; but the good dame flew into a passion, declaring that unless you desire to turn all morals into ridicule, you must look after those of your servants.

"What sort of people do you associate with?" said the daughter-in-law, with a glance so impertinent that Mme. Bovary asked her if she were not defending her own cause.

"Leave the room!" exclaimed the young woman, springing up.

"Emma! . . . Mamma! . . ." cried Charles, seeking to reconcile them.

But both had fled in their exasperation. Emma stamped as she repeated:

"Ah! what breeding! what a peasant!"

He ran to his mother; she was beside herself with rage, muttering:

"She is an insolent woman! a giddy hussy! worse, perhaps!"

And she wished to leave immediately, if the other did not come to apologize to her. Charles returned

therefore to his wife and implored her to yield; he went down on his knees. She ended by replying:

"Very well, I will go."

And, indeed, she went so far as to offer her hand to her mother-in-law with the dignity of a marquise, saying:

"Excuse me, Madame."

Then, having gone up again to her room, Emma threw herself face downward on her bed, and cried like a child, with her head buried in a pillow.

It had been arranged between her and Rodolphe that in case of anything extraordinary occurring, she should fasten to the shutter a little scrap of white paper, so that, if by chance he happened to be in Yonville, he might hasten to a lane there was behind the house. Emma made the signal; she had been waiting three-quarters of an hour, when suddenly she perceived Rodolphe at the corner of the market. She was tempted to open the window and call him; but already he had disappeared. She fell back in despair.

Soon, however, it seemed to her that somebody was walking on the foot-path. It was he, doubtless. She descended the stairs and crossed the yard. He was there, outside. She threw herself into his arms.

"Do take care," said he.

"Ah! if you knew!" she replied.

She began to tell him everything, hastily, without sequence, exaggerating the facts, inventing several, and lavishing parentheses so abundantly that he could understand nothing of it.

"Come, my poor angel, courage; be comforted; patience!"

"But here it is four years that I have been patient and suffered! . . . A love like ours ought to be avowed in the face of Heaven! They are torturing me! I can stand it no longer! Save me!"

She clasped Rodolphe more closely to her. Her eyes, full of tears, sparkled like flames under water; her throat rose and fell in quick pants; never had he loved her so much; so that he lost his head, and said to her:

"What can we do? What do you wish?"

"Take me away!" cried she. "Carry me off! . . . Oh, I implore you!"

And her lips flew to his mouth, as if to seize there the unexpected consent which was breathed out in a kiss.

"But . . ." replied Rodolphe.

"But what?"

"And your daughter?"

She thought for some minutes, then answered:

"We shall take her; so much the worse!"

"What a woman!" said he to himself, as he watched her going away.

For she had just slipped into the garden. Some one was calling her.

Old Madame Bovary, in the days that followed, was greatly astonished by the metamorphosis of her daughter-in-law. And, indeed, Emma showed herself more docile, and even pushed deference so far as to ask her for a recipe for the pickling of gherkins.

Was it in order to dupe them both? or, from a sort of voluptuous stoicism, did she wish to feel more profoundly the bitterness of the things which she was about to abandon? But she took no heed of them; on the contrary, she lived, as it were, absorbed in the anticipated tasting of her approaching happiness. It was an eternal subject of conversation with Rodolphe. She would lean on his shoulder, murmuring:

"Eh! when we are in the mail-coach! . . . Are you thinking of it? Is it possible? It seems to me that at the moment when I feel the carriage start, it will be as

if we were going up in a balloon, as if we were setting out for the clouds. Do you know that I count the days? . . . And thou?"

Never had Mme. Bovary been so good-looking as at this epoch; she had that indefinable beauty which results from joy, from enthusiasm, from success, and which is only the harmony of the temperament with circumstances. Her hot desires, her troubles, the experience of pleasure, and her illusions ever young, had by degrees developed her, as flowers are developed by dung, rain, winds, and sun, and at last she was full blown in the plenitude of her nature. Her eye-lids seemed to have been shaped expressly for those long amorous looks of hers, in which the pupil was lost, while a deep inspiration widened her fine nostrils and raised the fleshy corner of her lips, shaded in the light by a little dark down. One would have said that an artist skilful in perversities had disposed about the nape of her neck the twisted tresses of her hair; they were rolled in a heavy mass, carelessly, and according to the hazards of the intrigue which undid them every day. Her voice now took softer inflections, her figure also; a subtle something which penetrated you emanated even from the draperies of her gown and from the bend of her foot. Charles, as in the earlier days of his marriage, found her delicious and irresistible.

When he came home in the middle of the night he dared not wake her. The china night-lamp threw a circle of trembling light on the ceiling, and the drawn curtains of the little cradle formed, as it were, a white hut which bulged out in the shadow, by the bedside. Charles would watch them. He could fancy he heard his child's light breathing. She would soon be growing up now; every season would mark a rapid progress. Already in his fancy he could see her returning from school at the close of the day, all laughter, with her pinafore stained by ink and carrying her satchel on her arm; after

that she would have to go to boarding-school, and that would be very costly; how should he manage? Then he used to reflect. He thought of taking a little farm in the neighbourhood, which he would look after himself every morning as he went to visit his patients. He would save the income from it and put it in the savings-bank; later he would buy shares in something, no matter what; moreover, the number of his clients would increase; he counted on it, for he wished Bertha to be well brought up, to possess accomplishments, to learn the piano. Ah! how pretty she would be, later on, at fifteen, when, like her mother, she would wear great straw hats in summer as she did! At a distance they would be taken for two sisters. He imagined her at her work in the evening, near them, in the lamplight; she would embroider slippers for him; she would busy herself about household matters; she would fill all the house with her pretty tricks and her gaiety. Finally, they would have to think of her settlement in life: they would find some worthy young man for her with an established position; he would make her happy; and so she would remain forever afterwards.

Emma was not asleep, she only pretended to be; and while he fell asleep at her side, she used to lie awake in other dreams.

At the gallop of four horses, she had been borne swiftly along for eight days towards a new country, whence they would return no more. They went on and on, with arms entwined, without speaking. Often, from the summit of a mountain, they would suddenly perceive some splendid city, with domes, bridges, ships, forests of lemon-trees, and cathedrals of white marble, with pelicans' nests upon their pointed steeples. You walked slowly, because of the great flag-stones, and on the ground there were bouquets of flowers, which were offered to you by women dressed in red bodices. You

could hear bells ringing, mules neighing, together with the murmur of guitars and the splashing of fountains, the moist vapour from which, as it drifted away, cooled heaps of fruit that lay piled in pyramids at the foot of pale statues that smiled beneath the jets of water. Then they would arrive, one evening, in a fishing village, where brown nets were drying in the wind along by the cliff and the cottages. There it was that they would end their journey and live; they would inhabit a low house, with a flat roof, shaded by a palm-tree, at the end of a gulf close by the sea-shore. They would wander over the water in gondolas; they would swing in hammocks; and their existence would be easy and large like their garments of silk, and all warm and starry like the soft nights they would gaze upon. And yet, on the immensity of this future which she evoked, nothing in particular stood out; the days, all magnificent, were as like one another as waves are; and the whole thing hung on the horizon, infinite, harmonious, bluish, and bathed in sunlight. But the child would begin to cough in her crib, or perhaps Bovary would snore more loudly, and Emma only went to sleep in the morning, when the dawn was whitening the window-panes and already the little Justin, on the Place, was opening the shutters of the pharmacy.

She had summoned M. Lheureux and said to him:

"I shall require a cloak, a large cloak with a long cape, lined."

"You are going on a journey?" asked he.

"No! but . . . no matter, I shall count on you, may I not? and quickly!"

He bowed.

"I shall require also," she went on, "a trunk . . . not too heavy . . . of convenient size."

"Yes, yes, I understand, about ninety-two centimetres by fifty, as they are made at present."

"With a carpet-bag."

"Decidedly," thought Lheureux, "there is some quarrel under this!"

"And wait a moment," said Mme. Bovary, drawing her watch from her belt; "take that; you can pay yourself out of whatever it will fetch."

But the shop-keeper cried that she was wrong; they knew each other; did he doubt her? What childishness! She insisted, however, on his taking at least the chain, and already Lheureux had put it in his pocket and was going, when she called him back.

"You will leave all the things at your house. As for the cloak,"—she appeared to reflect—"do not bring that either; but give me, however, the address of the maker, and give him notice to hold it at my disposition."

Their flight was fixed for the following month. She would quit Yonville as if going to Rouen to do some shopping. Rodolphe would have reserved places, obtained passports, and even written to Paris, in order to have the coach to themselves as far as Marseilles, where they would buy an open carriage, and thence continue, without stopping, along the Genoa road. She would have taken care to send to Lheureux her luggage, which would be carried direct to The Swallow, so that thus no one would have suspicion; and, in all this, never was there any question of her child. Rodolphe avoided allusion to it; perhaps she did not think of it.

He wished to have another couple of weeks before him, in order to conclude certain business arrangements; then, at the end of a week, he asked for an extra fortnight; then he said he was ill; after that he made a journey; the month of August passed; and, after all these delays, they decided that it should take place irrevocably on the fourth of September, a Monday.

At last the Saturday preceding the day arrived.

Rodolphe came in the evening, earlier than usual.

"Is everything ready?" she asked.

"Yes."

Then they strolled round a flower-bed, and went and sat down near the terrace, on the wall.

"You are sad," said Emma.

"No; why?"

But yet he looked at her curiously, in a tender way.

"Is it because you are going away?" she continued. "At leaving behind you your affections, your life? Ah! I understand . . . But I, I have nothing in the world! For me thou art everything. Likewise, I shall be everything for thee: I will be family to thee, fatherland; I will care for thee, love thee."

"How charming thou art!" said he, seizing her in his arms.

"Truly?" exclaimed she, with a laugh of pleasure. "Dost thou love me? Swear it, then!"

"If I love thee! if I love thee! But I adore thee, my love!"

The moon, round and purpureal, was rising level with the ground, far away over the meadows. It ascended quickly between the branches of the poplars, which concealed it here and there, like a black curtain with holes in it. Then it appeared, glorious in its whiteness, illumining the clear sky; and now, slackening speed, it let fall on the river a large patch, which broke into an infinity of stars; and this silver light seemed to twist itself there down to the bottom, like a headless serpent covered with luminous scales. It resembled also some monstrous candelabrum, whence throughout its length there should trickle drops of liquid diamond. The soft night surrounded them; masses of shadow lay among the leaves. Emma, her eyes half closed, breathed in with deep sighs the cool wind that was blow-

ing. They did not speak, too completely lost as they were in the depth of their reverie. The tenderness of old days came back to their hearts, abundant and silent like the river flowing near them, with as much softness as the perfume of the seringas brought, and cast in their memory shadows longer and more melancholy than those of the motionless willows that stretched along the grass. Often some nocturnal beast, hedgehog or weasel, on the prowl, would disturb the leaves, or occasionally you might hear a ripe peach fall of itself from the wall.

"Ah, what a beautiful night!" said Rodolphe.

"We shall have others!" replied Emma.

And, as if speaking to herself:

"Yes, it will be nice to travel . . . Why is my heart heavy, however? Is it the apprehension of the unknown . . . the effect of habits abandoned . . . or rather . . . ? No, it is excess of happiness! How weak I am, am I not? Pardon me!"

"There is yet time!" cried he. "Consider; you will perhaps repent of it."

"Never!" she exclaimed impetuously.

And, drawing closer to him:

"What is the misfortune that can touch me? There is no desert, nor precipice, nor ocean that with thee I would not traverse. In proportion as we live longer together, 'twill be, as it were, an embrace every day closer, more complete! We shall have nothing to trouble us, no cares, no obstacle! We shall be alone, everything to one another forever. . . . But speak, answer me."

He answered at regular intervals, "Yes . . . yes! . . ."

She had passed her hands through his hair, and repeated in a childish voice in spite of the big tears that flowed down her cheeks:

"Rodolphe! Rodolphe! . . . Ah! Rodolphe, dear little Rodolphe!"

Midnight struck.

"Midnight!" said she. "Come, it is to-morrow! one more day!"

He rose to go; and, as if this movement which he made had been the signal for their flight, Emma, suddenly, assuming a gay air:

"You have the passports?"

"Yes."

"You are forgetting nothing?"

"No."

"You are sure?"

"Certainly."

"It is at the Hotel de Provence, is it not, that you will meet me? . . . at noon?"

He nodded his head.

"Till to-morrow, then!" said Emma, in a last caress.

And she watched him as he disappeared. He did not turn. She ran after him, and, leaning over the water between the bushes:

"Till to-morrow!" she cried.

He was already on the other side of the river and walking quickly through the meadow.

At the end of some minutes Rodolphe stopped; and when he saw her with her white gown gradually vanish in the shadow like a phantom, his heart began to beat so violently that he leaned against a tree to keep himself from falling.

"What an idiot I am!" said he, with a frightful oath. "No matter, she was a pretty mistress!"

And immediately Emma's beauty, with all the pleasures of their amour, reappeared to him. At first he was softened, then he hardened himself against her.

"For, in short," exclaimed he, gesticulating, "I

cannot expatriate myself, undertake the burden of a child."

He repeated these things to himself in order to strengthen his resolution the more.

"And, besides, the encumbrance, the expense . . . Ah, no, no! a thousand times no! It would have been too stupid!"

XIII

As soon as he arrived home Rodolphe sat down hastily at his desk, beneath the stag's head hanging as a trophy on the wall. But, when he had the pen in his hand, he could find nothing to say, and so, leaning on his elbows, he began to consider. Emma seemed to him to have receded far into a distant past, as if the resolution which he had taken had just placed between them suddenly an immense interval.

In order to revive something of her memory, he sought out in the cupboard, by his bedside, an old Reims biscuit-box, in which he usually kept his letters from women, and there escaped from it an odour of damp dust and withered roses. First of all he perceived a pocket handkerchief, covered with little pale stains. It was a handkerchief of hers which she had used once when her nose had bled while they were out walking; he had forgotten it. Next it, with its corners all damaged by knocks, was the miniature given by Emma; her dress seemed to him pretentious, and her side glance of the most pitiable effect; then, by dint of gazing at this portrait and evoking the remembrance of the model, Emma's features became confused by degrees in his memory, as if the living face and the painted face, rubbing themselves one against the other, had reciprocally blotted each other out. Finally, he read some of her letters; they were full of explanations relative to their journey, short, technical, and urgent like business notes. He wished to look over the long ones again,

those of old days; to find them at the bottom of the box, Rodolphe disturbed all the others; and mechanically he began to rummage in this heap of papers and things, finding in it, pell-mell, bouquets, a garter, a black mask, pins, and hair—hair! some dark, some fair; some even, catching in the lock of the box, broke when it was opened.

Thus sauntering among his keepsakes, he examined the writing and the style of the letters, as varied as their spelling. They were tender or gay, facetious, melancholy; there were some that asked for love, and others that asked for money. A word would bring back to him this face or that, certain gestures, a particular tone of voice; sometimes, however, he could recall nothing.

In truth these women, rushing all at once into his mind, crowded each other and grew smaller, as though under one same measure of love which equalized them. Taking the letters by handfuls, all mixed up, he amused himself for some minutes by letting them fall in cascades from his right hand into his left. At last, tired and drowsy, Rodolphe put the box back in the cupboard, saying to himself: "What a lot of humbug! . . ." Which summed up his opinion; for pleasures, like school-boys in a playground, had so trampled over his heart that nothing green could spring there, and, what passed over it, more heedless than children, left not even, as they, its name graven on the wall.

"Come," said he to himself, "let us make a beginning!"

He wrote:

"'Courage, Emma, courage! I do not wish to become the ruin of your existence . . .'

"After all, that is true," thought Rodolphe; "I am acting in her own interests; I am honest.

"'Have you maturely considered your resolution?

Do you know the gulf into which I was dragging you, poor angel? No, you did not, did you? Trustful and fond, you were going forward, believing in happiness, in the future. . . . Ah! unfortunate beings that we are! mad!' "

Rodolphe stopped here to find some good excuse.

" Suppose I were to tell her that I have lost my whole fortune? . . . No, and besides, that would make no difference. It would be to begin over again later. Can one make such women listen to reason! "

He reflected, then added:

" ' I shall not forget you, be well assured, and I shall always feel for you a deep devotion; but, one day, sooner or later, that ardour (such is the fate of human things) doubtless would have become diminished! lassitudes would have come upon us, and who knows, even, if I might not have had the cruel grief of witnessing your remorse and of sharing in it myself, since I should have been its cause. The mere idea of your sorrows tortures me, Emma! Forget me! Why was I destined to know you? Why were you so beautiful? Is it my fault? O my God! no, no, accuse nothing but Fate! '

" That phrase always makes an impression," said he to himself.

" ' Ah! had you been one of those frivolous-hearted women that one sees, certainly I might, through selfishness, have tried an experiment which in that case would have been without danger for you. But that delicious exaltation, which makes at once your charm and your torment, has prevented you from understanding, adorable woman that you are, the falseness of our future position. Neither had I, for my own part, reflected upon it at first, and I rested in the shade of that ideal happiness, as beneath the boughs of some manchineel-tree, without foreseeing the consequences.'

" She will perhaps think that I am giving it up

through avarice. . . . Ah! no matter! so much the worse, it must be ended!

" 'The world is cruel, Emma. To every place where we should have been, it would have pursued us. You would have had to submit to indiscreet questions, to calumny, disdain, outrage perhaps. Outrage on you! Oh! . . . And I, who would desire to seat you on a throne! I, who carry away the thought of you like a talisman! For I punish myself by exile for all the harm that I have done you. I am going at once. Whither? I know not. I am mad! Adieu! be always good! Keep the remembrance of the unhappy man who has ruined you. Teach my name to your child, let her repeat it in her prayers.' "

The flames of the two candles flickered. Rodolphe rose to close the window, and, when he had sat down again:

" 'It seems to me that that is all. Ah! this too, for fear she should come pestering me with reproaches:

" 'I shall be far away when you read these sad lines; for I have wanted to escape as quickly as possible, in order to avoid the temptation of seeing you again. No weakness! I shall return; and perhaps later we shall talk together with perfect coolness of our old love. Adieu!' "

And there was a last adieu, separated into two words: *A Dieu!*—which he judged to be in excellent taste.

"Now, how shall I sign it?" he asked himself. "'Your very devoted'? . . . No. 'Your friend'? . . . Yes, that's it: 'Your Friend.' "

He read over his letter. It seemed to him a good one.

"Poor little woman!" thought he pityingly. "She will think me more heartless than a stone; there ought to have been a few tears on it; but I can't weep; that is not my fault."

Then, having poured some water into a glass, Rodolphe dipped his finger in it and allowed a large drop to fall from a height, making a pale stain on the ink; as he was about to seal the letter, he chanced to notice the seal *Amor nel Cor.*

"That is hardly appropriate to the occasion. . . . Bah! no matter!"

After which he smoked three pipes and went to bed.

On the morrow, after he had got up (at about two o'clock, he had slept late), Rodolphe ordered a basket of apricots to be gathered. He placed the letter at the bottom, under the vine-leaves, and at once directed Girard, his ploughman, to take it carefully to Mme. Bovary's house. He employed this means of corresponding with her, sending, according to the season, fruit or game.

"If she inquires after me," said he, "you will reply that I have left on a journey. You must deliver the basket to herself, into her own hands. . . . Go, and take care!"

Girard put on his new blouse, tied his handkerchief round the apricots, and walking with great, heavy steps in his iron-shod clogs, tranquilly set out for Yonville.

Mme. Bovary, when he reached her house, was occupied with Félicité in arranging a parcel of linen on the kitchen table.

"Our master has sent you this," said the ploughman.

She was seized by an apprehension, and, as she sought some small coins in her pocket, she gazed at the peasant with a haggard eye, while he looked at her, for his part, with wonderment, not understanding how such a present could affect any one so much. At last he went out. Félicité remained. Emma could contain herself no longer, but ran into the dining-room, as if to take in the apricots, turned the basket upside down, snatched

out the leaves, found the letter, opened it, and, as though the house were on fire behind her, Emma fled, terrified, to her bed-room.

Charles was there, she perceived him; he spoke to her, she heard nothing, and continued her quick ascent of the stairs, breathless, distracted, intoxicated, and still holding that horrible sheet of paper which crackled in her hand like a piece of sheet-iron. On the second-floor she stopped before the closed door of the attic.

Then she wished to calm herself; she remembered the letter; she had to finish it, yet dared not. Besides, where? how? she would be seen.

"Ah! no, here," thought she, "I shall be all right."

Emma pushed open the door and entered.

The slates threw down vertically an oppressive heat which pressed upon her temples and suffocated her; she dragged herself across to the shuttered window, of which she drew the bolt, and the dazzling light instantly streamed in.

Opposite, over the roofs, the open country stretched away, out of sight. Below, beneath her, the village Place was empty; the pebbles on the footway glittered, the weather-cocks on the houses stood motionless; at the corner of the street there issued from a lower story a kind of humming with strident modulations. It was Binet at his lathe.

She leaned against the casing of the garret-window, and re-read the letter with guttural exclamations of anger. But the more she fixed her attention upon it, the more confused her ideas became. She saw him again, heard him again, clasped him in her arms; and the beats of her heart, striking her under the breast as with great blows of a battering-ram, followed each other more and more rapidly, with irregular intermittences. She cast her eyes all round her, wishing that the earth might fall in. Why not finish with it all? What held

her back? She was free. And she moved forward, looking down at the paving-stones and saying to herself:

"Come! come!"

The bright ray of light that came up from directly beneath drew the weight of her body towards the abyss. It seemed to her that the ground of the Place was rising in oscillations along the walls, and that the floor sloped from the end of the room, like the deck of a pitching vessel. She stood on the edge, almost hanging, surrounded by a great vacancy. The blue of the sky hemmed her about, the air circulated in her dazed head, she had only to yield, to let herself go; and the humming from the tower went on steadily, like a furious voice calling her.

"Wife! wife!" cried Charles.

She stopped.

"Where are you, then? Come down!"

The idea that she had just escaped death almost made her faint with terror; she closed her eyes; then she started at the touch of a hand on her sleeve; it was Félicité.

"Monsieur is waiting for you, Madame; the soup is served."

And it was necessary to go downstairs! it was necessary to sit down to table!

She tried to eat. The food choked her. So she unfolded her serviette as if to examine the darns in it, and really wished to apply herself to the task of counting the threads of the linen. Suddenly the remembrance of the letter returned to her. Could she have lost it? Where find it again? But she felt such a mental weariness as left her totally incapable of inventing a pretext for leaving the table. Then, too, she was become cowardly; she was afraid of Charles; he knew everything, it was certain! He uttered these words in truth, oddly:

"We are not likely to see M. Rodolphe for some time, it appears."

"Who told you so?" said she, with a start.

"Who told me so?" he replied, a little surprised by the brusqueness of her tone; "it was Girard, whom I met just now at the door of the Café Français. He has left on a journey, or is about to leave."

She gave a sob.

"What is there in that to astonish you? He does go away thus from time to time for a little diversion, and, faith! I do not blame him. When one has money and is a bachelor! . . . However, he amuses himself finely, our friend! he is a sad dog. M. Langlais was telling me . . ."

He ceased speaking, for decorum's sake, on account of the servant who was coming in.

She replaced in the basket the apricots scattered over the sideboard; Charles, without noticing his wife's redness, ordered them to be brought to him, took one of them and bit into it.

"Oh! excellent!" said he. "See, taste."

And he held out the basket, which she pushed away gently.

"Smell then; what perfume!" said he, passing it under her nose several times.

"I am suffocating!" cried she, springing up suddenly.

But, through an effort of will, this spasm disappeared; then:

"It is nothing!" said she, "it is nothing! it is nerves! Sit down—go on eating!"

For she feared lest she should be questioned, nursed, not left alone any more.

Charles, to obey her, had sat down again and was spitting out into his hand the stones of the apricots, depositing them afterward on his plate.

Suddenly, a blue tilbury passed at a fast trot through the Place. Emma uttered a cry and fell stiffly on the floor backward.

Rodolphe had, indeed, after much reflection, decided to leave for Rouen. Now, as from La Huchette to Buchy there is no other road than that by Yonville, he had been obliged to pass through the village, and Emma had recognised him by the light of the lanterns which cut the gloaming like a flash of lightning.

The chemist, upon hearing the tumult in the house, rushed in. The table, with all the plates, was upset; sauce, meat, knives, the salt-cellar, and the cruet-stand, were strewn about the room. Charles was calling for help; Bertha was crying with fright; and Félicité, with trembling hands, was unlacing Madame, who had convulsive movements through her body.

"I will run over to my laboratory," said the apothecary, "for a little aromatic vinegar."

Then, as she opened her eyes after an inhalation from the bottle:

"I was sure of it," said he; "that would awaken a corpse for you."

"Speak to us!" said Charles, "speak to us; compose yourself! It is I, your Charles who loves you! Do you recognise me? See, here is your little girl: give her a kiss!"

The child put out her arms towards her mother to encircle her neck. But, turning away her head, Emma said in an abrupt voice:

"No, no . . . nobody!"

She fainted away again. They carried her to her bed.

She lay stretched out, her mouth open, her eye-lids closed, her hands flat on the bed, motionless, and white as a wax statue. From her eyes there issued two streams of tears which flowed slowly down to the pillow.

Charles remained standing at the foot of the alcove, and the chemist, near him, maintained that meditative silence which it is becoming to observe upon the serious occasions of life.

"Be reassured," said he, giving a push to his elbow, "I think the paroxysm is over."

"Yes, she is resting a little, now," answered Charles, who was watching her sleep. "Poor thing! . . . poor thing! . . . another relapse!"

Then Homais asked how the accident had happened. Charles replied that the attack had seized her suddenly, while eating apricots.

"Extraordinary!" remarked the chemist. "But it might be that the apricots caused the syncope! There are natures so sensitive to certain odours! and it would even be a very interesting question to study, from the pathological no less than from the physiological point of view. The priests were acquainted with the importance of odours, they who have always mingled aromatic perfumes with their ceremonies. The object of that is to deaden your understanding and to provoke ecstasies—a thing, for that matter, easy of attainment in persons of the sex, who are more delicate than the rest. There have been cited some who faint at the smell of burnt horn, of new bread . . ."

"Take care not to wake her!" said Bovary, in a low voice.

"And," continued the apothecary, "not only human beings are subject to these anomalies, but the animals also. Thus, you are not ignorant of the singular aphrodisiac effect produced by the *nepeta cataria*, vulgarly called cat's herb, on the feline race; and, on the other hand, to cite an instance that I can guarantee authentic, Bridoux (one of my old comrades, at present established in the Rue Malpalu) possesses a dog that goes into convulsions whenever a snuff-box is presented to

him. Often even he makes the experiment before his friends, at his summer residence in the Bois-Guillaume. Would one believe that a simple sternutative could work such mischief in the organism of a quadruped? It is extremely curious, is it not?"

"Yes," said Charles, who was not listening.

"That proves to us," continued the other, smiling with an air of benign sufficiency, "the numberless irregularities of the nervous system. As for Madame, she has always appeared to me, I confess, to be a genuine sensitive. Consequently I should not recommend to you, my good friend, any of those pretended remedies which, under pretext of attacking the symptoms, attack the constitution. No, no indolent physic-taking! a strict regimen, that is all! Sedatives, emollients, dulcificants. Do you not think, too, that perhaps the imagination ought to be impressed?"

"In what way? how?" said Bovary.

"Ah! that is the question! Such, indeed, is the question: '*That is the question!*' as I read recently in the newspaper."

But Emma, waking, cried:

"And the letter? and the letter?"

They thought her delirious. She was so, in fact, from midnight onwards: brain-fever had declared itself.

For forty-three days Charles did not quit her. He deserted all his patients, he sat up every night, he was continually feeling her pulse, putting on mustard plasters, cold-water compresses. He sent Justin to Neufchâtel to fetch ice; the ice melted on the road; he sent him again. He called in M. Canivet for a consultation; he sent for Dr. Larivière, his old master, from Rouen; he was in despair. What alarmed him most was Emma's prostration; for she did not speak, she understood nothing, and even seemed not to suffer—as if her body and soul were together at rest from all their troubles.

Towards the middle of October she was able to sit up in bed with pillows behind her. Charles shed tears when he saw her eat her first slice of bread and butter and jam. Strength returned to her; she would get up for a few hours in the afternoon, and, one day when she was feeling better, he tried to make her take a walk, on his arm, round the garden. The sanded paths were covered by the dead leaves; she walked, one step at a time, shuffling her slippers, and leaning her shoulder against Charles, she continued to smile.

They went thus to the bottom of the garden, near the terrace. She drew herself up slowly, and shaded her eyes with her hand to gaze; she gazed into the distance, far away; but on the horizon there were only some big grass-fires which smoked on the hills.

"You will tire yourself, my darling," said Bovary.

And, pushing her gently towards the entrance to the arbour:

"Sit down, then, on this bench; you will be comfortable."

"Oh! no, not there, not there!" said she in a faltering voice.

She had an attack of dizziness, and in the evening her illness began again, taking a more uncertain turn, it is true, and with more complete symptoms. Sometimes she had pains in the heart, then in the chest, in the brain, in the limbs; vomitings supervened, in which Charles thought to perceive the first symptoms of a cancer.

And the poor fellow, on the top of all this, had anxieties about money.

XIV

In the first place, he did not know how to compensate M. Homais for all the medicines obtained from him; and although, as doctor, he might have claimed exemption from payment, nevertheless he blushed a little to incur that obligation. Then, the household expenses, now that the cook was mistress, were becoming frightful; bills were pouring into the house; the tradesmen were complaining; M. Lheureux, especially, was harassing him. The latter, indeed, at the worst moment of Emma's illness, taking advantage of the occasion to swell his account, had quickly delivered the cloak, the carpet-bag, two trunks instead of one, a quantity of other things besides. It was in vain that Charles declared he did not require them; the dealer replied insolently that all those articles had been ordered, and that he would not take them back; besides, it would disappoint Madame in her convalescence; Monsieur would think it over; in short, he was determined to prosecute him at law rather than abandon his rights and take away his goods. Charles gave orders afterwards to send them back to his shop; Félicité forgot; he had other things to occupy his mind; they were overlooked. M. Lheureux returned to the charge, and, threatening and whining by turns, manœuvred in such a way that Charles ended by signing a bill at six months. But scarcely had he signed this bill when a bold idea struck him: it was, to borrow a thousand francs from M. Lheureux. He asked, therefore, with some embarrassment, whether he might not

have it, adding that it would be for a year and at whatever rate was desired. Lheureux hastened to his shop, brought back the money, and dictated another bill, whereby Bovary undertook to pay to his order, on the first of September following, the sum of one thousand and seventy francs; which, together with the hundred and eighty already covenanted for, made exactly twelve hundred and fifty. Thus, lending at six per cent., increased by a quarter commission, and the goods supplied, producing him a good third at least, in twelve months the transaction would represent a profit of a hundred and thirty francs; and he hoped that the matter would not end there, that the bills might not be met, that they might be renewed, and that his poor money, nursed in the doctor's house as in a hospital, would return to him one day in considerably better condition, and so fat that it would make the bag crack.

Success, moreover, followed him everywhere. He was contractor for the supply of cider to the hospital at Neufchâtel. M. Guillaumin had promised him shares in the peat-bogs of Grumesnil, and he dreamed of establishing a new service of stage-coaches between Arcueil and Rouen, which no doubt would not take long to ruin the wretched concern of the Golden Lion, and which, travelling more rapidly, being at lower prices, and carrying more baggage, would thus put into his hands the whole trade of Yonville.

Charles asked himself several times by what means he should be able to repay so much money the next year; and he sought ways, imagined expedients, such as, to have recourse to his father, or to sell something. But his father might be deaf to his appeal, and he had himself nothing to sell. Then he saw such difficulties that he banished quickly from his mind so disagreeable a subject of meditation. He reproached himself with allowing it to cause him to be forgetful of Emma; as if, all his

thoughts belonging to his wife, it had been to rob her of something, should he cease to be continually thinking of her.

The winter was severe. Madame's convalescence was long. When it was fine, she was pushed in her easy chair near the window, the one that looked on the Place; for she now held the garden in abhorrence and the shutters on that side remained always closed.

She wished the horse to be sold; the things that formerly she was fond of now she disliked. All her ideas appeared to be limited to the care of herself. She would stay in bed making dainty little meals, and ring for the servant to inquire after her diet-drinks or to chat with her. At this time the snow on the roof of the market used to throw into the bed-room a white, motionless reflection; later it was rain that fell. And Emma daily waited, with a kind of anxiety, for the unfailing return of most trifling events, which yet hardly concerned her. The most considerable was the arrival of The Swallow in the evening. The landlady used then to shout and other voices answered, while Hippolyte's lantern, as he hunted among the boxes on the tilt, made as it were a star in the gloom. At noon Charles would come in; afterwards he went out; then she used to take some broth, and, towards five o'clock, at twilight, the children returning from school, dragging their clogs over the footway, all used to strike with their rulers, one after the other, the latches of the outhouses.

It was at this hour that M. Bournisien used to come to see her. He inquired after her health, brought her the news, and exhorted her to religion in a little wheedling prattle which was not without charm. The very sight of his cassock used to comfort her.

One day when, at the height of her illness, she thought herself at the point of death, she had asked for the communion; and as the preparations for the sacra-

ment were being made in her chamber, as they were transforming into an altar the chest of drawers laden with medicine bottles, and as Félicité strewed the floor with dahlia blooms, Emma felt some powerful influence passing over her, which freed her from her pains, from all perception, from all feeling. Her relieved body thought no longer, another life began; it seemed to her that her being, ascending to God, was about to be merged in his love, like burning incense dispersed in smoke. The sheets of the bed were sprinkled with holy water; the priest took out the white wafer from the sacred pix; and she almost swooned with a heavenly joy when she advanced her lips to receive the body of the Saviour, offered to her. The curtains of her alcove swelled out softly around her like clouds, and the rays of the two candles burning on the drawers seemed to her to be dazzling glories. Then she let her head fall back, believing she heard in the air the song of the seraphic harps and could see in an azure heaven, on a golden throne, in the midst of saints holding green palms, God the Father effulgent in majesty, by a sign causing angels with wings of flame to descend to earth to bear her away in their arms.

This splendid vision abode in her memory as the most beautiful thing that could possibly be imagined; so that now she used to strive to recover possession of the sensation of it, which still persisted, but in less exclusive fashion and with a sweetness equally profound. Her soul, deformed by pride, rested at last in Christian humility; and, relishing the pleasure of feeling weak, Emma contemplated in herself that destruction of her will, which was to make a wide entrance for the invasion of grace. There existed, then, instead of happiness, spiritual felicities far greater, another love above all loves, without break or end, and which would grow eternally! Among the illusions of her hope she caught

glimpses of a state of purity floating above the earth, melting into heaven, and there she aspired to win. She wished to become a saint. She bought chaplets, she wore amulets; she desired to have in her chamber, by the head of her bed, a reliquary set in emeralds, that she might kiss it every night.

The curé marvelled at these inclinations, although Emma's religion, it seemed to him, might, through violence of fervour, end by bordering on heresy and even extravagance. But, not being greatly versed in these matters from the moment that they went beyond a certain point, he wrote to M. Boulard, bookseller to Monseigneur, to send him "some treatise of renown for the use of a lady who was very intellectual." The bookseller, with as much indifference as if he had been despatching hardware to negroes, packed up for you pell-mell everything that was current just then in the pious book trade. There were little manuals in the form of questions and answers, haughty-toned pamphlets in the manner of M. de Maistre, and kinds of novels in red boards and a sweetish style, manufactured by troubadour seminarists or repentant blue-stockings. There was the *Reflect on It Well; the Man of the World at the Feet of Mary*, by M. de ——, knight of several orders; *Some Errors of Voltaire, for the Use of Young People*, etc.

Mme. Bovary had not yet recovered a mind sufficiently clear to be able to apply herself seriously to anything whatever; moreover, she undertook this reading with too great precipitation. She became irritated by the limitations of her creed; the insolence of the polemical writings offended her by their fury in the pursuit of people of whom she had never heard; and the secular stories flavoured with religion seemed to her written in such an ignorance of the world that they turned her aside insensibly from the truths of which she was seeking the proof. She persisted, however, and, when the

volume fell from her hands, she believed herself possessed by the finest Catholic melancholy that an ethereal soul could conceive.

As for the remembrance of Rodolphe, she had sunk it quite to the bottom of her heart; and it remained there, more solemn and immobile than a king's mummy in a vault. An exhalation escaped from this great embalmed love, which, passing through everything, perfumed with tenderness the atmosphere of stainlessness wherein she wished to live. When she knelt on her Gothic *pric-dieu,* she would address to the Lord the same sweet words which formerly she had murmured to her lover. It was in order to make belief come; but no delight descended upon her from heaven, and she would rise with limbs wearied and the vague feeling of an immense trickery. This search, thought she, was but an additional merit; and in the pride of her devoutness, Emma would compare herself with those great great ladies of old time, whose glory she had dreamed of before a portrait of La Vallière, and who, drawing after them with so much majesty the bedizened trains of their long gowns, used to retire into solitary places to shed at the feet of the Christ all the tears of hearts that existence wounded.

Next she gave herself up to excessive charity. She sewed clothes for the poor; she sent wood to women who were confined; and Charles, coming in one day, found three worthless tramps sitting at table in the kitchen eating soup. She sent for her little girl to come home, her husband, during her illness, having caused the child to be taken back to the nurse's. She wished to teach her to read; it was in vain that Bertha cried, she grew angry no longer. Her mind was made up to resignation, an universal indulgence. Her speech, with regard to everything, was full of ideal expressions. She would say to her child:

"Is your stomach-ache better, my angel?"

Mme. Bovary *mère* saw nothing to blame, save perhaps that mania for knitting vests for orphans, instead of mending her own dusters. But, harassed by domestic quarrels, the good woman liked this tranquil house, and even remained there till after Easter, in order to avoid the sarcasm of *père* Bovary, who never failed to order a sucking-pig to be cooked for himself on Good Fridays.

Besides the company of her mother-in-law, who fortified her somewhat by the rectitude of her opinions and her grave manner, Emma, nearly every day, had other society also. There was Mme. Langlois, Mme. Caron, Mme. Dubreuil, Mme. Tuvache, and, regularly from two o'clock till five, the excellent Mme. Homais, who had never chosen to believe, so far as she was concerned, any of the tales that had been current about her neighbour. The Homais children also used to come to see her; Justin accompanied them. He would go up into the bed-room with them and remain standing near the door, motionless, without speaking. Often, even, Mme. Bovary, paying no attention to him, would begin dressing in his presence, She would commence by taking out her comb, giving at the same time a quick shake of her head; and when he saw for the first time that entire head of hair which came down below her waist, unrolling its black coils, it was for him, poor boy, like a sudden entry into something extraordinary and new, the splendour of which alarmed him.

Emma doubtless did not remark his silent assiduities nor his timidity. She had no suspicion that love, vanished from her own life, was beating there, near her, beneath that shirt of coarse linen, in that youthful heart open to the influences of her beauty. Moreover, she considered everything now with such an indifference, she had words so kind and looks so haughty, manners

so various, that selfishness seemed no longer distinguishable from charity nor vice from virtue. One evening, for example, she flew into a passion with her servant, who was asking permission to go out, and stammered as she sought a pretext; then suddenly:

"You love him, then?" said she.

And, without waiting for reply from Félicité, who was blushing, she added with a mournful air:

"Very well, make haste! amuse yourself!"

In the early spring she caused the laying-out of the garden to be completely altered from one end to the other, in spite of Bovary's mild protests; he was glad, however, to see her at last manifest some will, whatever its direction. She showed more in proportion as her health became re-established. In the first place, she found means to expel Mother Rolet, the nurse, who had got into the habit, during her convalescence, of coming too often to the kitchen with the two children she nursed and her boarder, whose teeth were more vigorous than a cannibal's. Next she got rid of the Homais family, paid back successively all the other visits, and even frequented the church with less assiduity, to the great satisfaction of the apothecary, who remarked to her in a friendly way at this time:

"You were getting on rather too good terms with the priests!"

M. Bournisien, as formerly, called every day upon leaving the catechism-class. He preferred to remain out of doors, to take the air "in the grove," as he called the arbour. It was the hour at which Charles usually returned home. They felt warm; sweet cider was brought, and they used to drink together to Madame's complete restoration.

Binet was usually there, that is to say, a little lower down, near the terrace wall, catching crayfish. Bovary would invite him to join them in a little refreshment,

and he was a perfect master of the art of uncorking cider bottles.

"You should," said he, casting a satisfied glance around him and away to the extremities of the landscape, "you should hold the bottle perpendicularly on the table, thus, and, after cutting the strings, push the cork with little thrusts, gently, gently, as they do in the restaurants when they open soda-water bottles."

But the cider, during his demonstration, would often spurt full in their faces, and then the priest, with a thick laugh, never omitted to make this joke:

"Its excellence does not fail to take the eye."

He was in truth a worthy man, and one day, even, was not scandalized when the chemist advised Charles, as a distraction for Madame, to take her to hear the famous tenor Lagardy at the theatre in Rouen. Homais, surprised at this silence, inquired his opinion, and the priest declared that he regarded music as less dangerous to morality than literature.

But the chemist took up the defence of letters. The drama, he contended, served to censure prejudice and, under the mask of pleasure, taught virtue.

"*Castigat ridendo mores*, M. Bournisien. Thus, consider most of the tragedies of Voltaire; they are besprinkled skilfully with philosophical reflections which make them a veritable school of morals and diplomacy for the people."

"I," said Binet, "I once saw a piece entitled *Le Gamin de Paris*, in which you are presented the character of an old general, really hit off to the life. He reproves, as he deserved, a young man of good family who had seduced a work-girl, who in the end . . ."

"Certainly!" continued Homais, "there is bad literature as there is bad pharmacy; but to condemn in a lump the most important of the fine arts seems to me a

stupidity, a Gothic idea worthy of the abominable times when Galileo was imprisoned."

"I know well," objected the curé, "that there exist good works, good authors; nevertheless, were it only these persons of different sex gathered in an enchanting hall, decorated with worldly pomp, and these pagan disguises, this pretence, these torches, those effeminate voices, all that must end by begetting a certain libertinage of mind and by giving you unclean thoughts, impure temptations. Such, at least, is the opinion of the Fathers. In fine," added he, assuming suddenly a mystical tone of voice, while he rolled a pinch of snuff on his thumb, "if the Church has condemned the play, she had reason to do so; we must submit ourselves to her decrees."

"Why," asked the apothecary, "does she excommunicate players? for, in other times, they used to assist openly in religious ceremonies. Yes, there were played, there were represented in the choirs of churches, kinds of farces called mysteries, in which the laws of decency were often infringed."

The ecclesiastic contented himself with heaving a groan, and the chemist pursued:

"You have the same thing in the Bible; there is . . . do you know . . . more than one . . . spicy detail, things . . . truly . . . wanton!"

And, upon a gesture of annoyance made by M. Bournisien:

"Ah! you will agree that it is not a book to put in the hands of a young person, and I should be sorry for Athalie . . ."

"But it is the Protestants, and not we," cried the other, put out of patience, "who recommend the Bible!"

"No matter!" said Homais, "I marvel that in our days, in an age of light, there should still be found people who persist in proscribing an intellectual relaxation

which is inoffensive, moralizing and even hygienic sometimes, is it not, doctor?"

"Without doubt," replied the medico carelessly, whether because, having the same ideas, he wished to hurt no one's feelings, or because he had no ideas at all. The conversation seemed at an end, when the chemist thought fit to make a final thrust:

"I have known priests who would dress themselves in lay clothes in order to go to see ballet-dancers kick up their heels."

"Come, come!" said the curé.

"Ah! I have known them!"

And, separating the syllables of his sentence, Homais repeated:

"I—have—known them."

"Well, they did wrong," said Bournisien, resigned to hear anything.

"*Parbleu!* they do a good many other things!" exclaimed the apothecary.

"Sir! . . ." interrupted the ecclesiastic, with eyes so fierce that the apothecary was intimidated by them.

"I merely wish to observe," replied he, in a tone now less brutal, "that tolerance is the surest means of winning souls to religion."

"That is true! that is true!" conceded the good man, sitting down again in his chair.

But he only stayed a couple of minutes longer. As soon as he had gone, M. Homais said to the doctor:

"That was what you may call a nose-pulling! I rolled him up, you saw, after a fashion! . . . And now, believe me, take Madame to the play, were it only for once in your life to enrage one of those old crows, *saprelotte*! If any one could replace me here, I would accompany you myself. Make haste, too! Lagardy will only give a single performance; he is engaged in England at a considerable salary. If what people say is true, he is a fa-

mous dog! he rolls in money! he takes about with him three mistresses and his cook! All these great artists burn the candle at both ends; they require to lead a dissolute existence, which does something to excite the imagination. But they die in the workhouse, because they had not the sense to save money when they were young. However, I wish you a good appetite; till to-morrow."

This idea of the theatre quickly took root in Bovary's mind; for he mentioned it immediately to his wife, who at first refused, pleading the fatigue, the trouble, the expense; but, for a wonder, Charles did not yield, so beneficial for her did he judge this recreation likely to be. He saw nothing to stand in the way of it; his mother had sent them three hundred francs which he had ceased to expect, the current debts were not enormous, and the falling-due of the bills given to Lheureux was still so far off that there was no need to think of them. Moreover, imagining that she felt some delicate scruple in the matter, Charles insisted; so that, after much persuasion, she ended by giving her consent. The next day at eight o'clock they were stowed safely away in The Swallow.

The apothecary, whom there was nothing to keep at home in Yonville, but who fancied himself obliged to stay, sighed as he saw them off.

"Come, a pleasant journey to you!" said he, "happy mortals that you are!"

Then, addressing Emma, who was wearing a gown of blue silk with four furbelows:

"You look as pretty as a Cupid! You will cut a dash in Rouen."

The coach ended its journey at the Red Cross Hotel, on the Place Beauvoisine. It was one of those inns such as exist in all provincial suburbs, with large stables and small bed-rooms, where in the middle of the yard you see hens picking oats under the muddy cabs of the commer-

cial travellers—good, old lodging places with worm-eaten wooden balconies, that creak in the wind on winter nights, continually full of people, of noise and of victuals; whose black tables have been made sticky by coffees-and-brandies, its thick window-panes yellow by the flies, its damp table napkins stained by the blue wine; and which, suggestive always of the village, like farm-labourers in town clothes, have a café on the street and a vegetable garden on the side next the fields. Charles immediately began his errands. He confused the stage-box with the galleries, the unreserved places with the boxes, asked for explanations, did not understand them, was referred by the clerk at the box-office to the manager, came back to the inn, returned to the box-office, and several times thus rushed from one end of the town to the other, from the theatre to the boulevard.

Madame bought herself a hat, gloves, a bouquet. Monsieur was much afraid lest they should miss the opening; and without having had time to swallow even a plate of broth, they presented themselves at the doors of the theatre, which were still closed.

XV

The crowd stood waiting near the wall, penned in symmetrically by balustrades. At the corners of the neighbouring streets, gigantic bills announced in strange type: "*Lucie de Lammermoor* . . . Lagardy . . . Opera . . ., etc." The weather was fine; people were hot; perspiration ran down into fringes; everybody's pocket handkerchief was taken out to mop a red forehead; and sometimes a moist breeze, blowing from the river, gently stirred the edges of the canvas awnings hung over the doors of the taverns. A little lower down, however, you were cooled by a current of icy air which smelt of tallow, leather, and oil. It was the exhalation from the Rue des Charrettes, full of big black warehouses where casks are manufactured.

For fear of looking ridiculous, Emma wished before entering to take a walk round the wharves, and Bovary, for the sake of prudence, kept the tickets in his hand in his trousers-pocket, which he pressed close to his body.

Her heart began to beat as soon as they entered the vestibule. Involuntarily she smiled from vanity as she saw the crowd rushing to the right by the other corridor, while she ascended the stairs leading to the first tier of boxes. She felt the pleasure of a child in pushing with her finger the large, tapestry-hung doors; she breathed in with all her lungs the dusty odour of the passages, and when she was seated in her box she curved her figure with the easy grace of a duchess.

The house began to fill, opera-glasses were taken

from their cases, and the subscribers, perceiving each other in the distance, exchanged salutations. They had come to refresh themselves with the fine arts after the anxieties of commerce; but, not forgetful of business, they still talked cottons, brandy, or indigo. You saw there heads of old men, inexpressive and peaceful, which, with whitish hair and complexion, resembled silver medals tarnished by a leaden vapour. The young men of fashion strutted about the area, displaying in the opening of their waistcoats their pink or apple-green ties; and Mme. Bovary admired them from above as they leaned the stretched palms of their yellow gloves on light, gold-headed canes.

In the meantime the candles of the orchestra were lighted; the cut-glass chandelier descended from the ceiling, diffusing, with the radiance of its facets, a sudden gaiety through the house; then the musicians entered one after the other, and there was, to begin with, a long hubbub of sonorous basses, of grating violins, of trumpeting cornets, of whining flutes and flageolets. But three knocks on the stage were heard; a rolling of kettle-drums commenced, the brass instruments sounded a few chords, and the curtain, rising, disclosed a landscape.

It was a cross-ways in a wood, with a fountain, on the left, shaded by an oak. Peasants and chieftains, wearing plaids over their shoulders, sang a hunting-song all together; then there came on a captain, who invoked the spirit of evil with arms upraised to heaven; a second appeared; they went off together, and the huntsmen began again.

She found herself again in the readings of her youth, full in the midst of Walter Scott. It seemed to her that she could hear, through the mist, the sound of Scottish bagpipes echoing over the heather. Moreover, the remembrance of the novel making easier the understand-

ing of the libretto, she followed the story sentence by sentence, while unseizable thoughts which came back to her were dispersed immediately under the bursts of the music. She allowed herself to drift to the lulling of the melodies, and felt herself vibrating through her whole being as if the bows of the violins had been drawn over her nerves. She had not eyes enough to gaze at the costumes, the scenery, the personages, the painted trees which trembled when they moved, and the velvet toques, the cloaks, the swords, all those imaginations which moved through the harmony as in the atmosphere of another world. But a young woman came forward, throwing a purse to a squire in green. She remained alone, and then you heard a flute uttering, as it were, the murmur of a fountain or the warblings of birds. Lucy entered bravely upon her *cavatina* in G major; she groaned with love, she demanded wings. Emma, likewise, would have wished, leaving life behind her, to fly away in an embrace. Suddenly, Edgar Lagardy appeared.

He had one of those splendid pallors that give something of the majesty of marble to the fiery races of the South. His masculine figure was clad in a tight-fitting doublet of a brown colour; a small chased dagger hung over his left thigh, and he rolled his eyes languorously, showing his white teeth. It was said that a Polish princess, hearing him sing one evening on the beach at Biarritz, where he was a refitter of boats, had fallen in love with him. She had ruined herself for him. He had deserted her for other women, and this sentimental celebrity served only to enhance his artistic reputation. The shrewd adventurer even took care always to slip into the advertisement some poetical phrase on the fascination of his person and the sensibility of his soul. A fine voice, an imperturbable assurance, more temperament than intelligence, and more pomposity than poetic

enthusiasm completed the adornment of this admirable specimen of the charlatan's nature, with its mixture of the hair-dresser and the toreador.

From the first scene he enraptured his audience. He pressed Lucy in his arms, left her, returned, seemed in despair; he had flashes of anger, then elegiac rattlings in the throat, of an infinite sweetness, and the notes escaped from his bared neck, full of sobs and kisses. Emma leaned forward to watch him, clawing at the velvet of her box with her finger-nails. She filled her heart with those melodious lamentations that prolonged themselves to the accompaniment of the double-basses, like cries of shipwrecked men amid the tumult of a tempest. She recognised all the intoxication and the anguishes of which she herself had nearly died. The voice of the woman singing seemed to her to be but the echo of her own consciousness, and the illusion that charmed her a part even of her personal life. But no one on earth had loved her with such a love. He did not weep, like Edgar, that last evening, in the moonlight, when they repeated to each other, "Till to-morrow! till to-morrow! . . ." The house rang with the applause; the whole *finale* was begun over again; the lovers spoke of the flowers on their tomb, of oaths, exile, fate, hopes; and when they uttered the final adieu, Emma gave a sharp cry, which was lost in the vibration of the last chords.

"Why," demanded Bovary, "is this lord persecuting her?"

"You don't understand," said she; "he is her lover."

"He swears, however, to avenge himself on her family; while the other man, the one who came on a moment ago, said, 'I love Lucy, and I think she loves me.' He went off, moreover, arm-in-arm with her father. For that is her father, is it not, the ugly little fellow who wears a cock's feather in his hat?"

In spite of Emma's explanations, after the duo in recitative wherein Gilbert reveals to his master, Ashton, his abominable machinations, Charles, when he saw the false wedding-ring which is to deceive Lucy, believed that it was a love-token sent by Edgar. He confessed, however, that he could not understand the story, on account of the music, which prevented him from catching the sense of the words.

"What does it matter?" said Emma. "Do be quiet!"

"But you know quite well that I like to be able to follow the meaning," he continued, leaning over her shoulder.

"Don't talk! don't talk!" said she, out of patience.

Lucy advanced, half supported by her women, a wreath of orange-blossom in her hair, and paler than the white satin of her gown. Emma's mind went back to the day of her own marriage; and she could see herself again yonder, among the corn, on the little path, as they walked towards the church. Why had she not, like Lucy, resisted, entreated? She was glad, on the contrary, without perception of the abyss into which she was plunging. . . . Ah! if, in the freshness of her beauty, it had been for her to base her life on some large heart and firm, then, virtue, affection, pleasure, and duty melting into one another, never would she have descended from so lofty a felicity. But happiness like that, doubtless, was a lie invented in the hopelessness of every longing. She knew now the pettiness of passions which art exaggerated. Endeavouring, therefore, to turn her thoughts away from them, Emma wished no longer to see in this reproduction of her own griefs anything but a plastic fancy, good to amuse the eye; and she even smiled to herself with a disdainful pity when, at the back of the stage, from behind the vel-

vet hangings of the door, a man in a black cloak appeared.

His large Spanish hat fell to the ground in one of his movements, and immediately instruments and singers began the sextette. Edgar, glittering with rage, dominated all the rest with his clearer voice. Ashton, in low notes, hurled at him homicidal provocations; Lucy uttered her shrill complaint; Arthur, aside by himself, modulated middle notes; and the bass of the clergyman pealed like an organ; while the female voices, repeating his words, began again in chorus, deliciously. All the singers stood gesticulating in a row; and anger, vengeance, jealousy, tears, pity, and stupefaction were breathed forth at the same time from their open mouths. The outraged lover brandished his naked sword; his lace collar rose and fell in jerks, following the movements of his chest; and he crossed from right to left with great strides, causing the silver spurs of his soft, high boots, which widened at the ankle, to rattle on the floor. He must needs have, thought she, an inexhaustible love, to be able to lavish it on the crowd in such copious streams. All her inclinations to disparagement vanished under the poetic spell of the part as she was invaded by it, and, drawn towards the man by the illusion of the impersonation, she tried to imagine his life, that resounding, extraordinary, splendid life, which yet she herself might have led had but chance willed it. They would have met, they would have loved! With him, through all the kingdoms of Europe, she would have travelled from capital to capital, sharing his fatigues and his pride, picking up flowers that were thrown to him, herself embroidering his costume; then, every evening, at the back of a box, behind the gold-trellised grating, she would have received, with open mouth, the expansions of that soul which would have sung for her alone. But a madness laid hold on her: he was looking at her—no doubt

of it! She longed to run to his arms, to take refuge in his strength as in the incarnation of love itself, and to say to him, to cry: "Carry me off! take me away! let us fly! Thine, thine! all my passion and all my dreams!"

The curtain fell.

The smell of gas mingled with the breath of the multitude; fans were busy, but only rendered the atmosphere more stifling. Emma wished to go out; the crowd blocked the passages, and she fell back on her chair, with palpitations that suffocated her. Charles, afraid lest she should faint, ran to the buffet to fetch her a glass of barley-water.

He had great difficulty in getting back to his place, for somebody knocked against his elbows at every step, since he was carrying the glass with both hands; and he even poured three quarters of it over the shoulders of a Rouen lady in short sleeves, who, feeling the cold liquid running down her back, uttered cries like a peacock, as though she were being assassinated. Her husband, who was a spinner, railed at the clumsy fellow; and while with his handkerchief she sponged the stains on her fine gown of cerise taffeta, he muttered in a surly tone the words compensation, expenses, reimbursement. At last Charles reached his wife, saying to her, quite out of breath:

"I thought really I should never get back! There is a crush! . . . a crush! . . ."

He added:

"Guess whom I encountered up there? M. Léon!"

"Léon?"

"Himself! He is coming to pay you his compliments."

And, as he said the words, the former clerk at Yonville entered the box.

He held out his hand with a gentlemanly lack of ceremony, and Mme. Bovary mechanically advanced her

own—doubtless in obedience to the attraction of a stronger will. She had not felt it since that evening of spring when it rained on the green leaves, when they bade each other farewell, standing by the window. But, recalling herself quickly to the proprieties of the situation, she shook off with an effort this torpor of her memories and began to stammer out a few hurried phrases:

"Ah! good-day . . . What! you here!"

"Silence!" cried a voice from the pit, for the third act was commencing.

"You are at Rouen, then?"

"Yes."

"And since when?"

"Go outside! go outside!"

People were turning towards them; they ceased talking.

But from that moment she no longer listened; and the chorus of guests, the scene of Ashton and his servant, the great duet in D major—it all went on for her at a distance, as if the instruments had become less loud and the personages farther away; she recalled to mind the card-parties at the chemist's and the walk to and from the nurse's, the readings in the arbour, the *têtes-à-tête* by the fire—all that poor love, so calm and so constant, so discreet and so tender, which yet she had forgotten. Why had he come back? What combination of circumstances was bringing him again into her life? He was standing behind her, leaning with his shoulder against the partition; and from time to time she felt herself shiver under the warm breath from his nostrils which stirred her hair.

"Does it amuse you?" said he, bending over her so closely that the point of his mustache grazed her cheek.

She replied carelessly:

"Oh! *mon Dieu*, no! not particularly."

At this he proposed that they should leave the theatre and go to have an ice somewhere.

"Ah, not yet! Let us stay!" said Bovary. "She has her hair unloosed; it promises to be tragic."

But the mad scene did not interest Emma, and the acting of the lady who sang the part of Lucy seemed to her exaggerated.

"She screams too much," said she, turning to Bovary, who was listening.

"Yes . . . perhaps . . . rather," he replied, undecided between the frankness of his own pleasure and the respect he entertained for the opinions of his wife.

Then Léon said with a sigh:

"The heat is . . ."

"Intolerable! it is, indeed!"

"Are you troubled by it?" asked Bovary.

"Yes, I am suffocating; let us go."

M. Léon put her long lace shawl daintily over her shoulders, and they went, all three, to sit on the wharf, in the open air, before the window of a café.

At first the conversation turned on her illness, although Emma interrupted Charles from time to time, for fear, said she, of wearying M. Léon; and the latter recounted that he was coming to Rouen to spend two years in a first-rate office, in order to accustom himself to the business, which was different in Normandy from that which one handled in Paris. Next he inquired after Bertha, the Homais family, the old dame Lefrançois; and as in the husband's presence they had nothing more to say to each other, the conversation soon dropped.

People who had come out from the opera passed along the footway, humming or bawling with all their lungs: "O beautiful angel, my Lucy!" Léon then, in order to pose as a connoisseur, began to talk music.

He had seen Tamburini, Rubini, Persiani, Grisi, and, compared with them, Lagardy, for all his shouting, was of no account.

"He is said, however," interrupted Charles, who was slowly sipping his rum sherbet, "to be quite admirable in the last act. I am sorry we left before the end, for I was beginning to be amused."

"However," replied the clerk, "he will be giving another performance shortly."

But Charles answered that they were going away on the morrow.

"Unless," added he, turning to his wife, "unless you would care to remain by yourself, my dear."

Changing his manœuvres, in view of this unexpected opportunity that was presented to his hope, the young man launched into praise of Lagardy in the final section. It was something superb, sublime! At this Charles insisted:

"You could return on Sunday. Come, decide! You are wrong if you feel the least in the world that it does you good."

In the meantime the tables around were becoming vacant; a waiter came discreetly and posted himself near them; Charles, who understood, drew out his purse; the clerk withheld him by the arm, and even did not forget to leave, over and above the bill, two silver coins, which he made ring against the marble.

"I am sorry, truly," murmured Bovary, "for the money that you . . ."

The other made a disdainful gesture, full of cordiality, and taking his hat:

"It is agreed, then, is it not? . . . to-morrow, at six o'clock?"

Charles protested once more that he could not stay away any longer; but there was nothing to prevent Emma . . .

"The fact is . . ." she stammered, with a singular smile, "I hardly know . . ."

"Well, you will think it over; we shall see; night brings counsel . . ."

Then to Léon, who was walking on with them:

"Now that you are back in our regions, you will come, I hope, from time to time, and ask us for some dinner?"

The clerk promised that he would not fail to do so, having occasion, besides, to go to Yonville on a piece of professional business. They separated in front of St. Herbland's Passage as half past eleven struck at the Cathedral.

THIRD PART

I

M. Léon, while engaged in the study of law, had visited the Chaumière with tolerable frequency, and even achieved there some very pretty successes with the grisettes, who thought he possessed "an air of distinction." He was the most decorous of students; he wore his hair neither too long nor too short, did not on the first of the month squander his money for the quarter, and kept on good terms with his professors. As for running into any excesses, he had always abstained from it, as much through faint-heartedness as through fastidiousness.

Often, when staying at home to read, or sitting in the evening under the lime-trees of the Luxembourg, he would let his Code fall to the ground, and the remembrance of Emma would come back to him. But little by little this sentiment grew weaker and other desires accumulated above it, although it yet persisted through them; for Léon did not lose all hope, and there was for him, as it were, an uncertain promise trembling in the future, like some golden fruit hanging amid fantastic foliage.

Then, when he saw her again after three years of absence, his passion awoke. He would have at last, thought he, to make up his mind to will the possession of her. Moreover, his timidity had worn off through mixing with gay company, and he had returned to the provinces despising everything which did not tread with

varnished foot the asphalt of the boulevard. In the society of a Parisian lady in lace, in the drawing-room of some famous doctor, or personage with decorations and a carriage, the poor clerk doubtless would have trembled like a child; but here, at Rouen, on the wharf, in presence of the wife of this little country physician, he felt himself at ease, sure in advance that he would fascinate. Assurance depends on the atmosphere in which it finds itself; the person who lives in the *entresol* is not addressed in the same way as he of the fourth floor, and the rich woman seems to have round her, to protect her virtue, all her bank-notes, like a cuirass, in the lining of her stays.

After taking leave of M. and Mme. Bovary the evening before, Léon had followed them, at a distance, along the street; then, having seen them stop at the Red Cross, he had turned on his heel, and passed the remainder of the night in thinking out a plan.

On the morrow, therefore, towards five o'clock, he entered the kitchen of the inn, his throat contracted, his cheeks pale, and with that resolution of the coward which nothing can arrest.

"Monsieur is not in," answered a servant.

That seemed to him of good augury. He went upstairs.

She was not disturbed by his arrival; she apologized, on the contrary, for having forgotten to tell him where they were staying.

"Oh, I guessed it," said Léon.

"How?"

He pretended that he had been guided to her, at a venture, by an instinct. She smiled, and immediately, to atone for his foolish remark, Léon told how he had passed his morning in hunting for her successively in all the hotels of the town.

"You have decided, then, to stay?" added he.

"Yes," said she, "and I was wrong to do so. One should not accustom one's self to impracticable pleasures when one has about one a thousand claims . . ."

"Oh! I imagine . . ."

"No, for you are not a woman, you."

But men also had their sorrows, and the conversation opened with sundry philosophical reflections. Emma dwelt much on the wretchedness of earthly affections and the eternal isolation in which the heart remains buried.

To push himself forward, or in simple imitation of this melancholy which provoked his own, the young man declared that he found life prodigiously tedious during all the period of his studies. The procedure irritated him, other callings attracted him, and his mother did not cease to torment him in every letter. For they particularized more and more the causes of their dissatisfaction, becoming, as they spoke, each a little excited over this progressive confidence. But they stopped sometimes short of the complete expression of their idea, and strove then to think of a phrase that should translate it nevertheless. She did not confess her passion for another; he did not say that he had forgotten her.

Perhaps he remembered no longer his suppers after the ball, with gay women; and she, doubtless, had no recollection of those old appointments, when she ran in the morning over the grass to her lover's country-house. The noises of the town hardly reached them; and the room seemed small, expressly that it might close in more warmly about their solitude. Emma, clad in a dimity dressing-gown, leaned her chignon against the back of the old easy chair; the yellow wall-paper formed, as it were, a golden background behind her; and her bare head was mirrored in the glass, with the white parting in the middle and the lobes of her ears showing beneath the fillets of her hair.

"But pardon me," said she, "I am wrong! I am wearying you with my eternal complainings!"

"No, never! never!"

"If you knew," she continued, raising her beautiful eyes tearfully to the ceiling, "all that I had dreamed!"

"I, too. Oh, I have suffered indeed! Often I used to go out, wander away, drag myself along the quays, trying to escape from myself in the noise of the crowd without being able to banish the obsession which pursued me. There is on the boulevard, in a printseller's shop, an Italian engraving which represents a Muse. She is draped in a tunic, and is gazing at the moon with forget-me-nots in her loosened hair. Something incessantly used to drive me there; I have stood before it for hours together."

Then, in a trembling voice:

"She was rather like you."

Mme. Bovary turned away her head, so that he might not see the irresistible smile which she felt mounting to her lips.

"Often," he went on, "I used to write letters to you and then destroy them."

She made no reply. He continued:

"I fancied sometimes that an accident might bring you to me. I have thought I recognised you at street corners; and I used to run after all the cabs I chanced to see with a shawl, a veil like yours at the window."

She seemed determined to let him speak without interruption. Crossing her arms and bowing her face, she gazed at the rosettes on her slippers, and, inside their satin, made little movements, at intervals, with her toes.

She sighed, however:

"The most lamentable thing—is it not?—is to drag out, like me, a useless existence. If our sorrows were of any service to another, one might take some consolation in the thought of the sacrifice."

He began forthwith to extol virtue, duty, and silent immolation, being conscious himself of an incredible longing to dedicate his life, which yet he had not the means to satisfy.

"I should much like," said she, "to be a Sister of Mercy."

"Alas!" he replied, "men do not have these holy missions, and I see nowhere any profession . . . unless, perhaps, it be that of medicine . . ."

With a slight shrug of her shoulders, Emma interrupted him to complain of the illness during which she had almost died; what a pity! she would be suffering no longer now. Léon at once envied the *calm of the tomb*, and one evening he had even written out his will, with directions that he should be buried in that pretty coverlet, with bands of velvet, which had been given to him by her; for it was thus that they would have wished to have been, both of them setting up an ideal in accord with which they now adjusted their past life. Besides, speech is a rolling-mill, which always presses out sentiment to a greater length.

But at this invention of the coverlet:

"Why?" asked she.

"Why?"

He hesitated.

"Because I loved you!"

And, congratulating himself on having got over the difficulty, Léon, out of the corner of his eye, watched her face.

It was like the sky when a gust of wind chases away the clouds. The accumulation of sad thoughts which had been darkening them seemed to quit her blue eyes; all her visage shone.

He waited. At last she answered:

"I always suspected it . . ."

Then together they went over the little events of

that far-away existence, of which in a single sentence they had just summed up the pleasures and the melancholies. They recalled the bower of clematis, the dresses she had worn, the furniture of her room, all her house.

"And our poor cactuses, where are they?"

"The cold killed them last winter."

"Ah! how many times I have thought of them, do you know? I often used to fancy I could see them again as of old, when, on the summer mornings, the sun shone on the shutters . . . and I saw your bare arms moving among the flowers."

"Poor fellow!" said she, holding out her hand to him.

Léon very quickly pressed his lips to it. Then, when he had taken a deep breath:

"You were in those days for me I know not what incomprehensible force, holding my life captive. Once, for instance, I came to your house; but, doubtless, you do not remember it?"

"Yes," said she. "Go on."

"You were downstairs, in the anteroom, ready to go out, on the last step. I even remember that you were wearing a hat with little blue flowers; and, without any invitation on your side, in spite of myself, I accompanied you. Every minute, however, I had a deepening sense of my folly, and I continued to walk near you, not daring quite to follow you and yet unwilling to leave you. When you went into a shop I remained in the street; I watched you through the window as you took off your gloves and counted the money on the counter. Afterward you rang Mme. Tuvache's bell, you were admitted, and I was left standing like an idiot before the great heavy door which had closed on you."

Mme. Bovary, as she listened to him, marvelled to find herself so old; all these things seemed, as they reap-

peared, to enlarge her existence; it conjured up, as it were, sentimental immensities to which she could go back; and, from time to time, she said to herself, in a low voice and with eye-lids half closed:

"Yes, true! . . . true! . . . true! . . ."

They heard eight o'clock strike on the different clocks of the Beauvoisine quarter, which is full of boarding-schools, churches, and big deserted private houses. They had ceased talking; but they felt, as they looked at one another, a humming in their brain, as if the fixed pupils of each were receiving a sonorous something escaped from those of the other. They had just joined their hands; and the past, the future, remembrances and dreams, everything was merged in the sweetness of that ecstasy. The night began to lay thicker on the walls, on which still glared, half lost in the shadow, the crude colours of four prints representing four scenes of the *Tour de Nesle*, with an inscription beneath in Spanish and in French. Through the sash-window you could see a corner of black sky between painted roofs.

She rose to light two candles on the drawers, then came and sat down again.

"Well . . ." said Léon.

"Well?" she answered.

And he was wondering how to take up the interrupted conversation when she remarked to him:

"How is it that no one up to now has ever expressed to me such sentiments?"

The clerk explained that ideal natures were difficult to understand. For himself, at first sight he had loved her; and he despaired at the thought of the happiness they might have had if, by a merciful chance meeting earlier, they had been able to unite their lives by an indissoluble bond.

"I have thought of it sometimes," she observed.

"What a dream!" murmured Léon.

And, lightly toying with the blue border of her long white sash, he added:

"What is there, however, to prevent us from starting afresh? . . ."

"No, my friend," she answered. "I am too old . . . you are too young . . . forget me! Other women will love you . . . you will love them."

"Not like you!" cried he.

"Child that you are! Come, let us be wise! I insist."

She demonstrated to him the impossibilities of their love, and that they would have to remain, as formerly, within the simple bounds of a fraternal friendship.

Could it be seriously that she spoke thus? Doubtless Emma herself knew not, wholly occupied as she was by the charm of the temptation, and the necessity of defending herself against it; and, gazing at the young man with a pitiful expression, she repelled gently the timid caresses which his quivering hands attempted.

"Ah! pardon," said he, drawing back.

And Emma was seized by a vague terror in presence of this timidity, more dangerous for her than the boldness of Rodolphe when he advanced with open arms. Never had any man seemed to her so handsome. An exquisite frankness was visible in his bearing. He lowered his long, finely curved eye-lashes. The smooth skin of his cheek was afire, thought she, with the desire of her body, and Emma felt an unconquerable longing to touch it with her lips. Then, leaning towards the clock as if to see the time:

"How late it is, *mon Dieu!*" said she; "how we are babbling on!"

He understood the hint and looked about for his hat.

"I had even forgotten the performance through it! Poor Bovary, who left me behind on purpose! M.

Lormeaux, of the Rue Grand-Pont, was to have taken me with his wife."

And the opportunity was lost, for she was leaving the next day.

"Really?" said Léon.

"Yes."

"I must see you again, however," he went on; "I had to say to you . . ."

"What?"

"Something . . . grave, serious. No, besides, you will not go, it is impossible! If you knew. . . . Listen. . . . You have not understood me, then? You have not guessed? . . ."

"Yet you speak clearly," said Emma.

"Ah, you jest! Enough, enough! For pity's sake, let me see you again . . . once . . . once only."

"Well . . ."

She stopped; then, as if changing her mind:

"Oh, not here!"

"Wherever you please."

"Will you . . ."

She appeared to be considering; then, speaking rapidly:

"To-morrow, at eleven o'clock, in the Cathedral."

"I shall be there!" cried he, seizing her hands, which she drew away.

And as they happened to be both standing, he behind her, and Emma bowing her head, he bent over her neck and kissed her over and over again in its nape.

"But you are mad! ah, you are mad!" said she, with little sonorous laughs, while the kisses multiplied themselves.

Then, putting his head forward over her shoulder, he seemed to seek the consent of her eyes. They fell on him, full of an icy majesty.

Léon took three steps backward to go out. He

paused on the threshold. Then he whispered in a trembling voice:

"Till to-morrow."

She answered with a nod, and disappeared like a bird into the next room.

Emma, during the evening, wrote to the clerk an interminable letter in which she released herself from keeping the appointment; everything was now ended, and for their own happiness they must meet no more. But when the letter was closed, as she did not know Léon's address, she found herself in a considerable difficulty.

"I will give it to him myself," she reflected; "he will come."

Léon, the next day, humming on his balcony with his window open, himself polished his shoes—several times over, indeed. He put on a pair of white trousers, thin socks, a green coat, poured over his handkerchief everything he possessed in the way of scents, then, having had his hair curled, combed it out again in order to give a greater natural elegance to the appearance of his head.

"It is yet too soon," thought he, looking at the hairdresser's wooden clock, which pointed to the hour of nine.

He read an old fashion journal, went out, smoked a cigar, walked up three streets, thought it was time, and made briskly for the Parvis Notre-Dame.

It was a fine summer morning. Silverware glittered in the jewellers' shops, and the light falling aslant on the Cathedral flashed on the breaks in the gray stones; a cloud of birds whirled in the blue sky around the trefoiled bell-turrets; the Parvis, resounding with cries, smelt of the flowers which bordered its pavement, roses, jasmine, pinks, narcissus, and tuberoses, with irregular spaces between them filled by damp green stuffs, cat-thyme and chickweed for birds; the fountain in the mid-

dle splashed, and under large umbrellas, among melons heaped in pyramids, flower-girls, bareheaded, were wrapping bouquets of violets in paper.

The young man took one. It was the first time that he had bought flowers for a woman; and his chest, as he smelt them, swelled with pride, as if this tribute destined for another had returned to himself.

He was afraid, however, of being observed; he entered the church resolutely.

The beadle at the time was standing on the threshold, in the middle of the left portal, below the *Mariamne Dancing*, his plume on his head, rapier by his calf, cane in hand, more majestic than a cardinal, and glittering like a sacred pix.

He advanced towards Léon, and, with that smile of wheedling benignity which priests assume when they are questioning children:

"Monsieur, without doubt, is a stranger? Monsieur would like to see the curiosities of the church?"

"No," said the other.

And he strolled, to begin with, round the lower sides. Then he came to look out on the Place. Emma was not in sight. He walked up the church again as far as the choir.

The nave was reflected in the basins full of holy water, with the commencement of the ogives and some portions of the stained glass. But the reflection of the glass-paintings, broken by the edge of the marble, was continued beyond on the flag-stones, like a variegated carpet. From time to time, at the far end, a sacristan would pass, making before the altar the slanting genuflexion of pious folk in a hurry. The cut-glass chandeliers hung motionless. A silver lamp was burning in the choir; and from the side chapels, from the parts of the church that remained in gloom, there escaped sometimes, as it were, the breathings out of sighs, with the

sound of a grating, the echo of which, as it fell, reverberated under the lofty arches.

Léon, with serious step, walked near the walls. Never had life appeared to him so good. She would be coming directly, charming, agitated, watching the looks that followed her, and with her flounced dress, her gold lorgnon, her slender boots, with all kinds of elegancies of which he had no experience, and in the ineffable fascination of succumbing virtue.

The church, like a gigantic boudoir, lay around her; the vaulted arches stooped to receive in the gloom the confession of her love; the stained glass shone brightly to illuminate her face, and the censers were about to burn in order that she might appear an angel in the smoke of the perfumes.

In the meantime she did not come. He sat down on a chair, and his eyes encountered a blue stained-glass window wherein are seen boatmen carrying baskets. He gazed at it attentively for a long time, and counted the scales of the fish and the buttonholes of the doublets while his thoughts wandered off in search of Emma.

The beadle, standing aside, waxed inwardly indignant with this individual who permitted himself to admire the Cathedral alone. He seemed to him to be behaving in a monstrous manner, to be robbing him in some sort, and almost to be committing a sacrilege.

But a rustling of silk over the stone slabs, the edge of a hat, a black hood. . . . It was she! Léon rose and hastened forward to meet her.

Emma was pale. She walked quickly.

"Read!" said she, holding out a paper to him. . . . "Oh, no!"

And brusquely she withdrew her hand, to go within the Virgin's chapel, where, kneeling against a chair, she began to pray.

The young man was annoyed by this devotee's ca-

price; then he became conscious, however, of a certain charm in watching her, in the middle of the rendezvous, thus lost in prayer like an Andalusian marchioness; but he soon grew weary, for her prayers seemed to have no end.

Emma prayed, or rather tried to pray, hoping that some sudden resolution might be vouchsafed to her from heaven; and to draw down the divine assistance, she filled her eyes with the splendours of the tabernacle, she inhaled the perfume of the white flowers that bloomed in the great vases, and lent an ear to the silence of the church, which did but increase the tumult in her heart.

She rose, and they were about to go, when the beadle quickly came up to them, saying:

"Madame, without doubt, is a stranger? Madame would like to see the curiosities of the church?"

"No!" cried the clerk.

"Why not?" said she.

For she clung with her tottering virtue to the Virgin, to the sculptures, to the tombs, to every opportunity of evasion.

Then, so as to proceed in order, the beadle conducted them to the entrance near the Place, where, pointing with his cane to a large circle of black stones, without inscriptions or carvings:

"There," said he majestically, "you see the circumference of the fine bell at Amboise. It weighed forty thousand pounds. There was not its like in all Europe. The workman who cast it died of joy . . ."

"Let us go on," said Léon.

The good man again moved forward; then, having returned to the Virgin's chapel, he spread out his arms in a synthetic gesture of demonstration, and, more proud than a country proprietor showing you his fruit-trees:

"This simple slab covers Pierre de Brézé, lord of

Varenne and of Brissac, Grand Marshal of Poitou and Governor of Normandy, killed at the battle of Montlhéry, July 16, 1465."

Léon, biting his lips, stamped with impatience.

" And, on the right, that nobleman all barded with iron, on a rearing horse, is his grandson Louis de Brézé, lord of Breval and of Montchauvet, Count of Maulevrier, Baron of Mauny, King's Chamberlain, Knight of the Order and likewise Governor of Normandy, who died on the 23d of July, 1531, a Sunday, as the inscription mentions; and, below, that man about to descend into the tomb figures the same identical person. It is not possible, is it, to see a more perfect representation of death? "

Mme. Bovary put up her lorgnon.

Leon watched her, motionless, no longer even attempting to say a single word, to make a single gesture, so deeply did he feel discouraged before this double persistence in garrulity and indifference.

The eternal guide continued:

" Near him, that woman on her knees, weeping, is his wife, Diana of Poitiers, Countess of Brézé, Duchess of Valentinois, born in 1499, died in 1566; and, on the left, she who is carrying a child, the Holy Virgin. Now turn round to this side: here are the Amboise tombs. Both were cardinals and archbishops of Rouen. That one was Minister under King Louis XII. He was a great benefactor of the Cathedral. In his will thirty thousand golden crowns were left to the poor."

And without stopping, and talking all the time, he pushed them into a chapel encumbered with balustrades, of which he moved some, and exposed to view a sort of lump, which might well at one time have been an ill-carved statue.

" Formerly it adorned," said he, with a long groan, " the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England

and Duke of Normandy. It was the Calvinists, sir, who reduced it for us to this condition. For spite they buried it in the earth beneath the episcopal throne of Monseigneur. Look, here is the door through which he regains his dwelling, Monseigneur. Let us go on to see the stained glass of La Gargouille."

But Léon drew quickly a piece of silver from his pocket and seized Emma by the arm. The beadle stood bewildered, not understanding this unreasonable munificence when there were still remaining so many things for the stranger to see. Therefore, calling after him:

"Eh! Monsieur. The spire! the spire!"

"Thank you," said Léon.

"Monsieur is making a mistake! It has a height of four hundred and forty feet, nine less than the great Pyramid of Egypt. It is entirely in cast-iron; it . . ."

Léon fled; for it seemed to him that his love, which for nearly two hours had been growing numb in the church, like the stones, was now about to evaporate in smoke through that sort of mutilated funnel, or oblong cage, or open chimney-flue, which hazards itself so grotesquely on the Cathedral, like the extravagant effort of some fanciful blacksmith.

"But where are we going?" said she.

Without answering, he continued to walk with rapid step, and already Mme. Bovary was dipping her finger in the vase of holy water at the door, when they heard behind them a loud, breathless panting, punctuated regularly by the rebound of a cane. Léon turned round.

"Monsieur!"

"What?"

And he recognised the beadle, carrying under his arm and maintaining in equilibrium against his stomach some score of large stitched books. They were works treating of the Cathedral.

"Idiot!" muttered Léon, rushing out of the church.

A dirty little boy was idling about in the square.

"Run and fetch me a cab!"

The urchin shot off like a bullet along the Rue des Quatre-Vents; so that they remained alone for some minutes, face to face and a little embarrassed.

"Ah! Léon! . . . Indeed . . . I do not know . . . whether I ought! . . ."

She spoke in an affected manner. Then, with a serious air:

"It is very improper, do you know?"

"How?" answered the clerk. "People do it in Paris."

And that remark, like an irresistible argument, decided her.

In the meantime there was no sign of the cab. Léon feared she might go back into the church. But at last the cab appeared.

"Go out at least by the north portal!" cried the beadle, who had remained on the threshold, "to see the *Resurrection*, the *Last Judgment*, the *Paradise*, the *King David*, and the *Reprobates in the Flames of Hell*."

"Where does Monsieur wish to go?" asked the driver.

"Where you please!" said Léon, pushing Emma into the carriage.

And the heavy vehicle started.

It went down the Rue Grand-Pont, traversed the Place des Arts, the Quai Napoléon, the Pont Neuf, and stopped short before the statue of Pierre Corneille.

"Go on," said a voice that issued from within.

The carriage started again, and, allowing its speed from the Place Lafayette to be increased by the descent of the road, it entered the railway station at full gallop.

"No, straight on!" cried the same voice.

The cab passed out through the gates, and soon, having reached the public drive, trotted gently among the

great elms. The driver wiped his forehead, put his leather hat between his legs, and drove the conveyance beyond the carriage-road, by the water-side, close to the turf.

It followed the river along the towing-path paved with dry pebbles, and, for a long time, towards Oyssel, beyond the islands.

But suddenly it dashed forward with a bound through Quatremares, Sotteville, the Grande-Chaussée, the Rue d'Elbeuf, and made its third halt at the Zoological Gardens.

"Will you get on!" cried the voice more furiously.

And, immediately resuming its course, it passed by Saint-Sever, by the Quai des Curandiers, by the Quai aux Meules, once more over the bridge, by the Place du Champ-de-Mars, and behind the gardens of the almshouse, where old men in black jackets walk in the sun, along a terrace green with ivy. It reascended the Boulevard Bouvreuil, traversed the Boulevard Cauchoise, then the whole of Mont-Riboudet as far as the hill of Deville.

It returned; and then, aimlessly and without any fixed direction, it wandered at hazard. It was seen at Saint-Pol, at Lescure, at Mont Gargan, at the Rouge-Marc, and in the Place du Gaillardbois; Rue Maladrerie, Rue Dinanderie, in front of Saint-Romain, Saint-Vivien, Saint-Maclou, Saint-Nicaise; in front of the Custom-House; at the low Vieille-Tour, at the Trois-Pipes, and at the Monumental Cemetery. From time to time the driver on his seat cast despairing glances at the taverns. He could not understand what rage for locomotion urged these individuals to desire not to stop. He tried occasionally, and immediately would hear exclamations of anger burst forth behind him. Then, with renewed ardour, he would whip up his two sweating jades, but without paying any attention to the jolting, now and then

hitting against something, nor caring, demoralized, and almost weeping with thirst, fatigue, and dulness.

And on the wharf, amid the trucks and barrels, and in the streets, at mile-stone corners, the citizens opened wide eyes of wonder at this thing, so extraordinary in a provincial town—a carriage with blinds drawn continually appearing thus, time after time, closed more completely than a tomb, and tossed about like a ship.

Once, in the middle of the day, in the open country, at the hour when the sun was beaming most powerfully on the old silver-plated lanterns, a bare hand passed beneath the little curtains of yellow linen and threw away some torn pieces of paper, which were scattered by the wind and fell farther off, like white butterflies, in a field of red clover in flower.

Then, towards six o'clock, the carriage drew up in a lane of the Beauvoisine quarter, and a woman alighted from it, who walked with her veil lowered and without turning her head.

II

On arriving at the inn Mme. Bovary was astonished not to see the coach. Hivert, who had waited for her fifty-three minutes, had at last left without her.

There was nothing, however, to oblige her to go; but she had given her word that she would return that evening. Besides, Charles was expecting her; and already she felt in her heart that cowardly docility which, for many women, is, as it were, at once the penalty and the ransom of adultery.

Quickly she packed her trunk, paid the bill, took a cabriolet in the yard, and, hurrying the groom, encouraging him, inquiring every minute the time and the number of kilometres travelled, succeeded in catching up The Swallow near the first houses of Quincampoix.

Ere hardly she had sat down in her corner, she closed her eyes, and only reopened them at the foot of the hill, whence she recognised Félicité in the distance, standing on the lookout in front of the blacksmith's. Hivert pulled up his horses, and the cook, raising herself to the window, said mysteriously:

"Madame, you must go directly to M. Homais. It is something urgent."

The village was silent as usual. At the corners of the streets there were little pink heaps smoking in the air, for it was the season for jams, and everybody at Yonville made his stock on the same day. But in front of the pharmacy there was exposed for your admiration a much

larger heap, which exceeded the rest by the superiority that an apothecary's laboratory must have over common stores, a general need over individual fancies.

She entered. The large easy chair was upset, and even the *Rouen Beacon* lay on the ground, spread out between two pestles. She opened the door into the passage, and in the middle of the kitchen, among the brown jars full of red currants picked from the stalks, of grated sugar, of lump sugar, scales on the table, pans on the fire, she perceived all the Homais, big and little, with aprons that came up to their chins and holding forks in their hands. Justin was standing with hanging head, and the chemist was crying out:

"Who told you to go to the capharnaum for it?"

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"The matter?" replied the apothecary. "We are making jams; they are cooking; but they were on the point of running over by reason of the too violent bubbling, and I ordered another pan. Then he, through indolence, through idleness, went and took from its nail where it hung in my laboratory the key of the capharnaum."

The apothecary used so to call a closet-like room under the tiles, full of the utensils and goods of his profession. Often he would spend long hours there alone, labelling, decanting, tying up packets; and he considered it not as a simple store-room, but as a veritable sanctuary, whence there issued in succession, prepared by his hands, all kinds of pills, boluses, diet drinks, lotions and potions, destined to extend his fame throughout the neighbourhood. Nobody else in the world ever set foot inside; and his own respect for it was such that he swept it himself. In short, if the pharmacy, open to all comers, was the place wherein he displayed his pride, the capharnaum was the refuge in which, concentrating himself egotistically, Homais was wont to take delight in the exer-

cise of his predilections; consequently the thoughtlessness of Justin appeared to him monstrous in its irreverence; and, more rubicund than the red currants, he repeated:

"Yes, of the capharnaum! The key that locks up the acids and the caustic alkalies! To have gone and taken a spare pan! a pan with a lid! a pan which perhaps I shall never use! Everything has its importance in the delicate operations of our art! But what the devil! Distinctions must be established, and what is destined for pharmaceutical purposes not applied to uses almost domestic! It is as if one were to carve a chicken with a scalpel, as if a magistrate . . ."

"But calm yourself!" said Mme. Homais.

And Athalie, tugging at his frock-coat:

"Papa! papa!"

"No, let me alone!" went on the apothecary. "Let me alone! Deuce take it! One might as well start as a grocer, upon my word of honour! Very well, go on! respect nothing! smash! break! let loose the leeches! burn the marsh-mallow! pickle gherkins in the phials! tear up the bandages!"

"You had, however . . ." said Emma.

"Directly! Do you know to what you were exposing yourself? . . . Did you see nothing in the corner, on the left, on the third shelf? Speak, answer, say something!"

"I don't . . . know," stammered the youth.

"Ah! you don't know! Well, I know, I do! You saw a bottle, of blue glass, sealed with yellow wax, and containing a white powder, on which even I had written *Dangerous*! And do you know what there was in it? Arsenic! And you go touching that! taking a pan from close beside it!"

"Close beside it!" cried Mme. Homais, clasping her hands. "Arsenic! You might poison us all!"

And the children began to yell as though they already felt grievous pains in their bowels.

"Or poison a patient!" continued the apothecary. "You would have me put into the criminal dock, then, at the assizes? See me dragged to the scaffold? Do you not know the care that I exercise in making up prescriptions, notwithstanding my long habit. Often I am terrified myself, when I think of my responsibility! for the Government persecutes us, and the absurd laws that rule us are like a veritable sword of Damocles over our head!"

Emma thought no longer of asking for what she was wanted, and the chemist continued in breathless sentences:

"That is how you acknowledge the kindness that has been shown to you! That is how you reward me for the fatherly care I lavish on you! For, without me, where would you be? What would you do? Who provides you with food, education, clothes, and all the means of figuring one day with honour in the ranks of society? But for that a man has to pull hard and sweat at the oar, and to get, as they say, horny palms, *Fabricando fit faber, age quod agis.*"

He quoted Latin, so exasperated was he. He would have quoted Chinese or Greenlandese if he had been acquainted with those languages; for he was at one of those crises in which the whole soul shows, though indistinctly, what it contains, like the ocean, which, during storms, opens itself up from the weeds of its shore to the sand of its depths.

And he continued:

"I begin to repent terribly that I ever took you into my charge! I should certainly have done better had I left you long ago to wallow in your wretchedness and the squalor to which you were born! You will never be good for anything, save to herd cattle! You have no

aptitude for the sciences! Why, you hardly know how to stick a label on! And you live here, in my house, like a canon, in clover, taking your ease!"

But Emma, turning to Mme. Homais:

"I was sent . . ."

"Ah! *mon Dieu!*" broke in the good dame, with a mournful air, "how shall I tell you? . . . It is a misfortune!"

She did not finish. The apothecary was thinking:

"Empty it! scour it! take it back! make haste!"

And shaking Justin by the coat-collar, he caused a book to fall out of his pocket.

The boy stooped. Homais was quicker, and, having picked up the volume, he gazed at it with staring eyes and a fallen jaw.

"*Conjugal . . . Love!*" said he, separating slowly the two words. "Ah! very well! very well! very nice! And illustrations! . . . Ah! this is too much!"

Mme. Homais took a step forward.

"No! do not touch it!"

The children wished to see the pictures.

"Leave the room!" he exclaimed imperiously.

And they left the room.

At first he walked backward and forward, with long strides, keeping the volume open between his fingers, rolling his eyes, suffocated, swollen, apoplectic. Then he came straight to his pupil, and, planting himself in front of him, with his arms crossed:

"But you have all the vices, then, little wretch? . . . Take care, you are on an incline! . . . You did not reflect, then, that it might, this infamous book, fall into the hands of my children, put the spark to their brains, tarnish the purity of Athalie, corrupt Napoleon! Already he has the development of manhood. Are you quite certain, at least, that they have not read it? Can you certify me . . . ?"

"But in brief, Monsieur," said Emma, "you had to tell me . . .?"

"True, Madame . . . your father-in-law is dead."

In effect M. Bovary *père* had just expired two days previously, from an attack of apoplexy on leaving the table; and through excess of precaution against wounding Emma's sensibility, Charles had begged M. Homais to impart to her this horrible news with circumspection.

He had thought out his sentence, he had rounded it, polished it, given it rhythm; it was a masterpiece of prudence and of transitions, of fine style and of delicacy; but anger had swept away rhetoric.

Emma, hopeless of learning any details, left the pharmacy; for M. Homais had resumed the course of his vituperations. He was growing calmer, however, and at present was grumbling in a paternal tone, while fanning himself with his skull-cap:

"It is not that I entirely disapprove the work. The author was a medical man. It has certain scientific sides which it is not an ill thing for a man to know, and, I should venture to say, which a man must know. But later on, later on! Wait, at any rate, till you are a man yourself and your constitution is established."

At Emma's knock, Charles, who was waiting for her, came forward with open arms, and said to her, with tears in his voice:

"Ah! my dear one . . ."

And he stooped gently to kiss her. But at the touch of his lips the remembrance of the other woke in her, and she passed her hand over her face with a shudder.

However, she replied:

"Yes, I know . . . I know . . ."

He showed her the letter in which his mother related the event, without any sentimental hypocrisy. She only regretted that her husband had not received the succour of religion, having died at Doudeville, in the

street, on the threshold of a café, after a patriotic meal with some retired officers.

Emma gave back the letter; then, at dinner, from good manners, she affected some distaste for food. But as he pressed her, she began to eat resolutely, while Charles, opposite, sat without moving, in an attitude of dejection.

From time to time, raising his head, he threw across to her a long look full of distress. Once he sighed:

"I should have liked to see him again!"

She was silent. At last, feeling that she ought to say something:

"How old was he—your father?"

"Fifty-eight."

"Ah!"

And that was all.

Quarter of an hour afterwards he added:

"My poor mother! . . . What will she do now?"

She made a gesture signifying ignorance.

Seeing her so silent, Charles imagined that she was grieved, and refrained from saying anything, so as not to revive the sorrow by which she was affected. However, shaking off his own:

"Did you amuse yourself thoroughly yesterday?" asked he.

"Yes."

When the cloth was removed, Bovary did not rise from the table, nor did Emma; and, as she continued to eye him, the monotony of the spectacle banished gradually all pity from her heart. He seemed to her puny, weak, of no force or account; in short, a poor specimen of a man in every way. How get rid of him? What an interminable evening! Something stupefying, like a vapour of opium, was benumbing her faculties.

They heard in the hall the sharp noise of something wooden striking the boards. It was Hippolyte bringing

Madame's luggage. In putting it down he described painfully a quarter-circle with his stump.

"He no longer even thinks of it!" said she to herself as she looked at the poor wretch, whose coarse red hair was dripping with sweat.

Bovary sought a farthing at the bottom of his purse; and without appearing in any way sensible of all the humiliation there was for him in the mere presence of the man who stood there, like the personified reproach of his incurable ineptitude:

"Ah! you have a pretty bouquet!" said he, noticing Léon's violets on the chimney-piece.

"Yes," she answered, with indifference; "it is a bouquet I bought just now . . . from a beggar-woman."

Charles took the violets, and, cooling over them his eyes red with tears, he sniffed them delicately. She quickly took them out of his hand and went to put them in a glass of water.

On the morrow Mme. Bovary *mère* arrived. She and her son wept a great deal. Emma, under the pretext of orders to be given, disappeared.

The next day it was necessary for them to consider together the question of mourning. They went to sit, with work-baskets, by the water-side, under the arbour.

Charles was thinking of his father, and he was surprised to feel so much love for a man for whom until then he had believed himself to have only a very moderate affection. Mme. Bovary *mère* was thinking of her husband. The worst of bygone days, as they now came up before her mind, seemed enviable. Everything was effaced beneath the instinctive regret of so long a habit; and from time to time, as she plied her needle, a big tear would run down the side of her nose and remain suspended there for a moment. Emma was thinking that barely forty-eight hours ago they were together, far

from the world, plunged in intoxicating joy, and without eyes enough to gaze at each other. She tried to recover possession of the most minute details of that vanished day. But the presence of her mother-in-law and her husband put a restraint upon her. She would have wished to hear nothing, see nothing, in order not to disturb the contemplation of her love, which, whatever she might do, she could not preserve from the interference of external sensations.

She was ripping the lining of a dress, the odd scraps from which lay scattered about her; old Madame Bovary, without raising her eyes, was making her scissors screech; and Charles, in his canvas slippers and the old brown frock-coat that served him for dressing-gown, was sitting with both hands in his pockets, and spoke no more than they; near them, Bertha, in a little white apron, was raking the sand on the paths with her shovel.

Suddenly they saw M. Lheureux, the draper, come in at the gate.

He had called to offer his services, "considering the fatal circumstance." Emma answered that she thought she would be able to manage without him. The draper did not consider himself beaten.

"A thousand pardons," said he; "I should like to have a private interview."

Then, in a low voice:

"Regarding that matter . . . you know?"

Charles became crimson to his ears.

"Ah, yes . . . in effect."

And in his embarrassment, turning to his wife:

"Could you not . . . my dear . . . ?"

She appeared to understand, for she rose, and Charles said to his mother:

"It is nothing! Doubtless some household trifle."

He did not wish her to know the story of the bill, fearing her criticism.

As soon as they were alone, M. Lheureux began by congratulating Emma, in sufficiently explicit terms, upon the inheritance, passing on to speak of indifferent things, fruit-walls, the harvest, and of his own health, which was still only so-so, just fairly good. And indeed he was constantly slaving like five hundred devils, although, in spite of what people said, he did not make enough even to butter his bread.

Emma let him talk on. She had been so prodigiously bored these last two days!

"And now you have quite recovered your health?" he continued. "My word, I saw your poor husband in a fine state! He is a gallant fellow, although we have had our little quarrels."

She asked what they had been about, for Charles had concealed from her the dispute over the goods.

"But you know well enough!" said Lheureux. "It was over those little fancies of yours, the travelling trunks."

He had drawn his hat over his eyes, and, with both hands behind his back, smiling and half-whistling, he stared into her face in an intolerable way. Could he suspect something? She remained lost in all kinds of apprehensions. Finally, however, he went on:

"We are friends again, and I was coming once more to propose an arrangement to him."

It was to renew the bill which Bovary had signed. Monsieur, however, would act as he pleased; he must not worry about it, especially now when he was about to have a shoal of troublesome business to settle.

"And he would do well, even, to commission some one else to manage it in his behalf—yourself, for instance; with a power of attorney it would be easy, and then we might do a little business together . . ."

She did not understand. He said no more. Passing on in the next place to his business, Lheureux de-

clared that Madame could not do otherwise than purchase something from him. He would send her a black barege, twelve yards, enough to make a dress.

"The one you are wearing is good enough for the house. You require another for visiting. I could see that the moment I came in. I have an American eye."

He did not send the material; he brought it. Then he returned for the measuring; he returned on other pretexts, trying each time to make himself agreeable, useful, enfeoffing himself, as Homais would have said, and always slipping in a little advice to Emma on the subject of the power of attorney. He did not speak of the bill. She never thought of it. Charles, at the beginning of her convalescence, had indeed told her something about it; but so many emotions had passed into her head since that she had quite forgotten it. Besides, she was careful to open no discussion on money matters; old Madame Bovary was surprised at it, and set down her change of temper to the religious sentiments which she had acquired during her illness.

But when she had left them, Emma soon caused Bovary to marvel at her sound good sense in practical matters. Information would have to be obtained, mortgages verified; they would have to see whether a sale by auction or an ordinary winding-up of the affairs would be necessary. She employed technical terms at hazard, pronounced the great words order, the future, foresight, and continually exaggerated the difficulties connected with the succession; so that one day she showed him the draft of a general authorization to "direct and administer his affairs, negotiate all loans, sign and indorse all bills, pay all sums, etc." She had profited by Lheureux's lessons.

Charles innocently asked her whence came this document.

"From M. Guillaumin."

And, with the greatest coolness in the world, she added:

"I don't put too much confidence in it. Lawyers have such a bad reputation! Perhaps we should consult . . . We only know . . . Oh! nobody."

"Unless Léon . . ." replied Charles, reflectively.

But it was not easy to explain matters by correspondence. Then she offered to make the journey. He thanked her, but was loath to trouble her. She insisted. It was a contest of kindness. At last she cried in a tone of affected unruliness:

"No, I beseech you; I shall go."

"How good you are!" said he, kissing her on the forehead.

The very next day she took her seat in The Swallow, to go to Rouen, to consult M. Léon; and she stayed three days.

III

They were three full days, exquisite, splendid, a real honeymoon.

They were at the Hôtel de Boulogne, on the wharf. And they lived there, shutters closed, doors shut, with flowers about the room and iced drinks, which were brought to them constantly from the morning onward.

Towards evening they would take a covered boat and go to dine on one of the islands.

It was the hour at which, along the dock-sides, you hear the mallets of the calkers ringing against the hulls of the vessels. The smoke of the tar escaped among the trees, and on the river you might see big, fatty drops of it undulating irregularly under the purple colour of the sunlight, like floating plates of Florentine bronze.

They would go down among the moored boats, whose long, slanting cables grazed a little the upper portion of the boat.

The noises of the town were gradually left behind, the rolling of the carts, the tumult of the voices, the yelping of the dogs on the bridges of the vessels. She untied her hat and they landed on their island.

They installed themselves in the low dining-room of a tavern, which had a net of black strings hung over the doorway. They ate fried smelts, cream and cherries. They lay on the grass; they kissed, aside, under the poplars; and they would have wished, like two Robinsons, to live always in this little spot, which seemed to

them, in their bliss, the most magnificent on earth. It was not the first time that they beheld trees, a blue sky, green turf, that they heard water flow and the evening wind breathing among the leaves; but, without doubt, they had never gazed with admiring wonder at all that, as if Nature had been non-existent before, or as if she had only commenced to be beautiful since the gratification of their desires.

At nightfall they started back. The boat followed the margin of the islands. They remained at the farther end, both hidden in shadow, without speaking. The square oars rattled in the iron tholes, and the sound struck on the silence like the beating of a metronome; while in their wake the line that was trailing ceased not its little, gentle ripple on the water.

Once the moon appeared; they did not fail to make phrases about it, declaring the star to be melancholy and full of poetry; she even began to sing:

"One evening—dost thou remember?—we were sailing, etc."

Her voice, melodious and feeble, was lost on the water; and the wind bore away the roulades to which Léon listened as they went by, like the beating of wings around him.

She sat facing him, leaning against the partition of the boat, where the moonlight entered through an opened shutter. Her black gown, with its draperies spreading out after the manner of a fan, made her look more slender, taller. Her head was raised, her hands were clasped, and her eyes were turned upward towards the sky. Sometimes the shadow of the willows entirely concealed her; then she would reappear suddenly, like a vision in the light of the moon.

Léon, lying down by her side, found under his hand a ribbon of poppy-coloured silk.

The boatman examined it, and ended by saying:

"Ah! it perhaps belongs to a party I took out the other day. They were a droll lot, gentlemen and ladies, with cakes, champagne, cornets, the whole shake! There was one of them especially, a tall, handsome man with a little mustache, who was vastly amusing, and they would say like that: 'Come, tell us a story . . . Adolphe . . . Dodolphe . . . I think.'"

She shivered.

"Are you in pain?" said Léon, drawing closer to her.

"Oh! it is nothing. The coolness of the night, no doubt."

"And who must never want a sweetheart, either," quietly added the old sailor, thinking to say a polite thing to the stranger.

Then, spitting on his hands, he took up his oars again.

The time for parting came, however. The good-byes were sad. It was arranged that he should address his letters to the care of *la mère* Rolet; and she gave him such precise instructions with regard to the double envelope that he greatly admired her amorous cunning.

"So you assure me that everything is right?" said she in the last kiss.

"Yes, certainly!"—But why, he wondered afterward, as he returned alone through the streets, is she so anxious to get that power of attorney?

IV

Soon Léon assumed an air of superiority in the presence of his comrades, abstained from their society, and completely neglected his business.

He waited for her letters; he read them over and over again. He wrote to her. He evoked her image with all the strength of his desire and of his memories. Instead of diminishing by absence, this longing to see her again grew till at last one Saturday morning he fled out of the office.

When, from the top of the hill, he saw in the valley the church-steeple with its tin flag turning in the wind, he felt that delight compounded of triumphant vanity and selfish emotion which millionaires must have when they return on a visit to their native village.

He went and prowled round her house. A light shone in the kitchen. He watched for her shadow behind the curtains. Nothing appeared.

Mother Lefrançois exclaimed loudly when she saw him, and thought him "taller and thinner," while Artémise, on the contrary, pronounced him "grown smaller and bronzed."

He dined in the small room as formerly, but alone, without the tax-collector; for Binet, "tired" of waiting for The Swallow, had permanently altered the time of his meal to an hour earlier, and now he dined at five o'clock precisely, generally still asserting that "the wretched old clock was slow."

Léon, however, came to a decision; he went and

knocked at the doctor's door. Madame was in her room, whence she only came down a quarter of an hour later. Monsieur appeared delighted to see him; but she did not stir during the evening, nor all the next day.

He saw her alone, in the evening, very late, behind the garden, in the lane—in the lane, as with the other! The weather was stormy, and they talked under an umbrella by the light of the lightning flashes. Their separation was becoming intolerable.

"Better death!" said Emma.

She writhed on his arm, in tears.

"Adieu! . . . adieu! . . . When shall I see thee again?"

They came back to kiss yet once more; and it was there that she made him a promise to discover soon, by no matter what means, a permanent opportunity for them to see each other in freedom, at least once a week. Emma had no doubt about it. She was, moreover, full of hope. Some money was about to come to her.

She bought, therefore, for her bed-room a pair of yellow curtains with large stripes, the cheapness of which M. Lheureux had extolled to her; she longed for a carpet, and Lheureux, affirming that it was "no very great matter," politely undertook to provide her with one. She could no longer do without his services. Twenty times in the day she would send for him, and immediately he would lay aside his own business without permitting himself a single murmur. People were at a loss also to understand why Mother Rolet took luncheon at her house every day and even paid her visits in private.

It was about this time—that is to say, towards the beginning of the winter—that she seemed seized by a great passion for music.

One evening, when Charles was listening to her, she began the same piece over again four times in succes-

sion, showing vexation every time, while, without noticing any difference, he was crying:

"Bravo! . . . excellent! . . . You are mistaken! go on!"

"No! it is execrable! My fingers are rusty."

The next day he begged her to play him something again.

"Very well, to please you!"

And Charles admitted that her playing had deteriorated somewhat. She mistook her staves, bungled; then, stopping short:

"Ah! it is no use! I ought to take some lessons; but . . ."

She bit her lips, and added:

"Twenty francs a lesson; it is too dear!"

"Yes, in truth . . . a little . . ." said Charles, with a foolish chuckle. "However, it seems to me that they might possibly be had for less; for there are artists without reputation who are often better than the celebrities."

"Find them," said Emma.

On the following day, when he came in, he gazed at her with a cunning expression, and at last could not refrain from this remark:

"What ideas you have sometimes! I was at Barfeuchères to-day. Well, Mme. Leigeard assured me that her three girls, who are at the Miséricorde, were taking lessons costing only two francs and a half each, and from a celebrated teacher, too!"

She shrugged her shoulders, and did not open her instrument again.

But whenever she passed near it (if Bovary happened to be present) she would sigh:

"Ah! my poor piano!"

And when you called to see her, she did not fail to let you know that she had given up music, and could not take it up again for important reasons. So she re-

ceived sympathy. It was a pity! she who had such a fine talent! People even spoke to Bovary about it. They made him ashamed, and especially the chemist:

"You are making a mistake! The natural faculties should never be allowed to run to waste. Besides, reflect, my good friend, that in encouraging Madame to study, you will be economizing for later on in connection with your little girl's musical education. For my part, I think that mothers ought themselves to teach their children. It is one of Rousseau's ideas, perhaps a little novel as yet, but which will end by triumphing, I am certain, like maternal suckling and vaccination."

Charles returned, therefore, once more to the question of the piano. Emma replied with acerbity that it had best be sold. That poor piano, which had been the cause of so much vain satisfaction to him, the thought of seeing it go away was for Bovary like the unaccountable suicide of a part of himself!

"If you liked . . ." said he, "to take a lesson from time to time, it would not be, after all, extremely ruinous."

"But lessons," she replied, "are only profitable when they are continued regularly."

And that was how she managed to obtain permission from her husband to go to the town once a week to see her lover. It was thought, even, at the end of a month that she had made considerable progress.

V

It was a Thursday. She rose and dressed quietly so as not to wake Charles, who might have made some remark upon her getting ready too early. Afterward she walked backward and forward; she stood at the windows; she looked into the Place. The dawn was wandering among the pillars of the market, and the house of the chemist, the shutters of which were closed, showed in the pale light of the sunrise the large capital letters on its sign-board.

When the clock said it was a quarter past seven, she went over to the Golden Lion, where Artémise, yawning, came to open the door for her. She then raked up for Madame the hot embers buried beneath the ashes. Emma waited alone in the kitchen. From time to time she went outside. Hivert was yoking his horses without haste and listening, moreover, to Mother Lefrançois, who, with her head out of a window, in a cotton night-cap, was charging him with commissions and giving him explanations that would have confused any other man. Emma tapped the soles of her shoes on the paving-stones of the yard.

At last, when he had eaten his soup, put on his heavy woollen cloak, lighted his pipe, and taken up his whip, he installed himself tranquilly on the box.

The Swallow started at a short trot, and for the next three-quarters of an hour kept stopping from place to place to take up passengers, who stood looking out for it by the roadside, in front of the yard-gates. Those

who had given notice the evening before made the coach wait for them; some even were still in bed in their houses. Hivert would call, shout, swear, then get down from his box and go knock with heavy blows on the doors. The wind blew through the cracked windows of the vehicle.

However, the four seats filled up, the carriage bowled along, the apple-trees succeeded one another in file; and the road, between its two long dikes full of yellow water, stretched away, continually growing narrower towards the horizon.

Emma knew it from one end to the other: she knew that after a pasture there came a post, then an elm, a barn or a road-labourer's hut; sometimes even, in order to give herself surprises, she would close her eyes. But she never lost the clear consciousness of the distance there remained to be covered.

At last the brick houses drew near, the ground echoed beneath the wheels, The Swallow glided among gardens, in which, through an opening in the wall, you might see statues, a shrub of periwinkle, clipped yews, or a swing. Then, all at once, the town came into sight.

Descending after the manner of an amphitheatre, and drowned in the fog, it widened irregularly on the other side of the bridges. The open country rose beyond, with monotonous line, till it touched the vague base of the pale sky in the distance. Thus, seen from above, the whole landscape had an effect of immobility, like a painting; the ships at anchor were heaped up in a corner; the stream stretched its curve at the foot of the green hills; and the islands, oblong in form, looked like great black fish floating on the surface of the water. The factory chimneys shot forth immense dark plumes, which drifted away at the tip. You could hear the roar of foundries along with the clear bell-chimes from churches that

stood out in the mist. The trees of the boulevards, leafless, made violet patches among the houses, and the roofs, all aglitter with rain, shone irregularly, according to the height of the various quarters of the town. Sometimes a gust of wind would carry the clouds towards Saint Catherine's Hill, like aerial waves breaking in silence against a cliff.

Something that was almost vertigo was exhaled for her by that accumulation of existences, and her heart swelled freely with it, as if the hundred and twenty thousand souls throbbing there should have sent to her, all at the same time, the steam of the passions which she supposed them to possess. Her love became greater as she contemplated that immensity of space, and was filled with tumult by the vague roar that ascended. She poured it again outside, over the squares, over the promenades, over the streets, and the old Norman city before her eyes spread itself out like a measureless metropolis, a Babylon which she was entering. She leaned forward with both hands on the window-sash, inhaling the breeze; the three horses galloped, the stones grated in the mud, the coach swayed, and Hivert, from a long way off, hailed the covered carts on the road, while the townfolk who had been passing the night at the Bois-Guillaume descended the hill peacefully in their little family carriages.

The coach stopped at the *octroi* boundary. Emma unbuckled her galoshes, put on other gloves, arranged her shawl, and, twenty paces farther on, alighted from The Swallow.

By this time the town was waking up. Shopmen, in skull-caps, were rubbing the shop fronts, and women, carrying baskets on their hips, uttered at intervals sonorous cries at the street corners. She walked with her eyes on the ground, skirting the walls, and smiling with pleasure beneath her lowered black veil.

Through fear of being seen, she did not usually take the shortest way. She would plunge into the dark side-streets and come out, perspiring, towards the lower end of the Rue Nationale, near the fountain which is there. It is the quarter of the theatre, of low divan-taverns, and of the prostitutes. Often a cart would pass her, carrying some piece of scenery or other which shook with the motion. Waiters in aprons sprinkled sand on the paving-stones, between green shrubs. You noticed a smell of absinth, cigars, and oysters.

She would turn a street-corner, and recognise him by his curly hair escaping from under his hat.

Léon, on the foot-path, continued to walk forward. She would follow him to the hotel; he would go upstairs, open the door, and enter.

Then speech, after kisses, rushed to their lips. They told each other of the week's vexations, their presentiments, their anxiety about letters; but now everything was forgotten, and they gazed at each other face to face, with laughs of delight and tender words.

They breakfasted by the fire, on a little round table inlaid with violet ebony. Emma carved, putting the slices on his plate and uttering all sorts of caressing words, and she would laugh with a ringing, libertine laugh when the froth of the champagne ran over the slender glass upon the rings she wore on her fingers. They were so completely absorbed in the possession of each other that they came to fancy themselves in their own private house there, and destined to live so until death, like an immortal young married couple.

By the variety of her moods, in turn mystical or gay, talkative, silent, ardent, careless, she continually called up in him again a thousand desires, evoking instincts or recollections. She was the sweetheart of all the novels, the heroine of all the plays, the vague *she* of all the poetry books. On her shoulders he recognised

the amber colour of the *Odalisque bathing*; she had the long figure of the feudal ladies in their castles; she resembled also the *Pale Woman of Barcelona*; but, above all, she was an Angel!

Suddenly she would take his head in her two hands, kiss him quickly on the forehead, crying, "Adieu!" and rush down the stairs.

She used then to go to a hairdresser's in the Rue de la Comédie to have her hair done. Night would be falling; the gas was lighted in the shop.

She could hear the little bell at the theatre summoning the players for the performance; and she saw white-faced men, and women in faded clothes, pass over the way and go in by the stage-door.

It was hot in that little room, with its too low ceiling, where the stove crackled amid the wigs and pomades. The smell of the irons, and those fat hands passing over her head, soon made her drowsy, and she would doze a little under her dressing-gown. Often the assistant, as he did her hair, would offer her tickets for the masked ball.

Then she would slip out. She took her way back along the streets; she reached the Red Cross; she took her galoshes again, which she had hidden in the morning under a bench, and sank into her place among the impatient passengers. Some would get out at the foot of the hill. She remained alone in the conveyance.

At every bend in the road you gained a wider and wider view of all the illuminations of the town, which formed a broad, luminous vapour above a confused mass of houses. Emma would kneel on the cushions and bewilder her eyes with the brightness of it. She would sob, call for Léon, and waft him tender words and kisses which were lost in the wind.

There was in the locality a poor wretch who was wont

to wander with his staff among the coaches. A mass of rags covered his shoulders, and an old crushed beaver hat, rounded like a basin, concealed his face; but when he removed it, there were exhibited in the place of the eye-lids two gaping orbits all stained with blood. The flesh was torn into red ribbons, and there oozed from them liquids which coagulated into green scabs extending as far as the nose, the black nostrils of which sniffed convulsively. When he spoke to you, he threw back his head with an idiot's laugh; and at these times his bluish pupils, rolling in a continuous movement, would hit, in the direction of the temples, against the open sore.

He used to sing a little song as he followed the vehicles:

"Souvent la chaleur d'un beau jour
Fait rêver fillette à l'amour."

And all the rest was about birds and sunshine and leaves.

Sometimes he would suddenly appear behind Emma, with his head uncovered. She used to shrink back with a cry. Hivert made fun of him. He would recommend him to run himself as a show at the fair of St. Romain, or inquire, with a laugh, after the health of his sweetheart.

Often they had started when his hat, by an abrupt movement, entered the coach by the window, while with the other arm he clung to the foot-board amid the splashing of the wheels. His voice, at first feeble and wailing, became shrill. It lingered in the night like the indistinct lament of a vague distress; and through the tinkling of the little bells, the murmur of the trees and the rumbling of the empty conveyance, it had in it a far-off something that troubled Emma. It penetrated to the depths of her soul, like a whirlwind into an abyss, and swept her away into regions of a boundless melancholy.

But Hivert, noticing the change in the balance, used to aim at the blind man a few heavy strokes with his whip. The lash would cut him over his sores, and he used to fall in the mud with a howl of pain.

Then the passengers of The Swallow ended by going to sleep, some with their mouths open, others with their chins down, leaning on their neighbours' shoulders, or perhaps with an arm passed through the strap, swaying regularly with the motion of the carriage; and the reflection of the lantern that swung outside, above the cruppers of the shaft horses, as it penetrated to the interior through the curtains of chocolate-coloured calico, threw blood-tinged shadows on all those motionless figures. Emma, intoxicated with sadness, shivered under her clothes, and felt her feet growing colder and colder, with death in her soul.

Charles used to be awaiting her at home. The Swallow was always late on Thursdays. At last Madame arrived! She would hardly have a kiss for her little girl. Dinner was not ready; no matter! she made excuses for the cook. Everything now seemed permitted to that woman.

Often her husband, noticing her pallor, asked her if she was not feeling ill.

"No," Emma used to say.

"But," he would reply, "you seem quite strange this evening!"

"Oh! it is nothing! it is nothing!"

There were even days when, as soon as she came in, she went upstairs to her room, and Justin, who would be there, used to move about with silent steps, more ingenious in her service than an excellent maid. He would put in their places the matches, the candlestick, a book, lay out her night-dress, turn down the sheets.

"Come," she used to say, "that will do; run away!"

For he remained standing, his hands hanging loose

and eyes wide open, as though bound by the innumerable threads of a sudden reverie.

The next day was terrible and the following days were more intolerable still by reason of the impatience which Emma felt to recover possession of her happiness.

She often said to Léon, in a voice of melancholy sweetness:

"Ah! you will leave me, you! . . . you will marry! . . . you will be like the others."

He would ask:

"What others?"

"Why, men, in short."

Then she would add, repulsing him with languorous gesture:

"You are all infamous creatures!"

One day when they were talking philosophically of terrestrial disillusions, she happened to say (for the purpose of making an experiment on his jealousy, or yielding perhaps to an overpowerful need to unbosom herself) that formerly, before him, she had loved some one—"not like thee," she resumed quickly, protesting, upon the head of her daughter, that "nothing happened."

The young man believed her, but nevertheless questioned her as to *his* occupation.

"He was a ship's captain, my dear."

Was it not to disappoint any investigation and at the same time to assume a lofty attitude by this pretended fascination exercised upon a man who would necessarily be by nature valiant and accustomed to receive devotion?

The clerk felt then the lowliness of his position; he longed for epaulettes, crosses, titles. All that must needs be pleasing to her; he suspected it from her expensive habits.

Emma, however, did not speak of numbers of her extravagances, such as the longing to have, to take her

to Rouen, a blue tilbury drawn by an English horse and driven by a groom in top-boots. It was Justin who had inspired her with this caprice, by begging her to take him into her house as footman; and if this privation did not diminish at every appointment the pleasure of the arrival, it certainly augmented the bitterness of the departure.

Often when they talked together of Paris, she murmured, by way of conclusion:

"Ah! how pleasant it would be if we could live there!"

"Are we not happy?" the young man used to ask softly, passing his hand over her hair.

"Yes, that is true," she would say; "I am mad; kiss me."

For her husband she showed herself more charming than ever, made him creams *à la pistache*, and played waltzes after dinner. He deemed himself, therefore, the most fortunate of mortals, and Emma was living without anxiety, when one evening, suddenly:

"It is Mlle. Lempereur, is it not, who gives you lessons?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw her just now," replied Charles, "at Mme. Leigeard's. I spoke to her of you; she does not know you."

It was like a thunderbolt. However, she answered with a natural air:

"Ah! no doubt she has forgotten my name."

"But there are perhaps at Rouen," said the doctor, "several Misses Lempereur who teach the piano."

"Possibly!"

Then, quickly:

"I have her receipts, however. See! look!"

And she went to the writing-desk, rummaged in all the drawers, mixed up the papers, and ended by get-

ting so completely confused that Charles implored her not to give herself so much trouble over those miserable receipts.

"Oh, I shall find them," said she.

In effect, on the following Friday, Charles, as he put on one of his boots in the dark little room into which his clothes were crowded, felt a sheet of paper between the leather and his sock; he took it and read:

"Received for three months' lessons and various articles provided, the sum of sixty-five francs. FÉLICIE LEMPEREUR, Professor of Music."

"How the deuce does this come to be in my boots?"

"It must have fallen, no doubt," she answered, "from the old bill-case which is on the edge of the shelf."

From that moment her existence ceased to be anything but a mass of lies, in which she wrapped her love as in a cloak, to hide it.

It was a need, a mania, a pleasure, to the point that if she said she walked yesterday along the right side of a street, you would be safe in concluding that she had in fact taken the left.

One morning after she had started, according to her custom, rather lightly dressed, it suddenly began to snow; and as Charles looked out at the weather from the window he perceived M. Bournisien in the pony-cart of M. Tuvache, who was driving him over to Rouen. He went down, therefore, and intrusted to the priest a thick shawl, in order that he might give it to Madame on his arrival at the Red Cross. As soon as he reached the inn, Bournisien inquired for the doctor's wife from Yonville. The landlady replied that she very seldom frequented her establishment. Accordingly, in the evening, recognising Mme. Bovary in The Swallow, the curé spoke to her of his difficulty, without appearing, however, to attach any importance to the matter; for he commenced

a eulogy of a preacher who just then was working marvels at the Cathedral, and whom all the ladies were flocking to hear.

But although he had asked no explanations, others later on might show less discretion. She thought well, therefore, to alight each time at the Red Cross, so that the good people from her village who saw her on the stairs suspected nothing.

One day, however, M. Lheureux met her coming out of the Hôtel de Boulogne on Léon's arm, and she feared lest he might gossip. He was not so stupid.

But three days afterward he came into her room, closed the door, and said:

"I want some money."

She declared that she had none to give him.

Lheureux burst forth into complaints, reminded her of all his former willingness to accommodate her.

In effect, of the two bills signed by Charles, Emma up to the present had only paid one. As for the second, the dealer, at her request, had consented to replace it by two others, which had even been renewed at a very long date. Then he drew from his pocket a list of goods not paid for—namely, the curtains, the carpet, the material for the easy chairs, several dresses, and various toilet articles, the value of which amounted to the sum of about two thousand francs.

She hung her head. He went on:

"But if you have no cash, you have property."

And he instanced a wretched hovel situated at Barneville, near Aumale, which did not bring in a great deal. It was formerly a dependency of a little farm sold by M. Bovary *père*, for Lheureux knew all about it, even to the acreage, with the names of the neighbours.

"In your place," said he, "I should set myself free and still have the surplus of the money."

She raised the difficulty of a purchaser; he gave hopes

of being able to find one; but she asked how she could arrange matters to secure her the right to sell.

"Have you not the power of attorney?" replied he.

The word came to her like a breath of fresh air.

"Leave me the bill," said Emma.

"Oh! it is not worth while!" answered Lheureux.

He returned the following week, and boasted that after many applications he had at last succeeded in discovering a certain Langlois, who for a long time past had had an eye on the property, without mentioning his price.

"No matter the price!" cried she.

They ought to wait, on the contrary, till they had sounded that fellow. The thing was worth the trouble of a journey, and, since she could not make it, he offered to go himself in order to have an interview with Langlois on the spot. Upon his return, he announced that the buyer offered four thousand francs.

Emma brightened up at this news.

"Frankly," added he, "it is a good price."

She received half the sum immediately, and, when she was about to settle his account, the dealer said to her:

"It pains me, on my word of honour, to see you part with a sum of such consequence as that all at once."

At this, she looked at the bank-notes; and, reflecting on the unlimited number of meetings with Léon which those two thousand francs represented:

"What! how then?" she stammered.

"Oh!" answered he, laughing with a good-natured air, "a woman puts down everything she pleases in the domestic accounts. Do I not know what households are?"

And he looked at her fixedly, holding in his hand two long strips of paper which he slipped backward and

forward between his finger-nails. At last, opening his pocket-book, he spread out on the table four bills payable to order, of a thousand francs each.

"Sign me those," said he, "and keep the lot."

She uttered an exclamation, scandalized.

"But if I give you the surplus," replied M. Lheureux boldly, "is it not to do you a service?"

And, taking a pen, he wrote at the foot of the account: "Received of Mme. Bovary four thousand francs."

"Why should you trouble about it, since in six months you will receive the balance due on your cottage, and I make the last bill payable after that date?"

Emma became confused a little in her calculations, and her ears tingled as if pieces of gold, escaping from their bags, had been ringing all round her on the floor. Finally, Lheureux explained that he had a friend, Vinçart, a banker at Rouen, who would discount these four bills, then he would himself hand to Madame the surplus over and above the real debt.

But instead of two thousand francs, he brought only eighteen hundred, for friend Vinçart ("as was fair") had deducted two hundred for commission expenses and discount.

Then he asked carelessly for a receipt.

"You understand . . . in business . . . sometimes . . . And with the date, if you please, the date."

An horizon of realizable fancies now opened before Emma. She had prudence enough to put in reserve a thousand crowns, with which the first three bills were paid when they fell due; but the fourth, by chance, came to the house on a Thursday, and Charles, quite upset, patiently awaited his wife's return for an explanation.

If she had not told him about this bill, it was in order

to spare him domestic worries. She sat on his knee, caressed him, cooed, made a long enumeration of all the indispensable things bought on credit.

"In short, you will admit that, considering the quantity, it is not too dear."

Charles, at his wits' end, soon had recourse to the eternal Lheureux, who swore to make things quiet if Monsieur signed two bills, of which one was for seven hundred francs, payable in three months. To put himself in a position to meet it, he wrote to his mother a pathetic letter. Instead of sending the reply, she came herself; and when Emma wished to know if he had got anything out of her:

"Yes," he replied; "but she demands to see the account."

The next day, at dawn, Emma hastened to M. Lheureux's to beg him to prepare another bill, which should not exceed a thousand francs; for had she shown the one for four thousand it would have been necessary to mention that she had paid two-thirds of it, and consequently to confess the sale of the real estate, a negotiation well conducted by the dealer and that was indeed not known till later.

In spite of the very low price of each article, Mme. Bovary *mère* did not fail to consider the expense too lavish.

"Could you not do quite well without a carpet? What need to buy new covers for the easy chairs? In my time there was only one easy chair in a house—for the use of aged persons; at least it was like that in my mother's house, who was a respectable woman, I assure you. Everybody cannot be rich! No fortune can stand against constant leakage! I should blush to coddle myself up as you do! and yet I am old, I need attentions . . . Here you are! here you are, dress! fineries! What! silk for linings at two francs! . . . when you can

find jaconet at ten sous, and even at eight sous, which does perfectly well."

Emma, leaning back on the sofa, kept replying with the most perfect calmness possible:

"Eh, Madame! enough! enough!"

The other continued to lecture her, predicting that they would end in the work-house. Besides, it was Bovary's fault. Happily he had promised to cancel that power of attorney . . .

"What?"

"Ah! he has vowed it to me," the good woman went on.

Emma opened the window, called Charles, and the poor fellow was obliged to confess the promise extracted from him by his mother.

Emma disappeared, then came back quickly, holding out to her majestically a stout sheet of paper.

"I thank you," said the old woman.

And she threw the power of attorney in the fire.

Emma burst into a strident, loud, prolonged laugh; she had an attack of nerves.

"Ah! *mon Dieu!*" cried Charles. "You are to blame also, you! You come making her scenes!"

His mother, shrugging her shoulders, maintained that "it was all pretence."

But Charles, revolting for the first time, took his wife's part, with the result that Mme. Bovary *mère* decided to leave. She took her departure the next day, and on the threshold, as he tried to persuade her to stay, she replied:

"No, no! You love her better than me, and you are right; it is in the natural order of things. However, so much the worse! You will see! . . . I wish you good health! . . . for I shall not be here again soon, to make her scenes, as you say."

Charles remained none the less very sheepish in

Emma's presence, she not concealing the ill-will she bore him for having failed in his trust of her; she required to be implored many times before she would consent to take back her power of attorney, and he even went with her to M. Guillaumin's to direct a second, identical with the first, to be drawn up for her.

"I understand the situation," said the lawyer; "a man of science cannot be troubled with the practical details of life."

And Charles felt relieved by this wheedling reflection, which endowed his weakness with the flattering appearances of a loftier preoccupation.

What a letting loose of herself, the following Thursday, at the hotel, in their room, with Léon! She laughed, wept, sang, danced, ordered sherbets, wished to smoke cigarettes, appeared to him extravagant, but adorable, splendid.

He knew not what a reaction of her whole being impelled her more and more to rush to seize the enjoyments of life. She was becoming irritable, greedy, and voluptuous; and she would walk with him through the streets, head up, without fear, she said, of being compromised. Sometimes, however, Emma started at the sudden idea of encountering Rodolphe; for it seemed to her that, although they had parted forever, she was not completely set free from all dependence on him.

One evening she did not go home to Yonville. Charles was distracted, and the little Bertha, unwilling to go to bed without her mamma, sobbed as if her heart would break. Justin had started out haphazard on the road. M. Homais had left his pharmacy at the news.

Finally, at eleven o'clock, no longer able to contain himself, Charles put the horse in his trap, jumped in, whipped up his beast, and arrived towards two in the morning at the Red Cross. Nobody. He thought that perhaps the clerk might have seen her; but where

did he live? Charles fortunately remembered the address of his principal. He hastened to it.

The dawn was beginning to break. He made out a scutcheon over a door; he knocked. Some one, without opening, cried to him the information asked for, adding at the same time much abuse of people who came disturbing others during the night.

The house in which the clerk lived had neither bell, nor knocker, nor porter. Charles struck great blows with his fist against the shutters. A policeman came along; he was afraid at that, and moved on.

"I am mad," he told himself; "doubtless she was kept to dinner at M. Lormeaux."

The Lormeaux family had left Rouen.

"She will have stopped to nurse Mme. Dubreuil. Eh! Mme. Dubreuil has been dead six months! . . . Where is she, then?"

An idea occurred to him. He asked in a café for the Directory, and quickly looked up the name of Mlle. Lempereur, who lived at No. 74 Rue de la Renelle-des-Maroquiniers.

As he entered this street Emma herself appeared at the other end; he threw himself upon her rather than embraced her, crying:

"What kept you yesterday?"

"I was ill."

"With what? . . . Where? . . . How?"

She passed her hand over her forehead and replied:

"At Mlle. Lempereur's."

"I felt certain of it! I was just going there."

"Oh! it is not worth while," said Emma. "She has just now gone out; but in future don't be uneasy. I do not feel free, you understand, if I know that the least delay can upset you thus."

It was a sort of permission that she secured not to put herself to any inconvenience in her escapades. Ac-

cordingly she profited by it quite at her ease, abundantly. Whenever the wish to see Léon seized her she would start out, under no matter what pretext, and as he did not expect her that day, she used to go to call for him at his office.

It was a great happiness at first; but soon he concealed the truth from her no longer—to wit, that his principal complained strongly of these disturbances.

"Bah! come along," said she.

And he used to slip out.

She was anxious for him to dress all in black and grow a small pointed beard on his chin, to resemble the portraits of Louis XIII. She wished to make acquaintance with his lodging, considered it mediocre; he blushed for it; she took no notice, then advised him to buy some curtains like her own, and when he suggested the expense as an obstacle:

"Ah! ah! you cling to your little crowns!" said she, laughing.

Each time Léon was called upon to tell her of all his doings since their last meeting. She asked for verses, verses for herself, a love poem in her honour. He could never succeed in discovering the rhyme for the second line, and he ended by copying a sonnet from a keepsake album.

It was less from vanity than to the sole end of honouring her. He did not question her opinions; he accepted all her tastes; he became her mistress rather than she was his. She had tender words with kisses that swept away his soul. Where, then, had she learned that corruption, almost incorporeal by the degree of its profundity and dissimulation?

VI

On the visits which he made to Yonville for the purpose of seeing her, Léon had often dined with the chemist, and had felt obliged, by politeness, to invite him in turn.

"Willingly!" M. Homais had replied. "Besides, I ought to take a little dip into the world, for I am becoming a fossil here. We will go to the play, to restaurants, we will do the wildest things!"

"Ah, my dear!" murmured Madame Homais tenderly, terrified by the vague perils which he was preparing to run.

"Well, what? You think I do not ruin my health sufficiently by living among the continual emanations of the pharmacy! But there you see the nature of women: they are jealous of Science, then oppose your taking the most legitimate distractions. No matter, count on me; one of these days, I come to Rouen, and together we will make the money fly."

Formerly the apothecary had been careful to refrain from such an expression; but he was now addicted to a gay and Parisian style, which he considered to be in the best taste; and, like Mme. Bovary, his neighbour, he would question the clerk curiously upon the ways of the capital; he even spoke slang in order to dazzle the *bourgeois*, saying *turne, bazar, chicard, chicandard, Breda-street*, and *Je me la casse* for *Je m'en vais*.

Thus, one Thursday, Emma was surprised to meet, in the kitchen of the Golden Lion, M. Homais in travel-

ling costume, that is to say, clad in an old cloak which it was not known that he possessed, while he carried in one hand a portmanteau, and in the other the foot-warmer of his establishment. He had confided his project to nobody, in the fear of making the public uneasy by his absence.

The idea of seeing again the places where his youth had been spent doubtless excited him, for he did not cease to talk the whole way; then, almost before the coach had stopped, he jumped quickly out to start in search of Léon, and in spite of all the clerk's arguments, M. Homais dragged him off to the Grand Café de Normandie, into which he strode majestically without removing his hat, deeming it very provincial to uncover one's self in a public place.

Emma waited for Léon three-quarters of an hour. At last she hastened to his office, and, lost in every sort of conjecture, accusing him of indifference, reproaching herself for her weakness, she passed the afternoon with her forehead glued to the window-panes.

At two o'clock the men were still at table facing one another. The large dining-room was emptying; the flue of the stove, shaped like a palm, rounded its gilded sheaf on the white ceiling; and near them, behind the glass windows, full in the sunlight, a small jet of water gurgled in a marble basin, in which, among cress and asparagus, three torpid crayfish stretched themselves out in the direction of some quails lying all in a heap on the side.

Homais was enjoying himself. Although he was more intoxicated by luxury than by good fare, the Pomard wine, however, rather stimulated his faculties, and when the rum omelette was brought, he devel- immoral theories on women.

Léon contemplated the clock with despair. The apothecary continued to drink, eat, and talk.

"You must be," said he suddenly, "very much bereaved at Rouen. However, your sweetheart does not live so very far away."

And, as the other blushed:

"Come, be candid! Will you deny that at Yonville . . ."

The young man stammered.

"At Madame Bovary's house you used to make love . . ."

"To whom, then?"

"The maid!"

He was not joking; but, vanity getting the better of all prudence, Léon, in spite of himself, protested. Besides, he was only fond of dark women.

"I approve that," said the chemist; "they have more temperament."

"Are we going?" at last Léon inquired, growing impatient.

"*Yes.*" *

But he wished, before leaving, to see the head of the establishment, and addressed to him a few congratulations.

The young man then, in order to be alone, alleged that he had business.

"Ah! I escort you!" said Homais.

And, walking along the streets with him, he continued to talk of his wife, of his children, of their future, and of his pharmacy, related in what decadence it had been formerly, and to what point of perfection he had raised it.

When they were arrived in front of the Hôtel de Boulogne, Léon quitted him abruptly, scaled the stairs, and found his mistress in a state of great anxiety.

At the name of the chemist she flew into a passion.

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* In English in the original.

However, he added one good reason to another: it was not his fault; did she not know M. Homais? could she believe that he preferred his company? But she turned away. He seized her hand, and, falling on his knees, he put both his arms round her waist in a languorous attitude, full of desire and of supplication.

She was standing up; her large, flaming eyes regarded him seriously, and in an almost terrible fashion. Then tears dimmed them, her rosy eye-lids fell, she let him take her hands, and Léon was raising them to his lips when a servant appeared to inform Monsieur that some one was asking for him.

"You will come back?" said she.

"Yes."

"But when?"

"In a moment."

"It was a stratagem," said the chemist, when he saw Léon. "I thought I would interrupt that visit, which seemed to me to be distasteful to you. Let us go to Bridoux's and take a glass of garus."

Léon swore that he had to return to his office. The apothecary thereupon made jests about old papers, and legal proceedings in general.

"Leave Cujas and Barthole alone for awhile. What the devil! What is there to hinder you? Be a good fellow! Let us go to Bridoux; you will see his dog. It is very curious!"

And as the clerk was still obstinate:

"I will go too, then. I will read a newspaper while I wait for you, or turn over the leaves of a Code."

Léon, bewildered by Emma's anger, M. Homais's chatter, and perhaps by the heaviness of the luncheon, stood undecided and, as it were, under the spell of the chemist, who kept repeating:

"Let us go to Bridoux's! It is only a couple of steps away—Rue Malpalu."

Thereupon, through cowardice, through stupidity, through that indescribable feeling which leads us into the most antipathetic actions, he allowed himself to be led to Bridoux's, and they found him in his little yard, superintending three waiters, who were out of breath with turning the great wheel of a machine for the manufacture of soda-water. Homais gave them a few pieces of advice; he embraced Bridoux; they took the garus. A score of times Léon wished to go, but the other detained him by the arm, saying:

"In a moment! I am coming. We will go to the office of the *Rouen Beacon* and see the gentlemen of the staff. I will introduce you to Thomassin."

He got rid of him, however, and dashed to the hotel. Emma was no longer there.

She had just left, exasperated. She detested him now. This failure to keep his word, given when they met, seemed to her an outrage, and she sought about for still other reasons to break with him: he was incapable of heroism, weak, vulgar, more effeminate than a woman, avaricious, moreover, and pusillanimous.

Then growing calmer, she ended by discovering that doubtless she had calumniated him. But the disparagement of those whom we love always leaves us a little farther away from them. Idols should not be touched; their gilt comes off on the hands.

They came to talk more frequently of things indifferent to their love; and in the letters that Emma sent to him there was question of flowers, of poetry, of the moon and stars, the natural resources of an enfeebled passion attempting to revive itself by every external succour. She continually promised herself, for her next journey, a profound felicity; then she had to confess to herself that she felt nothing extraordinary. This deception was quickly effaced beneath a new hope.

There was, however, on that brow covered by cold drops of perspiration, on those stammering lips, in those wandering pupils, in the clasp of those arms, something exaggerated, vague, and mournful, which seemed to Léon to glide subtly between them, as though to separate them.

That which charmed him formerly, now frightened him a little. Moreover, he revolted against the absorption, every day greater, of his personality. He bore Emma a grudge on account of that permanent victory. He even strove not to care for her so much; then, at the sound of her footstep, he felt himself a coward, like drunkards at the sight of strong liquors.

She did not fail, it is true, to lavish on him all kinds of attentions, from table delicacies to coquetries in dress and languors in her glance. She brought roses from Yonville in her bosom and threw them in his face, displayed anxiety for his health, gave him advice on his behaviour; and in order to bind him more closely to her, hoping that perhaps Heaven might take an interest in the matter, she hung about his neck a medallion of the Virgin. She made inquiries, like a virtuous mother, about his associates. She said to him:

"Do not see them; do not go out; only think of ourselves. Love me!"

She would have wished to be able to watch over his whole life, and the idea occurred to her to have him shadowed in the streets. There was always, near the hotel, a sort of ruffian who accosted travellers, and who would not refuse . . . But her pride revolted.

"Eh! so much the worse! What matter if he does deceive me! What do I care!"

One day, when they had parted early and she was returning alone by the boulevard, she perceived the walls of her convent; she sat down on a bench in the shade of the elms to gaze at them. What peace in those

days! Now she envied the ineffable sentiments of love which she used to try to imagine to herself from books!

The first months of her marriage, her rides on horseback in the forest, the Vicomte waltzing, and Lagardy singing, everything repassed before her eyes. . . . And Léon appeared to her suddenly in the same remoteness as the rest.

"I love him, however!" she told herself.

No matter! She was not happy, had never been so. Whence came, then, this unsatisfyingness of life, this instantaneous decay of the things whereon she leaned? . . . But, if there were somewhere a being strong and beautiful, a valorous nature, full at once of exaltation and of refinements, the heart of a poet beneath the form of an angel, lyre with strings of brass, sounding elegiac epithalamiums to Heaven—why, by chance, should she not find it? Oh, what an impossibility! Besides, nothing was worth the trouble of the search for it; everything lied! Every smile concealed a yawn of *ennui*, every joy a curse, every pleasure its mortification, and the best kisses left on the lips only an unrealizable longing for a pleasure more intense.

A metallic rattle crept through the air, and four strokes were heard from the convent clock. Four o'clock! and it seemed to her that she had been there, on that bench, from eternity.

Emma troubled herself about money no more than an archduchess.

Once, however, a man of puny appearance, red and bald, called at her house, stating that he had been sent by M. Vinçart, of Rouen. He took out the pins which fastened the side pocket of his long green frock-coat, stuck them into his sleeve, and politely handed to her a paper.

It was a bill for seven hundred francs, signed by her,

which Lheureux, in spite of all his assurances, had indorsed over to the order of Vinçart.

She despatched her servant to his house. He could not come.

Thereupon the stranger, who had remained standing, casting to right and left curious glances which were dissimulated by his thick, blond eye-brows, asked, with an ingenuous air:

"What answer am I to take to M. Vinçart?"

"Well," replied Emma, "tell him . . . that I am out of funds. . . . It will be next week. . . . Let him wait . . . yes, next week."

And the old fellow went away without a word.

But the next day, at noon, she received a legal protest; and the sight of the stamped paper, on which there appeared several times over in big letters, "Master Hareng, sheriff's officer at Buchy," terrified her so much that she ran in all haste to the draper's. She found him in his shop, occupied in tying up a parcel.

"Your servant!" said he; "I am with you directly."

Lheureux continued his task, however, assisted by a young girl about thirteen years old, rather hunchbacked, who served him at once for shopman and cook.

Then, clattering his hobnailed shoes on the boards of the shop, he went up before Madame to the first-floor, and showed her into a narrow office, wherein on a heavy desk of pine wood there lay a few trade registers, protected by padlocked bars of iron across their edges. Against the wall, under the remnants of calico, there stood a safe, but of such a size that it was evidently meant to contain other things besides notes and money. M. Lheureux, in effect, was wont to lend upon portable securities, and it was there that he had deposited Mme. Bovary's gold chain, along with the ear-rings of poor

père Tellier, who, obliged at last to sell, had purchased a meagre grocery business at Quincampoix, where he died of his cold, in the midst of his candles, less yellow than his face.

Lheureux seated himself in his large wicker easy chair, saying:

"What is the news?"

"Look!"

And she showed him the paper.

"Well, what can I do in the matter?"

At this she flew into a passion, reminding him of the promise he had given her not to put her bills into circulation. He admitted it.

"But I was forced to it myself; I had the knife at my throat."

"And what will happen now?" she resumed.

"Oh, it is very simple: a judgment of the court, and then the seizure . . . not at all!"

Emma with difficulty restrained herself from beating him. She asked him quietly whether there was not some means of keeping M. Vinçart quiet.

"Ah, yes, indeed! Keep Vinçart quiet! You hardly know him; he is more ferocious than an Arab."

However, it was necessary that M. Lheureux should intervene in the matter.

"Listen. It seems to me that up to now I have been sufficiently accommodating for you."

And, opening one of his registers:

"Look!"

Then, moving his finger up the page:

"Let us see . . . let us see. . . . The 3d of August, two hundred francs. . . . On the 17th of June, one hundred and fifty. . . . 23d of March, forty-six. . . . In April . . ."

He stopped, as if fearing to be guilty of some piece of foolishness.

"And I am saying nothing of the bills signed by Monsieur, one for seven hundred francs, another for three hundred! As for your little accounts, with the interest, they make an endless confusion. I will have no more to do with the affair!"

She wept; she even called him "her good M. Lheureux." But he always put the blame on "that rascal, Vinçart." Besides, he had not a centime; nowadays nobody paid him; the clothes were being taken off his back; a poor shop-keeper like him could not advance loans.

Emma said no more; and M. Lheureux, who was biting the feathers of a quill, doubtless became uneasy at her silence, for he went on:

"At least, if one of these days I should have any funds come in . . . I might be able . . ."

"Besides," said she, "as soon as the arrears in the Barneville matter . . ."

"What? . . ."

And, upon learning that Langlois had not yet paid, he appeared extremely surprised. Then, in a honeyed voice:

"And we agree, you say . . . ?"

"Oh! on whatever you wish."

He closed his eyes at this, to reflect, wrote some figures, and, declaring that he would have great difficulty, that the affair was ticklish, and that he was "bleeding himself," he dictated four bills of two hundred and fifty francs each, with their due dates separated one from another by a month's interval.

"Provided that Vinçart will listen to me! However, it is agreed. I do not trifle. I am straightforward in all my dealings."

Afterward he showed her carelessly several parcels of new goods, but not one stuff among which, in his opinion, was worthy of Madame.

"When I think that here is a dress at seven sous a yard, and guaranteed good colour! They swallow it, however. One does not tell them the fact of the case, you may easily guess"—wishing, by this admission of knavery towards others, to convince her entirely of his probity.

Then he called her back to show her three ells of guipure which he had chanced upon recently in a sale.

"Is it not pretty!" said Lheureux. "It is much in use now for the backs of easy chairs; it is the fashion."

And, more rapidly than a juggler, he wrapped up the guipure in blue paper and put it in Emma's hands.

"At least, let me know . . . ?"

"Ah! later on," he answered, turning on his heel.

The same evening, she pressed Bovary to write to his mother to send them as soon as possible the whole balance of the inheritance. The mother-in-law replied that she had nothing further to send; the winding-up of the estate had been completed, and there was left for them, beyond Barneville, an annual income of six hundred francs, which she would pay over to them punctually.

Madame then sent in the bills of two or three patients, and soon made large use of this means, which she found successful. She was always careful to add in a postscript: "Do not mention it to my husband; you know how proud he is. . . . Excuse me. . . . Your servant . . ." There were some complaints; she intercepted them.

To obtain money for her own use, she began to sell her old gloves, her old hats, the old iron; and she bargained with rapacity—her peasant's blood urging her to seek big profit. Then, on her journeys to the town with a view to business, she would purchase trinkets second-hand, which M. Lheureux, in default of anybody else, would certainly take over from her. She bought ostrich feathers, Chinese porcelain, and old chests; she borrowed

from Félicité, from Mme. Lefrançois, from the landlady of the Red Cross, from everybody, no matter where. With the money which at last she received from Barneville she paid off two of the bills; the other fifteen hundred francs slipped away. She engaged herself afresh, and thus it was always!

Sometimes, it is true, she attempted to make calculations; but she discovered things so excessive, that she could not believe her eyes. Then she would begin over again, quickly get confused, abandon the whole affair, and think no more about it.

The house was very gloomy now! The tradesmen were seen coming away from it with angry faces. There were handkerchiefs lying about on the stoves; and the little Bertha, to the great scandal of Mme. Homais, wore stockings with holes in them. If Charles timidly hazarded an observation, she replied brutally that it was not her fault!

Why these fits of passion? He explained everything by her old nervous malady; and reproaching himself for having taken her infirmities for faults, he accused himself of selfishness, longed to run and embrace her.

"Oh, no," he would say to himself, "I should only bore her."

And he refrained.

After dinner, he used to take a walk alone in the garden; he would take the little Bertha on his knee, and, opening his medical journal, try to teach her to read. The child, who never studied, would soon open large, sad eyes and begin to cry. Then he used to console her; he would go to fetch water for her in the watering-can to make rivers in the sand, or break off branches of privet to plant trees in the flower-border—which rather spoiled the garden, all grown over by long grass; there were so many days' wages owing to Lestiboudois! Then the child used to feel cold and ask for her mother.

"Call your nurse," Charles would say. "You know quite well, my dear, that your mamma does not like to be disturbed."

The autumn was beginning and already the leaves were falling—just as they did two years before, when she was ill! When would an end come to it all! . . . And he would walk on, with hands behind his back.

Madame was in her own room. No one went up to it. She remained there all day long, torpid, hardly dressed, and from time to time burning seraglio pastilles which she had bought at Rouen in the shop of an Algerian. In order to avoid having near her at night that man's stretched-out, sleeping figure, she succeeded by dint of humbugging stories in relegating him to the second-floor; and she used to read till morning extravagant books, in which there were descriptions of orgies with bloody situations. Often a sudden terror seized her, and she would utter a cry; Charles would run in.

"Ah, go away!" she used to say.

Or, at other times, consumed more intensely by that secret flame which her adultery fed, panting, agitated, thrilled through by desire, she would open her window, breathe in the cold air, shake out in the wind her heavy hair, and, gazing up at the stars, sigh for a princely love. She thought of him, of Léon. She would have given everything, at these times, for but one of those meetings of which she had been growing weary.

They were her gala days. She wished them to be splendid, and, when he could not meet the expense alone, she used to make up the balance liberally, which happened almost every time. He tried to make her understand that they would be just as comfortable elsewhere, in some more modest hotel; but she discovered objections.

One day she took out of her bag six little silver spoons (they were *père* Rouault's wedding-present), beg-

ging him to go immediately and take them for her to the pawnbroker's; and Léon obeyed, although the proceeding displeased him. He feared to compromise himself.

Then, upon reflection, he thought that his mistress was beginning to behave strangely, and that possibly people were not wrong in wishing to induce him to break off his relations with her.

In effect, some one had sent to his mother a long anonymous letter, to warn her that he was ruining himself with a married woman; and immediately the good lady—conjuring up the eternal bugbear of families, that is to say, the vague, pernicious creature, the siren, the monster, that dwells fantastically in the depths of love—wrote to Master Dubocage, his principal, who was perfect in this affair. He detained him for three-quarters of an hour, trying to open his eyes, to warn him of the gulf. Such an intrigue would be injurious later to his own establishment in life. He supplicated him to break it off, and, if he would not make that sacrifice in his own interest, begged that at least he would make it for him, Dubocage.

Léon at last had sworn that he would not see Emma again; and he reproached himself for not having kept his word, considering all the trouble and gossip which the woman might yet bring upon him, without counting the jests of his companions, uttered in the morning, round the stove. Besides, he was about to become head clerk; it was time to be serious. Accordingly, he was giving up the flute, exalted sentiments, the imagination—for every grocer, in the heat of his youth, were it only for a day, a moment, has believed himself capable of immense passions, of lofty enterprises. The most mediocre libertine has dreamed of sultanas; every lawyer bears about in his bosom the wreck of a poet.

He was bored now when Emma, suddenly, would burst into sobs on his breast; and his heart, like the people who can endure only a certain amount of music, grew heavy with indifference to the tumult of a love of which he no longer appreciated the refinements.

But how manage to rid herself of him? Then, too, it was in vain that she felt herself humiliated by the vileness of such a happiness; she clung to it through habit or by perversity; and every day she set her heart upon it more, exhausting all felicity by wishing it too great. She put upon Léon the blame of her cheated hopes, as if he had betrayed her; and she even longed for some catastrophe that might bring about their separation, since she had not herself the courage to resolve upon it.

She continued none the less to write love-letters to him, by virtue of the notion that a woman always ought to write to her lover.

But, in writing, she had in her mind's eye another man, a phantom built of her most burning recollections, of her noblest readings, of her most eager desires; and he became in the end so real and accessible that she throbbed at the thought of him, marvelling, without being able nevertheless to imagine him distinctly, so readily, like a god, was he lost beneath the abundance of his attributes. He dwelt in the bluish region, where silken ladders swing from balconies, amid the breath of flowers, in the moonlight. She could feel him near her, he was about to come and would carry her utterly away in a kiss. Afterward she would fall flat down again, mentally sore all over; for these transports of vague love tired her more than big debauches.

She experienced now an incessant and universal depression. Often even, Emma received writs, pieces of stamped paper, which she hardly looked at. She would have wished to live no longer, or to be continually sleeping.

On the day of mid-Lent she did not go home to Yonville; she went in the evening to the masked ball. She wore a pair of velvet breeches and red stockings, with a clubbed wig and a lamp over her ear. She danced all night to the furious sound of the trombones; people collected round her in groups; and she found herself in the morning on the peristyle of the theatre, among five or six masks, gay women and sailors, companions of Léon, who spoke of going to supper.

The cafés of the neighbourhood were full. They espied on the wharf a restaurant of the most mediocre sort, the master of which placed at their disposal a small room on the fourth-floor.

The men whispered together in a corner, doubtless consulting on the expense. There were a clerk, two medical students, and a shopman; what society for her! As for the women, Emma quickly perceived, by the tone of their voices, that they could only be, almost all, of the lowest class. She was afraid at this, pushed back her chair, and cast down her eyes.

The rest began to eat. She ate nothing; her forehead was on fire; she was conscious of a prickly sensation in her eye-lids and an icy chill over her skin. She felt in her head the floor of the ball-room still swaying beneath the rhythmical pulsation of a thousand dancing feet. Then the smell of the punch with the smoke of the cigars made her dizzy. She fainted away; they carried her to the window.

Day had begun to dawn, and a great stain of purple colour was widening in the pale sky, in the direction of Saint Catherine. The livid river shuddered in the wind; there was no one on the bridges; the gas-lamps were being extinguished.

Her senses returned, however, and there came into her mind the thought of Bertha, sleeping yonder in her nurse's bed-room. But a cart full of long iron rods

passed, sending forth against the walls of the houses a deafening metallic vibration.

She made an abrupt escape, got rid of her costume, told Léon that she would have to return home, and at last found herself alone at the Hôtel de Boulogne. Everything, including herself, was insupportable to her. She longed to be able to take flight as on the wings of a bird and to grow young again somewhere, far, far away, in the stainless immensities.

She went out and along the boulevard, through the Place Cauchoise and the suburb, as far as an open street which looked over the gardens. She walked quickly; the fresh air soothed her; and, little by little, the figures of the crowd, the masks, the quadrilles, the glass chandeliers, the supper, those women, all disappeared like mists blown away. Then, having returned to the Red Cross, she threw herself on her bed, in the little second-floor room, where there hung the pictures from the Tour de Nesle. At four o'clock in the afternoon Hivert awakened her.

When she entered her own house Félicité showed her a brown document behind the clock. She read:

"In pursuance of the copy, in formal execution of a judgment . . ."

What judgment? The evening before, in effect, another document had been brought about which she knew nothing, consequently she was stupefied by these words:

"Command on behalf of the king, the law and justice, to Mme. Bovary . . ."

Then, skipping a few lines, she read:

"Within twenty-four hours." What then? "To pay the sum total of eight thousand francs." And lower down there was even: "She shall be compelled so to do by all legal measures, and notably by the seizure in execution of her furniture and effects."

What was to be done? . . . It was in twenty-four hours; to-morrow! Lheureux, thought she, doubtless wished to frighten her again; for she at once saw through all his manœuvres, and divined the aim of his complaisances. What reassured her was the very exaggeration of the sum.

However, as the result of buying, not paying, borrowing, signing bills, then renewing these bills, which swelled every time they fell due, she had ended by providing M. Lheureux with a capital sum, which he awaited impatiently for use in his speculations.

She presented herself at his house with a careless air.

"You know what has happened to me? It is a joke, doubtless!"

"No."

"How is that?"

He turned round slowly, and said, crossing his arms:

"Did you think, my little lady, that until the end of time I was going to be your purveyor and banker out of charity? It is only right and proper that I should get back my outlay. Let us be fair!"

She exclaimed at the amount of the debt.

"Ah! so much the worse! The court has recognised it! Judgment has been given! You received notice of it! Besides, it is not I; it is Vinçart."

"Could you not . . . ?"

"Oh! nothing at all."

"But . . . however, let us discuss it."

And she sought about for excuses; she had known nothing of it . . . it was a surprise . . .

"Whose fault is that?" said Lheureux, bowing to her ironically. "While I am slaving like a negro, you are away amusing yourself."

"Ah! no sermons!"

"They never do harm," he answered.

She was cowardly. She implored him; and she even laid her pretty white and long hand on the draper's knee.

"Leave me alone! One would say that you wish to seduce me!"

"You are a wretch!" cried she.

"Oh! oh! you are getting on!" was his laughing answer.

"I shall make it known what you are. I shall tell my husband . . ."

"Well, I too shall have something to show to him—to your husband!"

And Lheureux took out from his safe the receipt for eighteen hundred francs which she had given him at the time of the discounting transaction with Vinçart.

"Do you think," added he, "that he will not understand your little theft, the poor dear man?"

She sank back, more overwhelmed than she would have been by the stroke of a sledge-hammer.

He walked backward and forward between the window and the desk, repeating:

"Ah! I will let him see, indeed . . . I will let him see clearly . . ."

Then he drew closer to her, and, in a smooth voice:

"It is not amusing; I know nobody, after all, has died through it; and, since it is the only means left to you of repaying my money . . ."

"But where can I get it?" said Emma, wringing her arms.

"Bah! when, like you, one has friends!"

And he looked at her in so penetrating and terrible a fashion that a shiver crept through her whole body.

"I promise you," said she, "I will sign . . ."

"I have enough of your signatures!"

"I will sell again . . ."

"Come, come!" he remarked, shrugging his shoulders, "you have nothing left."

And he cried through the small opening in the wall which communicated with the shop:

"Annette! do not forget the three remnants of No. 14."

The servant appeared. Emma understood, and asked, "How much money would be necessary to stop all the proceedings?"

"It is too late!"

"But if I were to bring you several thousand francs, a quarter of the sum, a third, nearly the whole?"

"Eh! no, it is useless."

He pushed her gently towards the stairs.

"I implore you, M. Lheureux, a few days more!"

She sobbed.

"Come; hullo! tears!"

"You drive me to despair!"

"A fine lot I care about that!" said he, closing the door.

VII

She was stoical the next day, when Master Hareng, the sheriff's officer, with two witnesses, presented himself at her house to draw up the inventory of the goods seized.

They began with Bovary's consulting-room, and did not set down the phrenological head, which was considered to be an "instrument of his profession"; but in the kitchen they counted the plates, the saucepans, the chairs, the candlesticks, and, in her bed-room, all the trinkets on the what-not. They examined her frocks, the linen, the dressing-room; and her existence, even to its most intimate recesses, was, like a corpse under a post-mortem, laid bare to the gaze of these three men.

Master Hareng, buttoned in a closely fitting frock-coat, with a white tie, and wearing very tight trouser-straps, repeated from time to time:

"You permit, Madame—you permit?"

Often he made exclamations:

"Charming! . . . exceedingly pretty!"

Then he would resume writing, dipping his pen in the horn inkstand which he held in his left hand.

When they had finished with the living-rooms they mounted to the attic.

She kept there a desk in which Rodolphe's letters were locked up. It had to be opened.

"Ah! a correspondence!" said Master Hareng, with a discreet smile. "But permit me! for I must assure myself that the box contains nothing else."

And he moved the papers lightly to one side, as if to shake out napoleons from among them. She was seized by indignation at seeing that fat hand, with fingers red and soft like slugs, resting on those pages over which her heart had beaten.

They went away at last! Félicité came in again. She had sent her to be on the lookout for Bovary in order to keep him away; and they quickly established at the top of the house under the tiles the bailiff left in possession, who promised to stay there.

Charles during the evening seemed to her anxious. Emma watched him with a look full of anguish, thinking that she could detect accusations in the wrinkles of his face. Then, when her eyes fell on the mantel-piece adorned with Chinese fans, on the large curtains, on the easy chairs, on all the things, in short, which had sweetened the bitterness of her life, she was seized by a remorse, or rather an immense regret, which so far from extinguishing it, did but irritate her passion. Charles kept tranquilly stirring the fire, his feet on the fender.

There was one moment when the bailiff, doubtless tired of his hiding-place, made a little noise.

"Is some one walking up there?" said Charles.

"No," she answered, "it is the wind rattling a window left open in the attic."

She left for Rouen the next day, Sunday, in order to go round to all the bankers whose names were known to her. They were away in the country or travelling. She was not disheartened, and those that she could find she asked for money, protesting that she absolutely required it, that she would repay it. Some laughed in her face; all refused her.

At two o'clock she ran to Léon's and knocked at his door. No one opened it. At last he appeared.

"What brings you?"

"I am disturbing you?"

"No . . . but . . ."

And he confessed that the landlord did not like his tenants to receive "women."

"I must speak to you," she continued.

At this he reached down his key. She stopped him.

"Oh! no, let us go yonder, to our own place."

And they went to their room at the Hôtel de Boulogne.

She drank a large glass of water after they had entered. She was very pale. She said:

"Léon, you are going to do me a service."

And, shaking both his hands, which she gripped tightly, she added:

"Listen, I want eight thousand francs!"

"But you are mad!"

"Not yet!"

And, relating the story of the seizure, she immediately went on to explain to him her distress; for Charles knew nothing, her mother-in-law detested her, *père* Rouault could do nothing; but he, Léon, was going forthwith to set about finding this indispensable sum . . .

"How will you have me . . . ?"

"How you do play the coward!" cried she.

Upon this he said stupidly:

"You exaggerate the trouble. Perhaps with a thousand crowns you might manage to keep the fellow quiet."

So much the more reason for attempting some measure; it was impossible that one should be unable to raise three thousand francs. Besides, Léon could guarantee it personally in her place.

"Go! try! you must! run! . . . Oh, try! try hard! I shall love you so!"

He went out, returned at the end of an hour, and said with a solemn face:

"I have been to see three persons . . . in vain!"

They remained seated opposite one another at the two chimney-corners, motionless, and without speaking. Emma shrugged her shoulders, stamping her feet. He heard her murmur:

"If I were in your place myself, I should find it, I know!"

"But where?"

"At your office!"

And she looked at him.

An infernal boldness shot from her fiery pupils, and the eye-lids were half-closed with a lascivious and encouraging expression, so that the young man felt himself growing weak beneath the mute will of this woman who was urging him to a crime. He was afraid, and, to avoid all explanations, he struck his forehead and cried:

"Morel is to return to-night! he will not refuse me, I hope" (Morel was one of his friends, the son of a very wealthy merchant), "and I will bring it to you to-morrow," added he.

Emma did not seem to welcome this hope with as much gladness as he had expected. Did she suspect the falsehood? He continued with a blush:

"However, if you should not see me by three o'clock, do not wait later, darling. I must be off now. Excuse me. Adieu!"

He squeezed her hand, but felt it quite limp. Emma had no longer the strength to feel anything.

Four o'clock struck, and she rose to start on her return journey to Yonville, obedient like an automaton to the impulse of habit.

The weather was fine; it was one of those days of the month of March that are clear and harsh, when the sun shines in a perfectly white sky. Rouen people in their Sunday clothes were strolling about with happy air. She reached the Place du Parvis, in front of the Cathe-

dral, which was emptying after vespers. The crowd streamed out through the three portals like a river through the three arches of a bridge, and in the middle, more stationary than a rock, stood the beadle.

She recalled the day when, anxious and full of hopes, she had entered beneath that great nave which stretched away before her, less deep than her love; and she continued to walk, weeping under her veil, dizzy, unsteady on her feet, almost swooning.

"Look out!" cried a voice issuing from a big door that was opening.

She stopped to let pass a black horse, pawing the ground in the shafts of a tilbury driven by a gentleman wearing sables. Who could it be? She knew him. . . . The trap dashed forward and disappeared.

But it was he, the Vicomte! She turned away; the street was deserted. And she was so overwhelmed, so wretched, that she leaned against a wall to keep herself from falling.

Then she reflected that she might have been mistaken. However, she could feel certain of nothing.

Everything, within herself as outside, was abandoning her. She felt herself lost, rolling at hazard in vague abysses; and it was almost with joy that, as she arrived at the Red Cross, she perceived the good Homais, who was superintending the loading on The Swallow of a large box full of pharmaceutical stores. He held in his hand, in a silk handkerchief, six *cheminots* for his spouse.

Mme. Homais was very fond of those little heavy cakes, shaped like a turban, which are eaten in Lent with salt butter: last specimen of Gothic fare, which goes back perhaps to the age of the Crusades, and on which in olden time the hardy Normans were wont to feed, thinking that they saw on the table, by the yellow torchlight, among the jugs of hypocras and the huge joints, heads of Saracens to be devoured. The apothecary's

wife used to enjoy crunching them up as they did, heroically, in spite of her detestably bad teeth; consequently, every time that M. Homais made a journey to the town he did not fail to bring her some, buying them always from the famous maker in the Rue Massacre.

"Charmed to see you!" said he, offering his hand to Emma to assist her to get into The Swallow.

Then he hung up the *cheminots* on the thongs of the rack, and remained with bare head and crossed arms in a pensive and Napoleonic attitude.

But when the blind man, as usual, appeared at the foot of the hill, he cried:

"I do not understand how it is that the authorities still tolerate such culpable industries! These poor wretches ought to be shut up and compelled to do some work! Progress, upon my word of honour, advances with tortoise step! We are plunged in complete barbarism!"

The blind man held out his hat, which swung backward and forward against the side of the door, like a pocket formed by a section of the upholstery becoming unnailed.

"That," said the chemist, "is a scrofulous affection."

And, although he well knew this poor creature, he feigned to see him then for the first time, murmured the words *cornea, opaque cornea, sclerotic, facial expression,* then asked him in a paternal tone:

"Have you suffered long, my friend, from this frightful infirmity? Instead of getting drunk at the tavern, you would do better to observe a strict diet."

He recommended him to take good wine, good beer, good roast joints. The blind man continued his song; he appeared indeed to be almost an idiot. At last M. Homais opened his purse.

"See, there is a halfpenny; give me back a farthing,

and do not forget my recommendations; you will find yourself the better for them."

Hivert permitted himself to express aloud some doubt of their efficacy. But the apothecary guaranteed that he would himself cure him with an antiphlogistic ointment of his own composition, and he gave his address:

"M. Homais, near the market, sufficiently well known."

"Well, for the trouble," said Hivert, "you will give us the performance."

The blind man sank down on his haunches, and, with head thrown back, rolling his greenish eyes and putting out his tongue, he rubbed his stomach with both hands, while emitting a sort of dull howl, like a famishing dog. Emma, seized by disgust, tossed him over her shoulder a five-franc piece. It was her whole wealth. It seemed to her a fine thing to throw it away thus.

The conveyance had started again, when suddenly M. Homais leaned forward out of the window and cried:

"No farinaceous or milk foods! Wool to be worn next the skin, and the diseased parts to be exposed to the fumes of juniper berries."

The sight of the well-known objects as they defiled before her eyes little by little distracted Emma from her present trouble. An intolerable fatigue overwhelmed her, and she reached home worn out, discouraged, almost asleep.

"Let come what will!" said she to herself.

And then, who knows? Why, at any moment, should not there occur some extraordinary event? Lheureux even might die.

At nine in the morning she was awakened by a sound of voices in the square. There was a noisy assemblage collected around the market to read a large placard affixed to one of the pillars, and she saw Justin climb on

a boundary stone and begin to destroy the placard. But at that moment the constable put his hand on his collar. M. Homais came out from the pharmacy, and Mother Lefrançois, in the centre of the crowd, seemed to be delivering a harangue.

"Madame! Madame!" cried Félicité, entering, "it is an abomination!"

And the poor girl, agitated, held out to her a yellow paper which she had just torn off the door. Emma read at a glance that all her furniture was to be sold.

They gazed at each other silently. Servant and mistress, they had no secrets for each other. At last Félicité sighed:

"If I were you, Madame, I should go to M. Guillaumin."

"You think? . . ."

And that interrogation signified:

"You who know the household through the footman, has the master sometimes spoken of me?"

"Yes, go to him; you will do well."

She dressed, put on her black gown and her cloak with beads of jet; and in order that no one should see her (there were still many people in the square), she took the path by the edge of the water outside the village.

She arrived at the lawyer's gate quite out of breath; the sky was gloomy and a little snow was falling.

At the sound of the bell, Theodore, in red waistcoat, appeared on the steps; he came to open to her almost familiarly, as he would have done to an acquaintance, and conducted her into the dining-room.

A large porcelain stove hummed beneath a cactus which filled the niche, and in frames of black wood, against the hangings of oak paper, there was the *Esmeralda* of Steuben, with the *Potiphar* of Schopin. The duly laid table, two silver chafing-dishes, the crystal door-knobs, the floor and the furniture, everything

shone with a scrupulous English cleanness; the window-panes were adorned at each corner by insertions of coloured glass.

"This is a dining-room," thought Emma, "such as I ought to have."

The lawyer entered, clasping his palm-embroidered dressing-gown to his body with his left arm, while with the other hand he raised and quickly put on again his skull-cap of maroon velvet, pretentiously cocked to the right side, where there fell the ends of three locks of fair hair, which, taken up at the occiput, were twisted round his bald head.

After he had offered a seat, he sat down to breakfast, with many apologies for the impoliteness.

"Monsieur," said she, "I would ask you . . ."

"What, Madame? I am listening."

She began to describe her situation.

Master Guillaumin was aware of it, being secretly in league with the draper, who was accustomed to provide him with capital for any mortgage loans which he might be asked to arrange.

Therefore he knew (and better than herself) the long story of those bills, trifling at first, indorsed by various names, spaced at long dates and continually renewed until the day when, gathering up all the protests, the dealer, not wishing to pass for a tiger among his fellow-townsmen, had charged his friend Vinçart to take in his own name the necessary legal proceedings.

She mingled with her recital recriminations against Lheureux, recriminations to which the lawyer replied from time to time by some insignificant word. Eating his cutlet and drinking his tea, he kept his chin thrust down into his sky-blue necktie, which was pierced by two diamond pins united by a little gold chain; and he smiled a peculiar smile, in honeyed and ambiguous manner. But, perceiving that her feet were damp:

"Put them near the stove, then . . . higher . . . against the porcelain."

She feared to make it dirty. The lawyer answered in gallant tone:

"Pretty things spoil nothing."

Then she tried to work on his feelings, and, herself becoming agitated, she came to tell him of the narrowness of her means, her difficulties, her needs. He understood that: a lady of fashion! And, without interrupting his eating, he had turned completely round towards her, so that his knee lightly touched her boot, the sole of which steamed as it was bent against the stove.

But when she asked him for a thousand crowns he compressed his lips, then declared himself exceedingly grieved not to have had the management of her property earlier, for there were a hundred ways in which even a lady might quite easily turn her money to account. Whether in the peat-bogs of Grumesnil or the building-sites of Le Havre, she might have run the almost certain chance of excellent speculations; and he left her to consume herself with rage at the thought of the fabulous sums that she would assuredly have gained.

"How is it," he continued, "that you have never come to me?"

"I hardly know," said she.

"Why, eh? . . . You were very frightened of me, then? It is I, on the contrary, who should complain! We hardly know each other! I am, however, very devoted to you; you no longer doubt it, I hope?"

He stretched out his hand, took hers, covered it with a greedy kiss, then kept it on his knee; and he toyed delicately with her fingers, talking at the same time a great deal of soft nonsense.

His insipid voice murmured gently on, like a flowing brook; a spark gleamed from his pupils through the reflection of his spectacles, and his hands kept slipping up

Emma's sleeve to finger her arm. She could feel against her cheek the breath of a puffing respiration. The man embarrassed her horribly.

She sprang up and said to him:

"Sir, I am waiting!"

"What?" said the lawyer, who suddenly became extremely pale.

"This money."

"But . . ."

Then, yielding to the irruption of an overstrong desire:

"Well, yes! . . ."

He dragged himself on his knees towards her, heedless of his dressing-gown.

"Stay, I implore! I love you!"

He seized her by the waist.

A wave of crimson mounted quickly to Mme. Bovary's face. She drew back with a terrible air, exclaiming:

"You take an impudent advantage of my distress, sir! I am to be pitied, but I am not for sale!"

And she left the room.

The lawyer was left exceedingly astonished, his eyes fixed on his handsome carpet-slippers. They were a love gift. The sight of them at last consoled him. Besides, he reflected that such an adventure might have taken him too far.

"What a wretch! what a blackguard! . . . what an infamy!" said she to herself, flying with nervous foot under the aspens of the road. The disappointment of failure re-enforced the indignation of her outraged modesty; it seemed to her that Providence was bent upon persecuting her, and, her pride rallying, never had she felt so much esteem for herself or so much contempt for others. A kind of warlike spirit transported her. She would have wished to beat men, to spit in their faces, to

pound them all; and she continued to walk rapidly forward, pale, quivering, enraged, searching the empty horizon with tearful eye, and as it were taking delight in the hate which stifled her.

When she perceived her house a torpor seized her. She could not go any farther; she was obliged to do so, however; besides, whither could she fly?

Félicité was waiting for her at the door.

"Well?"

"No," said Emma.

And during a quarter of an hour they both considered the different persons in Yonville who might possibly be disposed to assist her. But every time that Félicité suggested some one, Emma replied:

"It is impossible! They would refuse!"

"And Monsieur, who will be home directly!"

"I know it. . . . Leave me to myself."

She had tried everything. There was nothing more to be done now; and when Charles should appear, therefore, she would have to say to him:

"Go away. This carpet on which you are walking is no longer ours. Of your household you have not a piece of furniture, a pin, a stick, left; and it is I who have ruined you, poor man!"

Then there would be a great sob, then he would weep freely, and finally, the surprise passed, he would forgive.

"Yes," murmured she, grinding her teeth at the thought, "he will forgive me, he who, if he had a million to offer me, would not have enough to excuse himself for ever having known me. . . . Never! never!"

This idea of the superiority of Bovary over herself exasperated her. Then, whether she should confess or not confess, directly, very soon, to-morrow, he would none the less learn the catastrophe; she would be obliged therefore to await that horrible scene and submit to the

burden of his magnanimity. The wish occurred to her to go back to Lheureux; what was the use? To write to her father; it was too late; and perhaps she repented now of not having yielded to the other man, when she heard the trot of a horse in the lane. It was he; he was opening the gate, looking paler than the plaster wall. Springing into the staircase she slipped out quickly by the Place; and the wife of the mayor, who was talking in front of the church with Lestiboudois, saw her enter the tax-collector's house.

She ran to tell it to Mme. Caron. These two ladies ascended to the attic, and, concealed by linen spread out on poles, placed themselves conveniently so as to command a view of the whole interior of Binet's premises.

He was alone in his garret, occupied with the copying in wood of one of those indescribable ivory carvings composed of crescents, of spheres hollowed one out of another, the whole erect like an obelisk, and serving no purpose; and he was commencing the last piece, he was touching the goal! In the half-light of the workshop the pale dust flew from his tool, like an egret of sparks beneath the shoes of a galloping horse; the two wheels turned and hummed. Binet was smiling, with chin lowered, nostrils open, and seemed lost at last in one of those complete joys belonging doubtless only to those mediocre occupations which entertain the mind by easy difficulties, and satisfy it in a realization beyond which there is nothing to long for.

"Ah! there she is!" said Mme. Tuvache.

But it was hardly possible, on account of the lathe, to hear what she was saying.

Finally, these ladies believed they distinguished the word *francs*, and Mother Tuvache whispered in a low voice:

"She is entreating him in order to obtain a delay in the payment of her taxes."

"Evidently!" replied the other.

They saw her walking backward and forward, examining along the walls the serviette rings, the candlesticks, the baluster knobs, while Binet stroked his beard with satisfaction.

"Can she have come to order something from him?" said Mme. Tuvache.

"But he sells nothing!" objected her neighbour.

The tax-collector appeared to be listening, opening his eyes wide as though he did not understand. She continued in a tender, supplicating manner. She drew closer to him; her bosom was heaving; they had ceased talking.

"Is she making advances to him?" said Mme. Tuvache.

Binet was red to the ears. She took his hands.

"Ah! it is too much!"

And doubtless she was proposing to him some abominable thing; for the tax-collector—he was brave, however; he had fought at Bautzen and Lutzen, gone through the French campaign, and even been recommended for the Cross—suddenly, as at the sight of a serpent, sprang back, crying:

"Madame! can you think of it? . . ."

"Women like that ought to be whipped!" said Mme. Tuvache.

"Where is she?" replied Mme. Caron.

For she had disappeared during these words; then, perceiving her passing along the Grande-Rue, and turning to the right as if to gain the cemetery, they lost themselves in conjectures.

. . . . . .

"Mother Rolet," said she, as she arrived at the nurse's house, "I am suffocating! . . . unlace me."

She fell on the bed; she sobbed. Mother Rolet covered her with a skirt and remained standing near her.

Then, as she did not reply, the good woman moved away, took her wheel, and began to spin flax.

"Oh! cease that," she murmured, thinking she still heard Binet's lathe.

"What is troubling her?" the nurse asked herself. "Why does she come here?"

She had rushed there impelled by a sort of terror that drove her from her own house.

Lying on her back, motionless and with eyes fixed, she discerned the surrounding objects vaguely, although she applied her attention to them with an idiot's persistence. She gazed at the scales of plaster peeling from the wall, two sticks in the fire smoking end to end, and a long spider which was crawling in the chink of the beam overhead. At last she collected her ideas. She remembered. . . . One day, with Léon . . . oh, how far away it was! . . . The sun was shining on the river and the clematis plants exhaled their balmy odour. . . . Then, swept along in her memories as in a boiling torrent, she quickly came to remember the previous day.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Mother Rolet went outside, raised the fingers of her right hand in the direction where the sky was clearest, and came in again slowly, saying:

"Three o'clock, soon."

"Ah! thank you, thank you."

For he would come. It was certain! He would have found some money. But perhaps he would go over yonder, without suspecting her presence where she was; and she ordered the nurse to run to her house to bring him.

"Make haste!"

"But, my dear lady, I am going! I am going!"

She was surprised now that she had not thought of him at first; yesterday he had pledged his word, he would not fail to keep it; and she already saw herself at Lheu-

reux's, spreading out on his desk the three bank-notes. Then she would have to invent some story to explain things to Bovary. What?

The nurse, however, was very long in returning. But, as there was no clock in the cottage, Emma feared lest she might be exaggerating to herself the length of the time. She began to take little walks in the garden, at foot's pace. She went into the path along the hedge side, and returned quickly, hoping that the good woman might have come in by another way. Finally, tired of waiting, assailed by suspicions which she repelled, no longer knowing whether she had been there for a century or for a minute, she sat down in a corner and closed her eyes, stopped her ears. The gate grated on its hinges, she made a spring; before she could speak, Mother Rolet had said to her:

"There is no one at your house!"

"What?"

"Oh, nobody! And Monsieur is weeping. He is calling for you. They are seeking you."

Emma answered nothing. She was panting and rolling her eyes about her, while the peasant woman, terrified by her face, instinctively drew back, believing her gone mad. Suddenly she struck her forehead, uttered a cry, for the remembrance of Rodolphe, like a great flash of lightning in a dark night, had come into her mind. He was so kind, so delicate, so generous. And, besides, if he should hesitate to render her this service, she would well know how to constrain him to it by calling up with a single glance of her eye the memory of their lost love. She started, therefore, for La Huchette, without perceiving that she was rushing to offer herself to that which had just before so deeply provoked her indignation, and without the least in the world suspecting this prostitution.

VIII

She asked herself as she walked: "What am I going to say? Where shall I begin?" And at every step of her advance she recognised the bushes, the trees, the sea-rushes on the hill, the mansion below. She found herself feeling over again the sensations of her first love, and her poor cabined heart dilated with them tenderly. A moist wind blew in her face; the snow, as it melted, was falling drop by drop on the grass from the young stems.

She entered, as formerly, by the little park gate, then reached the principal court-yard, bordered by a double row of bushy limes. They were swaying their long branches backward and forward with a whistling sound. The dogs at the kennel all barked, and the uproar of their voices echoed without bringing any one into sight.

She ascended the wide, straight staircase with its wooden balusters, that led to the corridor paved with crumbling flag-stones, upon which there opened several rooms in succession, as in a monastery or an inn. His was quite at the farther end, on the left. When she came to put her hand on the door her strength suddenly abandoned her. She was afraid that he might not be there, hoped it almost; and yet it was her one hope, the last chance of salvation. For a minute she stood composing herself, and, reviving her courage by remembrance of the present necessity, she entered the room.

He was before the fire, with his feet on the fender, occupied in smoking a pipe.

"What! it is you!" said he, rising abruptly.

"Yes, it is I! . . . I want, Rodolphe, to ask your advice."

And, in spite of all her efforts, she found it impossible to open her mouth.

"You have not altered; you are still charming!"

"Oh!" answered she bitterly, "they are poor charms, my friend, since you could disdain them."

Thereupon he commenced an explanation of his conduct, excusing himself in vague terms in default of being able to invent a better story.

She allowed herself to be beguiled by his words, more still by his voice, and by the sight of his person; so that she made a semblance of believing, or possibly did believe, the pretext of their rupture; it was a secret on which depended the honour and even the life of a third person.

"No matter!" said she, looking sadly at him, "I have greatly suffered!"

He replied in a philosophical tone:

"Such is life!"

"Has it at least," continued Emma, "been pleasant for you since our separation?"

"Oh! neither pleasant . . . nor unpleasant."

"Perhaps it would have been better never to have left each other."

"Yes . . . perhaps!"

"You think so?" said she, drawing closer to him.

And she sighed.

"O Rodolphe! if you knew! . . . I have loved you so much!"

At this point she took his hand and they remained for some time with fingers intertwined, as on that first day at the Congress. From a feeling of pride he strove to avoid any display of emotion. But, falling on his breast, she said:

"How could you expect me to live without you? One cannot break one's self of a habit that means happiness! I was in despair! I thought I should die! I will tell you all about it, you will see. And you . . . you have shunned me! . . ."

For during the last three years he had carefully avoided her, out of that natural cowardice which characterizes the stronger sex; and Emma continued, with pretty little gestures of her head, more cajoling than an amorous cat:

"You love other women; confess it. Oh! I understand them, yes! I excuse them; you must have fascinated them as you fascinated me. You are a man, you! you have everything you require to make yourself adored. But we shall begin over again, shall we not? We shall love each other! See, I laugh, I am happy! . . . Speak, then!"

And she was lovely to behold, with her glance in which a tear trembled like the water of a storm in a blue calyx.

He drew her upon his knees, and with the back of his hand caressed the smooth fillets of her hair, on which in the light of the gloaming a last ray of sunlight was reflected like a golden arrow. She inclined her forehead; he ended by kissing her on the eye-lids very gently, with lips that scarcely touched her.

"But you have been weeping!" said he. "Why?"

She burst into sobs. Rodolphe thought that it was the breaking forth of her love. As she was silent, he took her silence for a last bashfulness, and exclaimed:

"Ah! forgive me! You are the only woman I care for. I have been foolish and wicked. I love you, I shall always love you! . . . What is the matter? tell me quickly!"

He went on his knees.

"Well . . . I am ruined, Adolphe! You are going to lend me three thousand francs!"

"But . . . but . . ." said he, rising gradually, while his face assumed a serious expression.

"You know," she continued quickly, "that my husband had deposited his whole fortune in the hands of a lawyer; he absconded. We borrowed; the clients did not pay. However, the realization is not completed; we shall get something later on. But to-day, for want of three thousand francs, we are going to be sold up; it is immediately, at this very moment; and, counting on your friendship, I am come."

"Ah!" thought Rodolphe, who became suddenly very pale, "that is why she has come!"

At last he said with a tranquil air:

"I have not got it, dear Madame."

He was not lying. If he had had it, no doubt but that he would have given it, although it is generally disagreeable to perform such fine actions; a pecuniary demand, of all the tempests which overtake love, being the coldest and most uprooting.

For some minutes at first she continued to look at him.

"You have not got it!"

She repeated several times:

"You have not got it! . . . I might have spared myself this last humiliation. You never loved me! you are no better than the rest!"

She was betraying herself, she was losing her head.

Rodolphe interrupted her, affirming that he happened to be "short of money" himself.

"Ah! I am sorry for you!" said Emma. "Yes, considerably! . . ."

And, fixing her eyes upon a damascened rifle which gleamed in the panoply:

"But, when a man is so poor he does not put silver

on the stock of his gun! He does not buy a clock inlaid with tortoise-shell!" she continued, pointing at the buhl time-piece; "nor plated whistles for his whips"—she touched them—"nor trinkets for his watch! Oh! he wants for nothing! even to a liqueur-stand in his bedroom; for you love yourself, you live well. You have a country-house, farms, woods; you ride to hounds, you take trips to Paris. . . . Eh! were it only that," cried she, picking up his sleeve-links that lay on the mantel-piece, "only the least of these trifles! they can be turned into money! . . . Oh! I do not want them! keep them!"

And she threw far from her the two links, of which the gold chain broke as it struck against the wall.

"But I—I would have given you everything, I would have sold everything, I would have worked with my hands, I would have begged on the roads, for a smile, for a look, to hear you say 'Thank you!' And you sit there tranquilly in your easy chair, as if already you had not caused me enough suffering! Had it not been for you, do you not know, I might have lived happily! What drove you to interfere? Was it a wager? You loved me, nevertheless; you used to say so. . . . And just now again. . . . Ah! you had done better to turn me away! My hands are hot with your kisses, and there is the place, on the carpet, where you swore at my knees an eternity of love. You made me believe it; for two years you led me through the most magnificent and the sweetest of dreams! . . . Hey! our plans of travel, you remember? Oh! your letter, your letter! it broke my heart! . . . And then, when I come back to him, to him, who is rich, happy, free! to implore a succour which the first comer might give, supplicating and bringing to him again all my love, he repulses me, because it would cost him three thousand francs!"

"I have not got it!" answered Rodolphe with that

perfect calm beneath which, as under a shield, a resigned anger takes refuge.

She left the room. The walls were trembling, the ceiling crushed her; and as she passed again through the long lane she stumbled over the heaps of dead leaves scattered by the wind. At length she arrived at the *saut-de-loup* in front of the gate; she broke her nails against the lock, such was her haste to get it open. A hundred paces farther on, out of breath, almost falling, she stopped; and then, turning round, she perceived once again the impassive mansion, with the park, the gardens, the three courts, and all the windows of the front.

She stood lost in bewilderment, and with no longer any consciousness of herself, save through the beating of her arteries, which she fancied she could hear escaping like a deafening music that filled the air. The soil beneath her feet was softer than a lake, and the furrows appeared to her like immense brown waves that broke into foam. All the memories, all the thoughts that were in her head, burst forth at once, at a single bound, like the thousand pieces of a fire-work display. She saw her father, Lheureux's office, their room yonder, another landscape. Madness was seizing her, she was afraid, and succeeded in recovering some possession of herself, in a confused way, it is true; for she did not remember the cause of her horrible condition—that is to say, the question of money. She was only suffering from her love, and felt her soul abandoning her through that recollection, as wounded men, dying, feel existence departing from them through their bleeding wound.

Night was falling; rooks flew hither and thither.

It suddenly seemed to her that small fire-coloured globes were blazing in the air, like fulminating balls flattening themselves out, and were turning, turning, till they melted on the snow among the branches of the

trees. In the middle of each of them the face of Rodolphe appeared. They were multiplied, they came closer to each other, they penetrated her; everything disappeared. She recognised the lights of the houses shining far away in the fog.

Thereupon, her situation, like an abyss, presented itself to her again. She panted till her chest was bursting. Then, in a transport of heroism, which made her almost joyous, she descended the hill at a run, crossed the bridge used by the cows, traversed the path, the lane, the market, and arrived in front of the chemist's shop.

No one was there. She was about to enter; but at the sound of the bell some one might come; and, slipping through the gate, holding her breath, feeling along the walls, she advanced as far as the threshold of the kitchen, where there was burning a candle placed on the range. Justin, in his shirt-sleeves, was carrying a dish.

"Ah! they are at dinner. Let us wait."

He returned. She tapped on the window-pane. He came out.

"The key! that of the room upstairs, where there are the . . ."

"What?"

And he gazed at her, astonished by the pallor of her face, which showed white against the dark background of the night. She appeared to him wonderfully beautiful, and majestic as a spectre; without understanding what she wished, he had a presentiment of something terrible.

But she continued quickly, in a low voice, in a voice that was sweet and melting:

"I want it! give it to me."

As the partition was slender, the noise of the forks on the plates in the dining-room could be heard. She

pretended that she wished to kill the rats which prevented her from sleeping.

"I must inform Monsieur."

"No! stay!"

Then, with an indifferent air:

"Eh! it is not worth while; I will tell him directly. Come, carry a light for me!"

She entered the passage on which the door of the laboratory opened. Against the wall there hung a key labelled *Capharnaum.*

"Justin!" cried the apothecary, who was growing out of patience.

"Let us go up!"

And he followed her.

The key turned in the lock, and she went straight to the third shelf, so well did her memory guide her, seized the blue jar, snatched out its cork, plunged her hand into it, and, drawing it out full of a white powder, she began to eat it.

"Stop!" he cried, throwing himself upon her.

"Silence! they might come . . ."

He was in despair; he wished to call help.

"Say nothing about it; all the blame would fall on your master!"

Then she went home, grown calm suddenly, and almost in the serenity of an accomplished duty.

. . . . . .

When Charles, overwhelmed by the news of the distraint, returned to the house, Emma had just left it. He cried, wept, fainted, but she did not return. Where could she be? He sent Félicité to Homais's, to M. Tuvache's, to Lheureux's, to the Golden Lion, everywhere; and in the intervals of his anguish he beheld his reputation blasted, their fortune lost, Bertha's future ruined! Through what cause? . . . not a word! He waited until six o'clock in the evening. At last, able

to stand it no longer, and imagining her to have started for Rouen, he walked along the high-road, went half a league, met nobody, waited again, and returned home.

She had come in.

"What was the matter? . . . Why? . . . Give me some explanation! . . ."

She sat down at her writing-desk and wrote a letter, which she slowly sealed, adding the date of the day and the hour. Then she said in a solemn tone:

"You will read it to-morrow; between now and then, I beg you, do not ask me a single question! . . . No, not one!"

"But . . ."

"Oh, leave me alone!"

And she lay down at full length on her bed.

A bitter taste which she felt in her mouth awoke her. She saw Charles and closed her eyes again.

She kept watch upon her sensations curiously, in order to know whether she was suffering. But no! nothing yet. She could hear the ticking of the clock, the crackling of the fire, and Charles's breathing as he stood near her couch.

"Ah, it is indeed a trifling thing, death!" thought she. "I am about to go to sleep, and all will be at an end!"

She took a draught of water and turned her face to the wall.

That frightful taste of ink persisted.

"I am thirsty! . . . oh, I am so thirsty!" she sighed.

"What is the matter with you?" said Charles, holding out a glass to her.

"It is nothing! . . . Open the window . . . I am suffocating!"

And she was attacked by so sudden a nausea that she

had scarcely time to seize her handkerchief under the pillow.

"Take it away!" said she quickly; "throw it down!"

He questioned her; she did not answer. She held herself motionless, fearing that the least movement might cause her to vomit. In the meantime she could feel an icy coldness mounting from her feet towards her heart.

"Ah, now it is beginning!" she murmured.

"What do you say?"

She rolled her head with a gentle movement full of anguish, at the same time continually opening her jaws as though there had been something very heavy pressing down upon her tongue. At eight o'clock the vomitings recommenced.

Charles noticed that there was at the bottom of the basin a sort of white grit, attached to the sides of the porcelain.

"It is extraordinary! it is most peculiar!" he repeated.

But she said in a loud voice:

"No, you are mistaken!"

Thereupon, softly and almost like a caress, he passed his hand over her body. She uttered a piercing scream. He started back, terrified.

Then she began to groan, feebly at first. A deep shudder shook her shoulders, and she became paler than the sheet in which her nervous fingers were burying themselves. Her irregular pulse was now almost imperceptible.

Drops of sweat oozed over her bluish face, which seemed as it were congealed in the exhalation of a metallic vapour. Her teeth chattered, her eyes, grown larger, gazed vaguely around her, and to every question she only replied by nodding her head; two or three times

she even smiled. Little by little her groans became louder. A hollow shriek escaped her; she maintained that she was better, and that she would get up very soon. But convulsions seized her; she cried out:

"Ah! it is cruel, my God!"

He threw himself upon his knees by the bedside.

"Speak! What have you eaten? Answer, in Heaven's name!"

And he looked at her with eyes of tenderness such as she had never seen.

"Ah, well, there . . . there!" she said, in a failing voice.

He sprang to the writing-desk, broke the seal, and read aloud: "Let no one be accused . . ." He stopped, passed his hand over his eyes, and read over again.

"What! . . . Help! help!"

And he could only repeat the one word: "Poisoned! poisoned!" Félicité ran across to Homais, who exclaimed it in the square; Mme. Lefrançois heard it at the Golden Lion; some people rose from their beds to inform their neighbours of the fact, and all night the village was awake.

Distracted, stammering, almost falling, Charles wandered about the room. He knocked against the furniture, plucked out his hair, and never had the chemist imagined that there could be so terrible a spectacle.

He returned to his own house to write to M. Canivet and to Dr. Larivière. He lost his head; he made more than fifteen rough drafts. Hippolyte started for Neufchâtel, and Justin rode Bovary's horse so hard that he left it on the hill of the Bois-Guillaume, foundered and three parts dead.

Charles was anxious to hunt through the pages of his medical dictionary; he could not see to read; the lines danced.

"We must be calm!" said the apothecary. "The

sole point is to administer some powerful antidote. What is the poison?"

Charles showed the letter. It was arsenic.

"Very well," continued Homais, "we shall have to make an analysis of it."

For he was aware that in all cases of poisoning an analysis must be made; and the other, who did not comprehend, replied:

"Ah! make it! make it! Save her! . . ." Then, having returned to her side, he sank to the ground on the carpet, and remained with head resting against the edge of the bed, sobbing.

"Do not weep!" she said to him. "Soon I shall no longer torment you!"

"Why? What has driven you to it?"

She answered:

"It had to be, my dear."

"Were you not happy? Is it my fault? I have done all I could, however!"

"Yes . . . that is true . . . you are kind, you!"

And she passed her fingers through his hair slowly. The sweetness of this sensation placed an additional burden on his grief; he felt his whole existence crumbling with despair at the thought that he must lose her at the moment when, on the contrary, she was confessing for him more love than ever before; and he could think of nothing to do; he did not know, did not dare, the urgency of an immediate decision completing his confusion.

She had done, she reflected, with all the betrayals, the meannesses and the numberless longings that had been wont to torture her. She hated no one now; a twilit chaos fell over her mind, and of all the sounds of earth Emma heard no longer any save the intermittent lamentation of that poor soul, gentle and indistinct like the last echo of a symphony that is dying away.

"Bring the little one to me," she said, raising herself on her elbow.

"You are not feeling worse, are you?" asked Charles.

"No! no!"

The child arrived in her nurse's arms, in her long night-dress, from beneath which her bare feet projected, serious and still almost dreaming. She gazed with astonishment at the room all in disorder, and blinked her eyes, dazzled by the candles that were burning about the chamber. They recalled to her, no doubt, the mornings of New Years' days or of mid-Lent, when, awakened early in the same manner by candle-light, she used to go into her mother's bed to receive her present, for she at once said:

"Where is it, mamma?"

And as everybody was silent:

"But I do not see my little shoe!"

Félicité leaned with her towards the bed, while she still looked in the direction of the mantel-piece.

"Is it nurse who has taken it?" she asked.

And at that name, which carried her back to the remembrance of her adulteries and her misfortunes, Mme. Bovary turned her head aside, as at the horrible taste of another and a stranger poison that came back into her mouth. Bertha, however, stayed in the place where she had been laid on the bed.

"Oh! how big your eyes are, mamma! how pale you are! how you are perspiring! . . ."

Her mother gazed at her.

"I am afraid!" said the child, drawing back.

Emma took her hand to kiss it; she struggled against her.

"Enough! Let her be taken away!" cried Charles, who was sobbing in the alcove.

After this the symptoms ceased for a short time; she

seemed less agitated; and at every insignificant word, at each breath which her bosom drew a little more calmly, he took fresh hope. At last, when Canivet entered, he threw himself into his arms, weeping.

"Ah! it is you! Thank you! You are kind! But everything is improving. See, look at her . . ."

His colleague was by no means of this opinion, and, as he said himself, not being one to beat about the bush, he prescribed an emetic, in order to set the stomach quite free.

It was not long before she began to vomit blood. Her lips became more tightly compressed. Her limbs fidgeted restlessly, her body was covered with brown spots, and her pulse slipped under the fingers like a tightly stretched thread, like a harp-string about to snap.

Next she began to scream horribly; she cursed the poison, abused it, besought it to make haste, and with her stiffened arms pushed away everything that Charles, in an agony greater than her own, strove to make her drink. He was standing, with his handkerchief at his lips and a hoarse rattle in his throat, weeping, and suffocated by sobs which shook him to the heels. Félicité ran hither and thither about the room. Homais, motionless, heaved deep sighs, and M. Canivet, still preserving his assurance, began nevertheless to feel disturbed.

"The deuce! . . . and yet . . . her stomach is cleared, and once the cause ceases . . ."

"The effect must cease," said Homais; "it is obvious."

"But save her!" exclaimed Bovary.

Accordingly, without paying heed to the chemist, who hazarded once more this hypothesis, "It is perhaps a salutary paroxysm," Canivet was about to administer a theriac when the crack of a whip was heard;

all the window-panes rattled, and a post-chaise, whirled along by three horses abreast, spattered with mud to their ears, came dashing round the corner of the market. It was Dr. Larivière.

The apparition of a god would not have caused a greater flutter. Bovary raised his hands, Canivet stopped short, and Homais removed his skull-cap before the doctor had entered the room.

He belonged to the great school of surgeons issued from the apron of Bichat; to that generation, now disappeared, of philosophical practitioners who, cherishing their art with fanatical love, exercised it with enthusiasm and sagacity! Everything in his hospital trembled when he was angry, and his pupils revered him so much that they strove, as soon as they were themselves established, to imitate him as far as possible; so that one found again on them, scattered through the neighbouring towns, his long merino ulster and his roomy black coat, the unbuttoned cuffs of which partly covered his fleshy hands, very beautiful hands, that never wore gloves, as though in order to be the more ready to relieve the suffering they plunged among. Disdainful of decorations, of titles, and of academies, hospitable, liberal, paternal with the poor, and practising virtue without believing in it, he might almost have passed for a saint had the subtlety of his intellect not caused him to be feared like a demon. His glance, more cutting than his bistouries, penetrated straight into your soul and, piercing through allegation and bashfulness, disjointed every lie. And thus he moved through life, full of that good-natured majesty which is bestowed by the consciousness of great talent, wealth, and forty years of a laborious and irreproachable existence.

He frowned as he crossed the threshold and perceived Emma's corpse-like face, as she lay on her back with her mouth open. Then, while seeming to listen

to Canivet, he rubbed his nostrils with his first finger, and said repeatedly:

"Very well, very well."

But he made a slow gesture with his shoulders; Bovary noticed it; they looked at each other; and this man, so accustomed nevertheless to the spectacle of grief, could not keep back a tear, which fell on his shirt-frill.

He wished to take Canivet into the next room. Charles followed him.

"She is very ill, is she not? Suppose we were to try mustard plasters? I know not what! Do think of something, you who have saved so many lives!"

Charles had thrown both arms about his body and was gazing at him in a scared, supplicating way, half fainting on his breast.

"Come, my poor fellow, courage! There is nothing more to be done."

And Dr. Larivière turned his face away.

"You are going?"

"I shall come back."

He went out as if to give an order to the postillion, with M. Canivet, who was not anxious, either, to see Emma die under his care.

The chemist rejoined them in the square. He was incapable, by temperament, of parting from celebrated persons. Therefore he implored M. Larivière to do him the signal honour of accepting his invitation to luncheon.

A messenger was quickly despatched to the Golden Lion for pigeons, to the butcher's for all the cutlets he could send, to Tuvache's for cream, to Lestiboudois for eggs, and the apothecary himself assisted in the preparations, while Mme. Homais said, as she tightened the strings of her bodice:

"You will have to excuse us, sir, for in our unfortunate district, if notice is not given the evening before . . ."

"The glasses with feet!!!" whispered Homais.

"If we lived in a town we should have at least the resource of stuffed pigs' feet."

"Cease talking! . . . To table, doctor!"

He deemed fit, after the first mouthfuls, to furnish some details of the catastrophe:

"We had at first a feeling of dryness in the pharynx, then intolerable pains in the epigastrium, superpurgation, coma."

"How did she poison herself, then?"

"I have no idea, doctor, and I hardly know even where she can have procured that arsenious acid."

Justin, who at the moment was carrying a pile of plates, was seized by a violent trembling.

"What is the matter with you?" said the chemist.

The young man at this question let the whole lot fall to the ground with a great clatter.

"Imbecile!" cried Homais, "clumsy fellow! blockhead! stupid donkey!"

But suddenly, controlling himself:

"I wished, doctor, to attempt an analysis, and, *primo*, I carefully put into a tube . . ."

"It would have been better," said the surgeon, "to put your fingers down her throat."

His colleague made no remark, having just before received privately a severe rebuke with respect to his emetic, so that the good Canivet, so arrogant and verbose upon the occasion of the club-foot, was very modest to-day; he smiled uninterruptedly in an approving way.

Homais expanded in his pride as host, and the painful thought of Bovary contributed vaguely to his pleasure, by a selfish return which he made upon himself. The presence of the doctor, too, transported him. He displayed his erudition, he cited pell-mell cantharides, the upas, the manchineel-tree, the adder:

"And I have even read that different persons have been known to be intoxicated, doctor, and, as it were, struck down, by puddings which had been submitted to an excessively powerful fumigation. At least, so it is related in a very fine report, composed by one of our most leading pharmacists, one of our masters, the illustrious Cadet de Gassicourt!"

Mme. Homais reappeared, bearing one of those shaky contrivances that you heat with spirits of wine; for Homais insisted upon making his coffee on the table, having, moreover, roasted it himself, ground it himself, and himself mixed it.

"*Saccharum*, doctor," said he, offering the sugar.

Then he caused all his children to be brought downstairs, anxious to have the surgeon's opinion on their constitutions.

At length, M. Larivière was about to start, when Mme. Homais asked for a consultation about her husband. He was making too much blood [*sang*] by going to sleep every evening after dinner.

"Oh, it is not his wits [*sens*] that are a trouble to him."

And, smiling a little at the unnoticed pun, the doctor opened the door. But the pharmacy was overflowing with people; and he had great difficulty in getting rid of M. Tuvache, who feared an inflammation of the lungs for his wife, because she had a habit of spitting in the fire; then of M. Binet, who had been experiencing unaccountably violent feelings of hunger; and of Mme. Caron, who had itchings; of Lheureux, who had attacks of dizziness; of Lestiboudois, who had rheumatism; of Mme. Lefrançois, who suffered from acidity of the stomach. At last the three horses trotted off, and it was the general opinion that he had not shown much civility.

The public attention was distracted by the appear-

ance of M. Bournisien, who was passing through the market with the holy oils.

Homais, as his principles demanded, compared priests to carrion-crows which are attracted by the odour of death; the sight of an ecclesiastic was to him personally disagreeable, for the cassock made him think of the shroud, and he execrated the one a little through fear of the other.

Nevertheless, not recoiling before what he called his mission, he returned to Bovary's house in company with Canivet, whom M. Larivière, before leaving, had strongly urged to that course; and, had it not been for the remonstrances of his wife, he would even have taken with him his two sons, in order to accustom them to painful circumstances, that it might be a lesson, an example, a solemn picture, that should remain later in their minds.

The bed-chamber, when they entered, was full of a lugubrious solemnity. On the work-table, covered by a white napkin, were five or six little balls of cotton-wool in a silver plate, near a large crucifix, between two burning candlesticks. Emma, her chin sunk on her breast, lay with open, staring eyes; and her poor hands were wandering over the sheets with that hideous and gentle movement of dying people who seem to wish already to cover themselves with the shroud. Pale as a statue, and with eyes red like burning coals, Charles, tearless, stood opposite her at the foot of the bed, while the priest, on one knee, was muttering low words.

She slowly turned her face, and appeared smitten with joy when she suddenly saw the violet stole, doubtless discovering in the midst of an extraordinary appeasement the lost delight of her first mystical transports, together with commencing visions of eternal blessedness.

The priest rose to take up the crucifix; she stretched

out her neck like one who is thirsty, and, gluing her lips upon the body of the Man-God, with all her dying strength she lodged there the most burning kiss of love that she had ever given. Next he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, dipped his right thumb in the oil, and commenced the unctions; first on the eyes, that had so eagerly desired all earthly sumptuousnesses; then on the nostrils, so fond of warm breezes and amorous scents; then on the mouth, that had opened for falsehood, that had sighed with arrogance and screamed in sensual delights; then on the hands, that had taken pleasure in sweet caresses; and, finally, on the soles of the feet, so swift formerly when she ran towards the satiating of her desires, and that now would walk no more.

The curé wiped his fingers, threw into the fire the bits of wadding that had been dipped in the oil, and returned to seat himself near the dying woman, to tell her that now she must unite her sufferings with those of Jesus Christ and abandon herself to the divine mercy.

At the conclusion of his exhortations he tried to put in her hand a consecrated taper, symbol of the celestial glories by which, directly, she was about to be surrounded. Emma, too weak, could not close her fingers, and, but for M. Bournisien, the taper would have fallen to the floor.

Nevertheless, she was no longer so pale, and her face wore an expression of serenity, as if the sacrament had cured her.

The priest did not fail to point out the fact: he even explained to Bovary that the Lord sometimes prolonged people's existence when he deemed it advisable for their salvation; and Charles remembered a day when, near death once before, she had received the communion.

"It was perhaps not necessary to despair," thought he.

In truth, she looked all round her, slowly, like one waking from a dream; then, in an indistinct voice, she asked for her looking-glass, and remained bowed over it for some time, until big tears flowed from her eyes. Then she threw back her head with a sigh and fell back on the pillow.

Her chest began immediately to heave rapidly. The whole tongue protruded from her mouth; her eyes, as they rolled about, grew pale like two globes of a dying lamp, till she might have been thought already dead had it not been for the frightful acceleration in the movement of the ribs, which were shaken by a furious breathing, as if the soul were making leaps to set itself free. Félicité knelt before the crucifix, and the chemist himself wavered a little on his legs, while M. Canivet looked vaguely out of the window into the square. Bournisien had again fallen to praying, his face bowed over the edge of the bed, and his long, black cassock dragging behind him on the floor of the room. Charles was at the other side, on his knees, with his arms stretched out towards Emma. He had taken her hands and was pressing them, as at each beat of her heart they gave a jump like the rebound of a falling ruin. As the death-rattle grew louder, the priest quickened his prayers; they mingled with Bovary's stifled sobs, and sometimes everything seemed to be lost in the dull murmur of the Latin words, which sounded like the tolling of a death-knell.

Suddenly there was heard on the pavement outside a noise of heavy wooden shoes, together with the scraping sound of a stick; and a voice came up, a hoarse voice, that was singing:

"Souvent la chaleur d'un beau jour
Fait rêver fillette à l'amour."

Emma raised herself like a corpse that is galvanized, her hair in disorder, the pupils of her eyes fixed, and dilated wide.

"Pour amasser diligemment
Les épis que la faux moissonne,
Ma Nanette va s'inclinant
Vers le sillon qui nous les donne."

"The blind man!" cried she.

And Emma burst into laughter, cruel, frantic, despairing laughter, fancying that she could see the hideous face of the poor wretch standing out in the eternal darkness like a crowning terror.

"Il souffla bien fort ce jour-là
Et le jupon court s'envola!"

A convulsion flung her back on the mattress. All drew nearer. She had ceased to exist.

IX

After the death of any one there is always produced as it were a stupefaction, so difficult is it to realize that unexpected coming of nothingness and to resign one's self to accept it. When he perceived her motionless, Charles threw himself upon her, crying:

"Adieu! adieu!"

Homais and Canivet drew him out of the room.

"Control yourself!"

"Yes," he said, with a struggle, "I will be reasonable. I will do no harm. But leave me! I want to see her! she is my wife!"

And he shed tears.

"Weep," observed the chemist, "give a free rein to Nature; it will relieve you!"

Become weaker than a child, Charles suffered himself to be led downstairs into the dining-room, and M. Homais soon returned to his own home.

In the square he was accosted by the blind man, who, having dragged himself as far as Yonville in the hope of the antiphlogistic ointment, was asking of every passer-by where the apothecary lived.

"Well, indeed! as if I had not other fish to fry! Ah! so much the worse; come back later on!"

And he went on hurriedly into the pharmacy.

He had to write two letters, to prepare a soothing draught for Bovary, to find a suitable lie to conceal the suicide and to write it out in the form of an article for the *Beacon*, without counting the people who were waiting

for him in order to procure information; and when the Yonville folk had all heard his story of arsenic, which she had mistaken for sugar in making a vanilla cream, Homais once more returned to Bovary's.

He found him alone (M. Canivet had just left), sitting in the easy chair near the window, and contemplating with an idiotic stare the tiles of the dining-room floor.

"You ought now," said the apothecary, "yourself to fix the time for the ceremony."

"Why? What ceremony?"

Then, in a stammering and terrified voice:

"Oh! no, it cannot be! no, I wish to keep her."

Homais, to keep himself in countenance, took up a glass jug from the sideboard to water the geraniums.

"Ah! thank you," said Charles, "you are kind!"

And he did not finish, suffocating under the weight of a multitude of memories which this act of the chemist recalled to him.

At this point, in order to distract him, Homais deemed it appropriate to talk a little horticulture, plants required moisture. Charles bent his head in token of assent.

"However, the fine weather will soon be returning."

"Ah!" said Bovary.

The apothecary, at the end of his ideas, began gently to draw aside the small window-curtains.

"Look, I see M. Tuvache passing."

Charles repeated like a machine:

"M. Tuvache passing."

Homais did not dare speak to him again of the funeral arrangements; it was the priest who finally succeeded in prevailing upon him to decide about them.

He shut himself in his consulting-room, took a pen, and, after having sobbed for some time, wrote:

"I wish her to be buried in her wedding-gown, with white shoes, and a wreath on her head. Her hair shall be spread over her shoulders; three coffins, one of oak, one of mahogany, one of lead. Let no one speak to me; I shall have strength. Over the whole a large piece of green velvet shall be laid. I wish it. Let it be so done."

His friends were greatly astonished by Bovary's romantic ideas, and the chemist immediately went and said to him:

"This velvet appears to me a superfluity. The expense, moreover . . ."

"Does that matter to you?" cried Charles. "Leave me alone! You did not love her! Go away!"

The ecclesiastic put his arm in his to take him for a little walk in the garden. He discoursed on the vanity of earthly things. God was very great, very good; we ought to submit ourselves without murmuring to his decrees, even to thank him.

Charles burst out into blasphemies.

"I hold him in execration, your God!"

"The spirit of rebellion is still in you," sighed the priest.

Bovary was far away. He walked with great strides along the length of the wall, near the espalier, and he gnashed his teeth, he cast upward to the sky glances that were curses; but not even a single leaf stirred for them.

A fine rain was falling. Charles, whose chest was bare, began at last to shiver; he went into the house and sat in the kitchen.

At six o'clock a clatter of old iron was heard in the square; it was The Swallow arriving; and he stood with his forehead against the window-panes, watching all the passengers alight one after the other. Félicité spread a

mattress for him in the parlour; he threw himself down upon it and fell asleep.

. . . . . .

Although a philosopher, M. Homais respected the dead. Accordingly, without bearing poor Charles any malice, he came back in the evening to watch by the body, bringing with him three volumes and a portfolio in order to take notes.

M. Bournisien was there, and two large wax tapers were burning at the head of the bed, which had been drawn out of the alcove.

The apothecary, on whom the silence weighed, was not long before he formulated some expressions of pity for "this unfortunate young woman," and the priest answered that there was nothing to be done now except to pray for her.

"Nevertheless," continued Homais, "of two things one: either she died in a state of grace (as the Church calls it), and in this case she has no need of our prayers; or, on the other hand, she departed impenitent (that is, I believe, the ecclesiastical expression), and, in that case . . ."

Bournisien interrupted him, answering in surly tone that it was none the less necessary to pray for her.

"But," objected the chemist, "since God knows all our needs, of what use can prayer be?"

"What!" exclaimed the priest, "prayer! You are not, then, a Christian?"

"Pardon me!" said Homais. "I admire Christianity. In the first place, it has abolished slavery, brought into the world a code of morals . . ."

"That is not the question! All the texts . . ."

"Oh! oh! as for texts, open your history; it is known that they have been falsified by the Jesuits."

Charles entered, and advancing towards the bed, slowly drew back the curtains.

Emma's head was leaning on her right shoulder. The corner of her mouth, which remained open, formed, as it were, a black hole in the lower part of her face; the two thumbs were bent into the palm of the hands; a sort of white dust besprinkled her lashes, and her eyes were commencing to disappear in a viscous paleness which resembled a fine web, as if spiders had been spinning over them. The curve of the sheet fell away from her breast to her knees, rising again therefrom to the tips of her great-toes; and it seemed to Charles that infinite masses, that a huge weight, crushed her down.

The church clock struck two. You could hear the heavy murmur of the river which flowed in the darkness, at the foot of the terrace. M. Bournisien from time to time blew his nose vigorously, and Homais's pen scratched as it travelled over the paper.

"Come, my good friend," said he, "do leave the room; this spectacle rends your heart!"

Once Charles had gone, the chemist and the curé resumed their discussions.

"Read Voltaire!" said the one; "read d'Holbach, read the *Encyclopædia*!"

"Read the *Letters of Certain Portuguese Jews!*" said the other; "read the *Reasonableness of Christianity*, by Nicolas, a retired magistrate!"

They grew angry, they were red in the face; they spoke both at the same time, without listening to one another; Bournisien professed himself scandalized by such audacity; Homais marvelled at such stupidity; and they were not far from insulting each other when Charles suddenly reappeared. A fascination drew him. He kept continually coming upstairs.

He would place himself opposite her in order to see her more clearly and lose himself in contemplation which was so deep that it ceased to be painful.

He recalled stories of catalepsy, the miracles of magnetism, and he told himself that by willing it strongly he might succeed perhaps in restoring her to life. Once, even, he leaned towards her and cried in a low voice: "Emma! Emma!" His breath, exhaled with force, caused the flames of the tapers to flicker against the wall.

Early in the morning, soon after dawn, old Mme. Bovary arrived. Charles, when he embraced her, had a fresh burst of weeping. She attempted, as the chemist had done, to make some remarks to him upon the expenses of the interment. He flew into such a passion that she was silenced, and he even charged her to go immediately to the town to buy what was required.

Charles remained alone all the afternoon; Bertha had been taken to Mme. Homais's, Félicité stayed upstairs, in the bed-room, with Mme. Lefrançois.

In the evening he received visitors. He rose, pressed your hands without speaking; then you sat down with the rest, who formed a big half-circle in front of the hearth. With faces bent and thighs crossed they swung their legs backward and forward, heaving deep sighs at intervals; and every one was bored beyond measure; it was, however, who should stay longest.

Homais, when he returned at nine o'clock (for two days it had been impossible to look into the square without seeing him), was laden with a supply of camphor, of benzoin, and of aromatic herbs. He brought also a jar full of chloride of lime, to banish any foul air. At that moment the servant, Mme. Lefrançois, and old Mme. Bovary were busy around Emma, finishing dressing her; and they drew down the long, stiff veil which covered her to her satin shoes.

Félicité was sobbing:

"Ah! my poor mistress! my poor mistress!"

"Look at her," said the landlady of the inn with a

sigh; "how pretty she is still! One would swear that she was going to get up directly."

Then they stooped to put on her wreath.

They had to raise her head a little, and as they did so, a flood of black liquids issued, like a vomiting, from her mouth.

"Ah! *mon Dieu!* the dress—take care!" cried Mme. Lefrançois. "Help us, then!" said she to the chemist. "Are you afraid, perhaps?"

"I, afraid?" he retorted, shrugging his shoulders. "Likely indeed! I have seen worse things than that at the hospital when I was studying pharmacy! We used to make punch in the dissecting-room! Death does not terrify a philosopher; and I even intend, as I often say, to bequeath my body to the hospital, in order to be of service afterward to Science."

On his arrival the curé inquired after Monsieur's health, and, when he had heard the apothecary's reply, he remarked:

"The blow, you see, is still too recent!"

Whereupon Homais congratulated him on not being liable, like everybody else, to lose a cherished companion; whence there arose a discussion on the celibacy of the priesthood.

"For," said the chemist, "it is not natural for a man to do without women! There have been crimes . . ."

"But then, *sabre de bois!*" cried the ecclesiastic, "how do you expect a married man to be able to preserve, for instance, the secrecy of the confessional?"

Homais attacked confession. Bournisien defended it; he dilated upon the restitutions which it caused to be effected. He cited different anecdotes of thieves suddenly become honest men. Soldiers, upon approaching the tribunal of penitence, had felt the scales drop from their eyes. At Fribourg there was a minister . . ."

His companion had fallen asleep. So, feeling the

too-heavy atmosphere of the room rather suffocating, he opened the window, which woke the chemist.

"Come, a pinch!" said he to him. "Take one; it dispels fatigue."

A continuous barking came somewhere out of the distance.

"Do you hear a dog howling?" said the chemist.

"It is said that they scent the dead," answered the ecclesiastic. "It is the same with bees: they quit the hive when people die."

Homais allowed these superstitions to pass without criticism, for he was asleep again.

M. Bournisien, more robust, continued for some time to move his lips as he murmured the words of his prayers under his breath; then, by imperceptible degrees, his chin dropped, his thick black book slipped from his hand, and he began to snore.

They sat fronting each other, with protruding bellies, puffy faces, and a scowling look, after so much disaccord united at last in the same human weakness; and they made no more movement than the corpse by their side, which seemed as though it slept.

Charles, when he came in, did not wake them. It was the last time. He had come to bid her good-bye.

The aromatic herbs were still smoking, and clouds of bluish vapour mingled at the window with the fog which was coming in. There were a few stars, and the night was warm.

The wax of the tapers fell in big tears on the sheets of the bed. Charles watched them burn, tiring his eyes with the gleam of their yellow flames.

Waterings in the material gave the effect of a shuddering over the surface of the satin gown, white as moonlight. Emma disappeared beneath; and it seemed to him that, expanding outside herself, she was lost confusedly in the environment of things, in the silence, in

the night, in the passing wind, in the damp odours that rose in the air.

Then, suddenly, he saw her as she was in the garden at Tostes, on the bench, against the thorn hedge, or again at Rouen in the streets, on the threshold of their house, in the yard of Les Bertaux. He heard once more the laughter of the lads as they danced under the apple-trees; the room was full of the perfume of her hair, and her dress rustled in his arms with a crackling like that of sparks. It was the same—that one there!

He stood long occupied thus in recalling to mind all the vanished blisses, her attitudes, her gestures, the tone of her voice. After one despair came another, and another, constantly, inexhaustibly, like the waves of a surging tide.

He felt a terrible curiosity; slowly, with the tips of his fingers, his heart throbbing, he raised her veil. But he uttered a cry of horror which awoke the two others. They hurried him away downstairs into the dining-room.

Then Félicité came to say that he wished to have some locks of her hair.

"Cut them!" answered the apothecary.

And, as she did not dare, he stepped forward himself, scissors in hand. He trembled so much that he pricked the skin of the temples in several places. Finally, resisting his emotion, Homais gave two or three great snips at hazard, which left white marks among the beautiful black hair.

The chemist and the curé plunged afresh into their occupations, not without sleeping from time to time, of which each accused the other at every new awakening. Then M. Bournisien would sprinkle the chamber with holy-water and Homais throw a little chloride of lime on the floor.

Félicité had been careful to put for them, on the drawers, a bottle of brandy, a cheese, and a large cake.

The apothecary accordingly, who was completely worn out by fatigue, at about four o'clock in the morning, sighed:

"Really, I could take some refreshment with pleasure."

The priest did not require persuasion; he went out to say his mass and returned; then they ate and drank, chuckling a little over it, without knowing why, excited by that vague gaiety which takes one after spells of gloom; and at the last glass the priest said to the chemist, tapping him on the shoulder:

"We shall end by understanding one another!"

They met downstairs, in the hall, the workmen coming in. For the next two hours Charles had to endure the agony of listening to the hammer as it resounded on the boards. Then they brought her down in her oak coffin, which they proceeded to inclose in the two others; but as the outer coffin was too large the interstices had to be filled up with the wool of a mattress. Finally, when the three lids had been polished, nailed down, and soldered, it was exposed to public view in front of the door: the house was thrown open, and the people of Yonville commenced to flock in.

Old M. Rouault arrived. He fainted away in the square when he perceived the black pall.

X

He had only received the chemist's letter thirty-six hours after the event; and, out of consideration for his sensibility, M. Homais had phrased it in such a manner that it was impossible to be sure how much it meant.

The good man at first dropped down as if stricken by apoplexy. Afterward he interpreted it to mean that she was not dead. But she might be. . . . Finally, he had put on his blouse, taken his hat, fastened a spur on his boot and had set out at full gallop; and, all the way, old Rouault, breathless, was consumed with grief. Once, even, he was obliged to dismount. He could not see in front of him; he heard voices around him; he felt himself going mad.

The day dawned. He noticed three black hens roosting in a tree; he started, terrified by the portent. Then he vowed to the Holy Virgin three chasubles for the church, and that he would go barefoot from the cemetery of Les Bertaux to the chapel of Vassonville.

He rode into Maromme, hailing the people at the inn, burst open the door with a thrust of his shoulder, sprang to the oat sack, poured into the manger a bottle of sweet cider, and again bestrode his nag, which made the sparks fly under its hoofs.

He told himself that she would doubtless be saved; the doctors would discover a remedy, it was certain. He recalled all the miraculous cures of which he had heard.

Then she would appear before him, dead. She was

there before his eyes, stretched on her back, in the middle of the road. He drew rein and the hallucination vanished.

At Quincampoix, to give himself courage, he drank three coffees, one after the other.

He fancied that the person who had written to him might have made a mistake in the name. He put his hand in his pocket for the letter, felt it there, but dared not open it.

He tried to imagine that perhaps it was a joke, some one's revenge, the freak of a man in a merry mood, and, besides, if she was dead, would there be nothing to show it? But no! the country made no sign of anything extraordinary; the sky was blue, the trees swayed; a flock of sheep passed. He perceived the village; people saw him as he hastened, leaning forward on his horse which he was thrashing with great strokes and whose girths were dripping with blood.

When he had regained consciousness he fell weeping into Bovary's arms:

"My daughter! Emma! my child! explain to me . . ."

And the other answered with sobs:

"I do not know, I do not know! it is a malediction!"

The apothecary separated them.

"These horrible details are useless. I will give every information to Monsieur. Here comes the company. Let us show some dignity, what the deuce! some philosophy!"

The poor fellow wished to appear strong, and repeated several times:

"Yes . . . courage!"

"Very well," cried the old man, "I will take courage, *nom d'un tonnerre de Dieu!* I will accompany her to the end."

The bell was tolling. Everything was ready. It was time to start.

And, seated in a stall of the choir, next each other, they saw passing and repassing before them continually the choristers chanting psalms. The serpent-player blew with all his might. M. Bournisien, in great magnificence, was intoning in a shrill voice; he bowed before the tabernacle, raised his hands, stretched out his arms. Lestiboudois moved about in the church with his lath of whalebone; near the reading-desk, the bier reposed between four rows of wax candles. Charles would have liked to get up and extinguish them.

He strove, however, to move himself to devout feeling, to soar to the hope of a future life in which he should see her again. He imagined her away on a journey, very far off, long gone. But when he reflected that in fact she was under that thing, and that all was ended, that she was about to be carried out and left in the earth, he was thrown into a wild, black, despairing rage. Sometimes he thought that he no longer felt anything; and he relished this mitigation of his grief while at the same time, on account of it, reproaching himself for a wretch.

What sounded like the sharp tap of an iron-shod stick was heard on the flag-stones, striking them at regular intervals. It came from the far end, and stopped short at the lower side of the church. A man in a coarse brown jacket knelt down with difficulty. It was Hippolyte, the hostler of the Golden Lion. He had put on his new leg.

One of the choristers came round the nave to take up a collection, and the copper pieces, one after another, rang in the silver plate.

"Make haste, then! I am suffering, I!" cried Bovary, throwing a five-franc piece to him angrily.

The churchman thanked him with a deep bow.

They sang, they knelt, they got up again; the thing was endless! He remembered that once, in the early days of their marriage, they had attended mass together and had occupied places on the other side, to the right, against the wall. The bell began again. There was a great moving of chairs. The bearers slipped their three poles under the bier and the company left the church.

At that moment Justin appeared on the threshold of the pharmacy. He went in again suddenly, pale, and unsteady on his feet.

People were at the windows to see the funeral procession go by. Charles walked in front, with his shoulders well back. He affected a brave air and greeted with a nod those who, issuing from the by-streets or from the door-ways, joined the crowd.

The six men, three on each side, walked with slow step, and panted a little. The priests, the choristers, and the two choir-children were reciting the *De profundis;* and their voices travelled over the fields, rising and falling rhythmically. Sometimes they disappeared at the bends of the path; but the great silver cross was always visible, erect amid the trees.

The women followed, in black mantles with turned-down hoods; they carried in the hand a large burning taper, and Charles felt himself giving way at this continual repetition of prayers and candles, under those nauseous odours of wax and cassocks. A cool breeze was blowing, the rye and the field-cabbages were green, little drops of dew trembled on the thorn-hedges along the roadside. All kinds of glad sounds filled the air; the clattering of a distant cart, as it jolted along over the ruts, the repeated crowing of a cock, or the gallop of a colt which you saw taking to its heels under the apple-trees. The clear sky was sprinkled with pink clouds; rays of bluish light fell upon the cottages covered with orris; Charles recognised the yards as he

passed. He remembered mornings like this one, when, after having visited some patient, he came out through them and returned home to her.

The black pall, sown with white tears, rose from time to time, exposing the bier. The tired bearers slackened their pace, and it advanced by a continuous series of jerks, like a boat that pitches with every wave.

They arrived.

The men went on to the lower end, to a place on the turf where the grave was dug.

They ranged themselves all round it; and while the priest was speaking, the red earth, thrown up at the sides, kept continually slipping in at the corners noiselessly.

Then, when the four ropes were adjusted, the coffin was pushed on to them. He watched it descend. It seemed as if it never would stop.

At last a thud was heard; the ropes grated as they were drawn up again. Bournisien then took the spade which Lestiboudois handed to him; with his left hand, at the same time sprinkling holy-water with his right, he gave a vigorous push to a large shovelful of earth, and the wood of the coffin, struck by the pebbles, gave out that dreadful noise which seems to us to be the echo of eternity.

The ecclesiastic passed the holy-water sprinkler to his neighbour. It was M. Homais. He shook it gravely, then handed it on to Charles, who sank up to his knees in the heaped earth and began to throw it in by handfuls, crying out, "Adieu!" He waved kisses to her; he dragged himself towards the grave, that it might swallow him up with her.

They led him away; and it was not long before he grew calmer, feeling perhaps, like all the others, the vague satisfaction of having got the whole affair over.

Old M. Rouault, on the way back, began tran-

quilly to smoke a pipe; which proceeding Homais, in his private conscience, deemed to be hardly seemly. He noticed likewise that M. Binet had abstained from putting in an appearance, that Tuvache "had slipped away" after the mass, and that Theodore, the lawyer's servant, was wearing a blue coat, "as if one could not find a black coat, since it is the custom, what the devil!" And to communicate his observations, he went from one group to another. Everybody was deploring Emma's death, and especially Lheureux, who had not failed to attend the funeral.

"The poor little lady! What a grief for her husband!"

The apothecary resumed:

"If it had not been for me, do you know, he would have been driven to some desperate attempt on his own life!"

"Such a kind lady! And to think that so lately as last Saturday I saw her in my shop."

"I have not had leisure," said Homais, "to prepare a few words which I should have let fall on her tomb."

Upon his return home Charles took off his dress clothes and old Rouault put on again his blue blouse. It was new, and, as he had often, on the road, wiped his eyes with the sleeves, it had left some of its colour on his face; and the track of the tears had made lines in the layer of dust which soiled it.

The elder Mme. Bovary was with them. All three sat silent. At length the old man sighed:

"Do you remember, my friend, that I once came to Tostes when you had just lost your first defunct? I consoled you then! I could find something to say; but this time . . ."

With a long groan that raised his whole chest, he continued:

"Ah! it is the end for me, look you! I have seen

my wife go . . . my son later . . . and now my daughter, to-day!"

He chose to return home immediately to Les Bertaux, affirming that he would not be able to sleep in that house. He even refused to see his grand-daughter.

"No! no! it would cause me too much grief. Only, you must give her a good kiss for me! *Adieu!* . . . you are a good fellow! And then I shall never forget one thing," said he, slapping his thigh; "don't be afraid! you will always receive your turkey."

But when he was at the top of the hill he turned round to look back, as he had turned before on the Saint Victor road, at the time of his separation from her. The windows of the village were all afire beneath the slanting rays of the sun, as it set over the meadow-land. He put his hand to his eyes; he could distinguish on the horizon a walled inclosure wherein trees, here and there, formed black clusters between white stones, after which he continued his journey, at a slow trot, for his nag was going lame.

Charles and his mother, in spite of their fatigue, remained a very long time sitting talking together. They spoke of old days and of the future. She would come to live at Yonville, she would keep his house, they would never separate again. She was tactful and caressing, rejoicing internally at the prospect of recapturing an affection which for so many years had passed her by. Midnight sounded. The village, as usual, lay silent, and Charles, wakeful, was still thinking of her.

Rodolphe, who, to amuse himself, had been beating the wood for game all day, was sleeping peacefully in his manor-house; and Léon, over yonder, slept also.

There was another who at that hour was not sleeping.

On the grave, among the pines, a lad was weeping on his knees, and his chest, convulsed by sobs, panted

in the shadow, beneath the oppression of an immense regret, sweeter than the moon and more fathomless than the night. The gate suddenly creaked on its hinges. It was Lestiboudois; he had come to fetch his spade which he had forgotten a little while before. He recognised Justin as he clambered over the wall, and knew then what to decide respecting the identity of the evil-doer who was wont to steal his potatoes.

XI

Charles, on the morrow, caused the child to be brought back home. She asked for her mamma. They told her that she was away, and that she would bring her some toys when she returned. Bertha spoke of her again several times; then, in course of time, ceased to think of her. The gaiety of the child wounded Bovary, and he had to submit to the intolerable consolations of the chemist.

The money troubles soon began again, M. Lheureux stirring up anew his friend Vinçart, and Charles bound himself for exorbitant sums; for never had he been willing to allow to be sold the least piece of the furniture which had belonged to *her*. His mother was exasperated by this. He waxed more hotly indignant than she. He had quite changed. She left the house.

Then everybody set to work to make a profit out of him. Mlle. Lempereur claimed fees for six months' lessons, although Emma had taken but a single one of them (notwithstanding that receipted bill which she had put in Bovary's way): it was an understanding between the two of them; the lending librarian demanded three years' subscriptions; old Mme. Rolet claimed for the delivery of a score of letters; and when Charles asked for an explanation, she had the delicacy to reply:

"Ah! I know nothing about it! They were business matters of hers."

At each debt that he paid Charles believed that

he had come to the last. Others kept cropping up continually.

He demanded visiting-fees that had been long outstanding in arrear. He was shown the letters which his wife had sent. Whereupon he had to make apologies.

Félicité now wore Madame's dresses; not all, for he had kept some and used to go to look at them in her dressing-room, where he would shut himself in. The servant was nearly of her mistress's figure, and often Charles, catching sight of her from behind, was held by an illusion, and would cry:

"Oh! stay so! stay so!"

But at Whitsuntide she decamped from Yonville, carried off by Theodore, and after stealing all that was left of the wardrobe.

It was at about this time that Mme. *veuve* Dupuis had the honour to announce to him the "marriage of M. Léon Dupuis, her son, solicitor at Yvetot, with Mlle. Léocadie Lebœuf, of Bondeville." Charles, in the course of the congratulations which he addressed to him, wrote these words:

"How happy my poor wife would have been!"

One day, when, wandering aimlessly about the house, he had climbed up to the attic, he felt under his slipper a ball of thin paper. He opened it and read: "Courage, Emma! courage! I do not wish to become the ruin of your existence." It was Rodolphe's letter, fallen to the floor among the boxes, which had lain there, and which the wind from the sky-light had just blown towards the door. And Charles stood motionless and with gaping mouth in that same place where, formerly, Emma, driven to desperation, had wished to die. At last he discovered a small capital R at the foot of the second page. Who was it? He remembered the assiduities of Rodolphe, his sudden disappearance, and the air of con-

straint which he had had when, on two or three occasions, he had encountered him since. But the respectful tone of the letter left him in illusion.

"Perhaps they loved each other platonically," he told himself.

Besides, Charles was not of those who descend to the roots of things; he recoiled before the proofs, and his uncertain jealousy was lost in the immensity of his grief.

Men must, he reflected, have adored her. Doubtless every man had desired her. She seemed to him the more beautiful for the fact; and he conceived for her a permanent, wild desire, which inflamed his despair and was without limits, because it was now not to be realized.

To be pleasing to her, he adopted, as though she were still alive, her predilections, her ideas; he bought himself patent boots, he began to wear white ties. He put cosmetic on his mustache; like her, he signed bills payable to order. She corrupted him from beyond the grave.

He was obliged to sell the silver, piece by piece; after that he sold the drawing-room furniture. All the rooms became stripped; but her room, her own chamber, remained untouched. After his dinner Charles used to go up there. He would push the round table in front of the fire and draw up *her* easy chair. He used to seat himself opposite it. A candle burned in one of the gilt candlesticks. Bertha, near him, would be colouring prints.

He was pained, poor man, to see her so ill-clothed, with her boots laceless and the arm-holes of her blouses torn down to the hips, for the charwoman paid hardly any attention to such points. But she was so gentle, so nice, and her little head bent so gracefully as she shook her fine hair down over her pink cheeks, that

an infinite delight would come over him, a pleasure mingled with bitterness, like those ill-made wines which taste of resin. He used to mend her playthings, make Jacks-in-the-box for her with cardboard, or sew up again the torn bodies of her dolls. Then, if his eyes fell on the work-box, a ribbon lying about, or even a pin in a crevice of the table, he would fall to dreaming, and his manner became so gloomy that she grew gloomy too.

No one now came to see them; for Justin had fled to Rouen, where he has become a journeyman grocer, and the children of the apothecary associated with the little girl less and less, M. Homais, in view of the difference of their social positions, not caring for the intimacy to be prolonged.

The blind man, whom he had not succeeded in curing with his ointment, had returned to the hillside of the Bois-Guillaume, where he told the story of the chemist's vain endeavours to the passengers, until at last Homais, when he went to the town, used to conceal himself behind the curtains of The Swallow in order to avoid meeting him. He came to hold him in abomination; and, in the interest of his own reputation, wishing by any means to get rid of him, he erected against him a hidden battery, which revealed the depth of his intelligence and the unscrupulousness of his vanity. At intervals during six months, therefore, one read in the *Rouen Beacon* paragraphs conceived somewhat thus:

"All persons who have occasion to journey in the direction of the fertile regions of Picardy will have doubtless remarked, on the hill of the Bois-Guillaume, a poor wretch afflicted by a horrible facial sore. He importunes you, persecutes you, and levies a veritable tax on travellers. Are we still in those monstrous times of the Middle Ages when vagabonds were permitted to display about our public places the leprosy and the

scrofulous diseases which they had brought back from the Crusade?"

Or again:

"Notwithstanding the laws against vagrancy, the outskirts of our large towns continue to be infested by troops of beggars. Some there are who perform their itinerary alone, and these, perhaps, are not the least dangerous. What are our ediles thinking of?"

Homais also invented anecdotes:

"Yesterday, on the hill of the Bois-Guillaume, a skittish horse . . ." And there would follow the report of an accident occasioned by the presence of the blind man.

He succeeded so well that the man was imprisoned. But he was released. He recommenced, and Homais also recommenced. It was a struggle. The apothecary won the victory, for his enemy was condemned to detention for life in a poor-house.

This success emboldened him; and thenceforward there was no dog run over in the district, not a barn burned down, not a wife beaten, without his immediately announcing it to the public, guided always by the love of progress and the hatred of priests. He established comparisons between the primary schools and those of the lay-brothers, to the disadvantage of these latter; recalled the Saint Bartholomew upon the occasion of a grant of a hundred francs made to the Church, and denounced abuses, hurled forth declamations. It was his own phrase. Homais struck at the roots of things; he was becoming dangerous.

He felt himself stifling, however, within the narrow confines of journalism, and soon he decided that a book, a work, was demanded of him. Thereupon he composed a volume which he entitled *General Statistics of the Canton of Yonville, followed by Climatological Observations,* and statistics impelled him towards philosophy.

He became absorbed in the great questions of the day: the social problem, the moralization of the poorer classes, fish-culture, gutta-percha, railways, etc. He came to blush to feel himself a bourgeois. He affected the artist, he smoked! He purchased two statuettes in the fashionable Pompadour style for the adornment of his parlour.

He did not give up pharmacy. On the contrary, he kept himself abreast of new discoveries. He followed the great movement in chocolates. He was the first to introduce *cho-ca* and *revalentia* into the department of Seine-Inférieure. He developed a violent enthusiasm for Pulvermacher's hydro-electric chains; he wore one of them himself; and, in the evening, when he took off his flannel waistcoat, Mme. Homais used to be quite fascinated by the golden spiral beneath which he disappeared, and to feel her ardours redoubled for this man more swathed up than a Scythian and splendid as one of the Magi.

He had some pretty ideas with respect to Emma's tomb. He proposed at first a fragment of a column with drapery, next a pyramid, then a temple of Vesta, a kind of rotunda . . . or, again, "a heap of ruins." And in all his plans Homais did not depart from the weeping-willow, which he considered as the obligatory symbol of grief.

Charles and he made together a journey to Rouen, to inspect tombs at the establishment of an undertaker —accompanied by a painter, an artist named Vaufrylard, a friend of Bridoux, who made puns all the time. Finally, after having examined some hundred designs, ordered an estimate, and made a second journey to Rouen, Charles decided upon a mausoleum, which should bear upon its two principal sides "a genius holding an extinguished torch."

As for the inscription, Homais was of opinion that

nothing equalled in beauty *Sta viator*, and he could get no further; he delved in his imagination; he kept continually repeating *Sta viator*. . . . At length he hit upon *Amabilem conjugem calcas*! which was adopted.

A strange thing is that Bovary, while continually thinking of Emma, was forgetting her; and he despaired as he felt her image escaping from his memory amid all the efforts which he made to retain it. Every night, however, he dreamed of her; it was always the same dream: he was coming up to her; but when he was about to press her to him she would sink into decay in his arms.

For a week he was seen to go to church of an evening. M. Bournisien even paid him two or three visits, then gave him up. Besides, the old man was beginning to lean to intolerance, to fanaticism, said Homais; he became wont to fulminate against the spirit of the age, and did not fail, every fortnight, in his sermon, to narrate the death agony of Voltaire, who, as every one knows, died devouring his excrements.

Notwithstanding the economy which Bovary practised, he was far from being able to pay off his old debts. Lheureux refused to renew any bill. A distraint became imminent. He had recourse thereupon to his mother, who consented to allow him to effect a mortgage on her property, but with many recriminations against Emma; and in return for her sacrifice she asked for a shawl which had escaped the ravages of Félicité. Charles refused it to her. They quarrelled.

She made the first overtures towards a reconciliation by proposing to him that she should take charge of the little girl, who would be of help to her in her household. Charles agreed. But, at the moment of the child's departure, all his courage deserted him. Whereupon the rupture became definitive, complete.

In proportion as his attachments disappeared he knitted himself more closely to the love of his child. She gave him anxiety, however; for she coughed sometimes, and had a hectic flush over the cheek-bones.

Opposite him, over the way, he could watch, flourishing and cheerful, the family of the chemist, whom everything in the world contributed to satisfy. Napoleon assisted him in the laboratory. Athalie was embroidering a skull-cap for him, Irma used to cut out round pieces of paper to cover the preserves, and Franklin could recite straight off the multiplication table. He was the happiest of fathers, the most fortunate of men.

Error! A secret ambition gnawed him: Homais desired the Cross. Considerations to entitle him thereto were not lacking:

First, for having distinguished himself, at the time of the cholera, by a devotion without limits; secondly, for having published, and at my own expense, different works of public utility, such as . . . (and he instanced his memorandum entitled *Concerning Cider, its Manufacture and its Effects*; furthermore, sundry observations upon the lanigerous woodlouse, sent to the Academy; his volume of statistics, and even to his thesis written at the time of his admission as a chemist); without taking into account that I am a member of several learned societies (he belonged to one only).

"In short," he would exclaim, with a sharp turn on his heels, "were it only to mark me out at fires!"

Homais therefore bowed the knee to Power. He secretly rendered Monsieur the Prefect great services at election times. He sold himself; in a word, he prostituted himself. He even addressed to the Sovereign a petition, in which he supplicated him to do him justice; he called him *our excellent King*, and compared him to Henry the Fourth.

And each morning the apothecary made a dash for the newspaper, to look for his nomination; it came not. At last, able to stand it no longer, he caused the star of honour to be designed in turf in his garden, with two little irregular strips of long grass, which started from the top, to represent the ribbon. He used to walk round it, with arms crossed, meditating on the stupidity of the Government and the ingratitude of mankind.

Out of respect, or from a sort of sensuality which caused him to pursue his investigations with deliberate slowness, Charles had not yet opened the secret compartment of a violet-ebony writing-desk which Emma had been accustomed to use. One day, at length, he sat down before it, turned the key and pushed the spring. All Léon's letters were there. No more doubt, this time! He devoured them to the last, hunted in every corner, in every piece of furniture, in every drawer, behind the walls, sobbing, howling, distracted, mad. He discovered a box, broke it open with a kick. Rodolphe's portrait stared him full in the face, amid a disordered heap of love-letters.

People were astonished at his despondency. He ceased to go out, received no guests, refused even to visit his patients. Then it was said that he "shut himself up to drink."

Sometimes, however, an inquisitive person would hoist himself above the hedge of the garden and perceive with amazement this long-bearded man, dressed in dirty clothes, sullen-looking, and who wept aloud as he walked.

In the summer evenings he would take his little daughter with him, and lead her to the cemetery. They used to return long after nightfall, when the only light on the square was that which came from Binet's attic window.

The voluptuousness of his grief was incomplete, however, for he had no one about him to share it; and he used to pay visits to old Mme. Lefrançois in order to be able to speak of *her*. But the landlady of the inn only listened to him with one ear, having, like him, troubles of her own, for M. Lheureux had at last just established the *Favorites du Commerce*, and Hivert, who enjoyed a great reputation as an executor of commissions, was demanding an increase of salary and threatened to take an engagement at the opposition house.

One day, when he had gone to the market at Argueil to sell his cob—a last resource—he met Rodolphe.

They turned pale as they saw each other. Rodolphe, who had merely sent his card, stammered out at first some apologies, then grew bolder, and even pushed assurance (the weather was very hot; it was the month of August) to the point of inviting him to drink a bottle of beer at the tavern.

Leaning on his elbows opposite him, he chewed the end of his cigar as he talked, and Charles lost himself in reveries before that face which she had loved. It seemed to him that he was looking again upon something of herself. It was wonderful. He would have desired to be that man.

The other continued to talk agriculture, cattle, manures, stopping with banal remarks all the crevices through which an allusion might creep. Charles was not listening to him; Rodolphe perceived it, and could follow the passage of recollections over the mobility of his countenance. Gradually it grew red, the nostrils quivered rapidly, the lips trembled; there was even an instant when Charles, full of a sombre rage, fixed his eyes upon Rodolphe's, who, in a sort of consternation, broke off his sentence. But soon the old mournful weariness came back to his face.

"I am not angry with you," he said.

Rodolphe had remained silent. And Charles, his head in his hands, repeated in a colourless voice, and with the resigned accent of infinite sorrow:

"No, I am not angry with you any longer!"

He even added a great saying, the only one that he had ever uttered:

"It is the fault of destiny!"

Rodolphe, who had governed that destiny, found it excessively good-natured for a man in his situation, comic even, and rather despicable.

The next day Charles went to sit on the bench in the arbour. Rays of sunlight passed through the trellis-work; the vine leaves cast their shadows on the sand, the jasmine scented the air, the sky was blue, Spanish flies buzzed about the lilies in flower, and Charles experienced a sense of suffocation, like a youth, beneath the vague, amorous currents that swelled his grief-stricken heart.

At seven o'clock, the little Bertha, who had not seen him all the afternoon, came to fetch him for dinner.

His head was thrown back against the wall, his eyes were closed, his mouth open, and he was holding in his hands a long tress of black hair.

"Come then, papa!" she said.

And, thinking that he wished for a game, she gave him a gentle push. He fell to the ground. He was dead.

Thirty-six hours later, at the request of the apothecary, M. Canivet made haste to come. He opened him and found nothing.

When everything had been sold, there remained twelve francs and seventy-five centimes, which served to pay the expenses of Mlle. Bovary's journey to her grandmother's. The good woman died within the same year; old Rouault being paralyzed, it was an aunt who

took charge of her. She is poor, and sends her to earn her livelihood in a cotton factory.

Since the death of Bovary, three medical men have followed one another at Yonville without being able to succeed there, so violently has M. Homais at once opposed them. He himself enjoys an excellent practice; the legal authorities treat him with respect, and public opinion protects him.

He has just received the Cross of Honour.

THE PORTRAITS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

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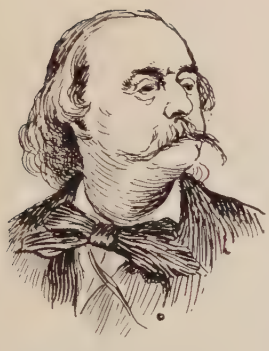


PORTRAIT OF FLAUBERT.
After the etching by Monziès.

When Georges Charpentier, the publisher, and the brilliant writer, Émile Bergerat, Théophile Gautier's son-in-law, collaborated in 1880 for the production of an illustrated weekly review of a sumptuous kind, which they christened *La Vie Moderne*, they were anxious to publish therein a fanciful work of Flaubert's, a sort of fairy drama called *Le Château des Cœurs*. They looked about for a portrait of Flaubert wherewith to adorn the text and inform the public, and were unable to find a single contemporary presentment of the author of *Salammbo*.

Flaubert was sixty at the time, but never had his face been more remarkable for its virile beauty. The great, broad-shouldered, genial colossus had no longer the prepossessing countenance and splendid mustaches of the Norman Romanticist, the clear, smooth forehead, and the conquering smile we admire in the portrait after a drawing by his niece, Mme. Caroline de Commanville, made when he was forty. It has been chosen for the frontispiece of this volume, for it is a faithful likeness of the master-writer, racked by the difficulties of literary style and expression, at the time

when he was at work on his master-piece, *Madame Bovary*.

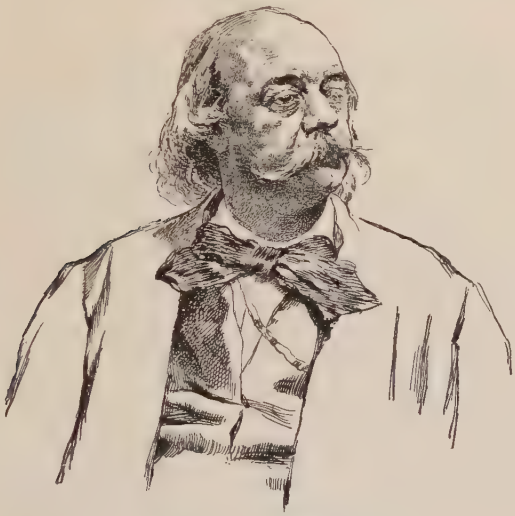
When he was past sixty, Flaubert, with a figure *à la Bismarck*, had a glorious head like that of an ancient Gaul, and a long gray mustache suggesting a general of the Crimean War. There was a certain likeness to the aged Canrobert in that proud face with the clear eyes and the shaggy hair falling over the collar, but the mask was broader, more vigorously modelled, illumined by a more serene intellectuality; it expressed more quiescence, a more august benevolence than that of the famous marshal.

It was this sexagenarian Flaubert that the publishers of *La Vie Moderne* wished to represent, but this proved to be a most difficult business. The author of *Salammbo*, who had never much cared to have his features reproduced, showed himself less and less complaisant in this respect as he grew older. Strategy had to be called into play, and the skilful draughtsman, E. de Liphart, captured his features, so to speak, without his knowledge, and this with so much talent in the rendering, and such felicity in the expression, that, when the work was completed, Flaubert, satisfied with the result, no longer opposed its publication at the beginning of his *Château des Cœurs*.

It is this portrait of Flaubert by Liphart here reproduced, which will remain the most typical of all known presentments of the master. It may seem surprising that the author of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* and the *Tentation de St. Antoine*, who travelled widely both in the East and in Europe, whose friendships with the artists of his days—painters and sculptors alike—were celebrated, and who, while waging perpetual war on the middle-classes, himself practised so many of the virtues supposed to be the monopoly of those classes, should have shown such a dislike to his own portrayal

by painters, sculptors, and draughtsmen, no less than by photographers.

There is neither an oil-painting, a bust, nor even a photograph of him taken in his hermitage on the Seine, or in the course of his wanderings in Egypt and Palestine, when he was fond of wearing the Arab costume. The only extant photographic plate taken from him



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.
After a drawing by E. de Liphart, 1880.

was executed by the author-photographer Carjat, when Flaubert was forty. Twelve copies were printed from this, but no trace can be found of any one of them. How are we to account for this reluctance to submit to the scrutiny of the camera or of the painter's eye? Perhaps by the nervous disorder which made the master so long a solitary, timid figure in society, distrustful of himself, and above all, of the duration of those hours of complete self-possession which intervened

between the fearful crises of his malady. No doubt the constant fear of an impending attack which might strike him down at any moment counted for much in his determination to resist the importunities of artists. He wished to hide his misfortune from the world.

The records that remain to us of the appearance of the admirable stylist of the *Trois Contes* are comparatively scanty. We have drawn up Gustave Flaubert's iconology with all possible care. Here it is:

1. Pencil drawing of Flaubert as a child (1830), by Hyacinthe Langlois, a Rouen artist, and friend of the Flaubert family. Belongs to Mme. Commanville.
2. Profile portrait of Flaubert as a child (1830), a pencil drawing of the same period executed by Delaunay, a pupil in Langlois' studio at Rouen.
3. Photograph by Carjat taken when Flaubert was forty. (Twelve copies printed to this edition.)
4. Portrait by Mme. Caroline Commanville, Flaubert aged forty. (Frontispiece.)
5. Etching from a portrait by Monziès. Belongs to M. André Lebreton of Rouen.
6. Etching, Flaubert aged forty (of no interest).
7. Etched portrait (fanciful). Belongs to M. Rouquette, publisher.
8. Etching by Toussaint after Mme. Commanville's portrait, for Quantin's edition of Flaubert's works.
9. Unpublished portrait, executed for the Billard Collection (purely fanciful).
10. Woodcut. Reproduction of Flaubert's death-mask by Ernest Morin, after a sketch by Gaston Lespine (*Monde Illustré*).
11. The same mask in *Pierre Corneille*, a drawing by A. Collignon.
12. Portrait by Liphart for *La Vie Moderne;* the original belongs to Mme. Alphonse Daudet.
13. A marble medallion in high relief by Chapu for the monument in Rouen.

14. Caricature by Victor Giraud: Flaubert in evening dress, an opera hat in his hand, drawn for M. de Niewekerque's album, and reproduced in *Les Maîtres de la Caricature*, by A. Dayot.
15. Caricature of Flaubert as St. Anthony, by Bertall in the *Revue Comique de l'Illustration.*
16. Flaubert, a mirror in his hand, holding a human heart at the end of a scalpel. By Lemot, in *La Parodie.* Belongs to M. Émile Deshayes.
17. Death-mask of Flaubert. Rouen Museum.

It was not practicable to reproduce all these portraits, many of them very fanciful, without any documentary value or clearly defined expression; the pencil drawings, in particular, would not have lent themselves to typographic processes.

Mme. Commanville's portrait, the Flaubert of forty who appears in the frontispiece of this volume, and suggests an evocation of the Rodolphe of *Madame Bovary*, and Liphart's drawing made a few years before the great writer's death, were all that deserved reproduction. There is, of course, the death-mask, but casts taken from a dead face are valuable only in their plastic form, and under proper conditions of light. A photograph from such a cast gives only its painful and funereal aspect. It would be ill to throw the gloom of a reproduction of this sort over this note to a love-story already sufficiently tragic.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

THE END